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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Vol. III. No. 15.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1935.

52 PAGES. PRICE 3d.

SYDNEY



Good-night, my son. While you are sleeping
Angels are their vigil keeping.
Little tongue has ceased to prattle,
Little hands have dropped their rattle;
The day is done, you've left your toys—
Bed is the place for sleepy boys.

MY SON

I wonder what the years will bring!
What gifts is Fate now fashioning?
I wonder how you'll make life's grade!
With colors flying? Hurt? Afraid?
And yet, whatever course you run
You'll always be to me... my son. —P. D.B.



FOUR of the women doctors who are attending the conference in Melbourne. From left to right: Doctor Edith Shannon, who is keenly interested in children's health; Doctor Shannon is

a widow. Doctor Elizabeth Walker, of Aberdeen. Doctor Agnes Cunningham, of Bradford, England, one of the younger woman doctors on the Aorangi. Doctor Mary Hounsfeld.

PRIVATE LIVES of Doctors on the AORANGI

"WE picked up some of the doctors at Vancouver," the ship's officer told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, "and the balance of them, including over 20 women doctors, embarked at San Francisco."

"I had vaguely heard of women doctors," he said, "but I did not think that there were that many in England, and one or two of them looked young enough to have just left their boarding school."

"We struck bad weather the first day out from Frisco, and expected the usual amount of seasickness among the passengers, but, strange to say, not one of the medical men or women was afflicted with mal-de-mer. Medical science has apparently found a cure for sea-sickness, but so far as the ship was concerned the secret was not made public."

"Hardly had the bad weather subsided when the eminent scientists, instead of settling down to the reading of medical lore, called a mass meeting and decided to form a sports committee among the passengers. The leader of the sports movement was Dr. F. F. Muecke, a graduate of Adelaide University, who has been absent from Australia for the past twenty-seven years."

Particularly prominent in the sports games were Dr. Alice Carleton, lecturer in Dermatology at the University of

Women Medicos Had to Appear Before Father Neptune

Intense interest has been aroused at the arrival in Sydney of the s.s. Aorangi, which brought 150 eminent medical men and women from all parts of the British Empire for the annual meeting of the British Medical Association in Melbourne.

Just how did this band of famous medical people disport themselves on a trip from America to Australia?

The story is best told by an officer of the ship, whose particular business it was to look after the entertainment of the passengers, and who received his commission at Vancouver with many misgivings, particularly when he learned that many women doctors were to be among his passengers.

Oxford, and Dr. Agnes Cunningham, of Bradford, who declared that she had been more excited at winning the ping-pong championship of the ship than in securing her degree in medicine.

Particular interest was displayed in the race meetings which were held regularly, the mechanical horses being pro-

pelled by means of wires manipulated by their supporters.

Many big bets changed hands on the trip over the results of these races, which caused keen excitement among the medical fraternity. Sweepstakes were run, too, on the guessing of the ship's daily mileage.

Several of the lady doctors had their first experience of "crossing the line." Failing to produce their certificate from Father Neptune, they were arraigned and sentenced and ducked in the ship's tank.

Reports of the occurrence indicate that the women doctors entered into the spirit of the time-honored ceremony, the only drawback to which was that they had to abstain from other social activities pending the drying of their locks.

A very successful boxing tournament was arranged by the ship's crew, which all the passengers, men and women, thoroughly enjoyed, although none of the women doctors would don the gloves, an idea suggested by the Mate as an ideal method of settling any of their professional differences.

"Happy Family"

A PRETTY ceremony was witnessed at Honolulu, where local medical men presented each of the passengers with a necklet, made of the beads of flowers, as a welcome and farewell to the Hawaiian Islands.

On leaving the Islands the necklets are cast overboard, the tradition being that if the flowers float back to the ship the passenger will come back again.

Some excellent talent was found among the medical men and women at impromptu concerts arranged on the trip over, and at the fancy dress balls eminent toxicologists and gynaecologists were seen dancing with authorities on dermatology and ophthalmic complaints.

"The whole party," said the ship's officer, "were a big, happy family, who acted as though they had not a care in the world, and considerable amusement was caused at each port, when the whole of these eminent medical scientists, men and women, had to line up before the ship's doctor and be examined before being allowed ashore."

There was just one complaint heard on the ship about this medical crowd.

According to the stewards they nearly ate the ship out of provisions before reaching Suva, and it was a distinct relief to the provender department of the Aorangi when that port was reached and they were able to rest.

Although the passenger list includes the names of several eminent dietitians, it was not noticed that any of the doctors showed any inclination to miss any of the courses provided on the dinner menu, but, of course, what is good for the doctor is not always good for the patient.

It was rather unfortunate that during the whole voyage only one case of illness was reported on board, so that the medical fraternity had little opportunity of keeping up the practice of their profession.

However, one of the ship's crew was afflicted with some form of mental trouble, and, as every medical passenger on board wanted to be in on the case, the unfortunate A.B. was able to establish a world's record in the matter of his number of medical attendants. It goes without saying that he was soon cured of his malady.

One very noticeable feature of the medical travellers was that practically every one of them, men and women, carried a camera and they simply had to have a photo of every object of interest they saw on the trip.

Little Formality

ALTHOUGH most of the medical men and women came on board strangers to each other, there was a complete absence of all formality among them, and the title, "Dr.," was seldom heard, most of the medical men addressing one another by their surnames.

Quite a number of the women doctors wore slacks on deck, and revelled in the opportunity of getting the full benefit of the Pacific sun right throughout the trip.

After carrying such a distinguished gathering across the seas, one would have expected the billboys to have been in great heart, but a couple of the lads confessed that they had been sadly disappointed with the tipping propensities of the medical men.

Now that the holiday portion of the trip is over, this august body of medical scientists will settle down to the serious business of the great Medical Congress in Melbourne.

Many women delegates, almost as famous as the men, are attending the Congress. Dr. Honoria Kier, who is now practising in London, saw war service, and later held the post of Government Medical Officer of Nigeria. She is staying with Melbourne's depot of women doctors, Dr. Constance Ellis. Dr. Ellis was the first woman M.B. in Victoria, and has represented women on the Medical Council for years. She is the only woman on the Organising Council of the B.M.A. meeting.

Dr. Alice Carleton is dermatologist at the Radcliffe Institute, Oxford, and is secretary of the dermatology section of the Congress. Dr. Olive Ramsay is the daughter of the late president-elect of the B.M.A. and specialises in health work among women and children in Bourneville, England.

Dr. G. L. Bentley and Dr. Kathleen Henderson, radiologists, also come from the same city. Dr. Edith Shannon is the widow of Professor Shannon. Dr. Doris Hammond is the school medical officer in Yorkshire.

Dr. Dorothy Kent is at West Ham Sanatorium, Essex. Dr. Mary Jennings has a private practice in London.

Dr. Letitia Overend comes from Dublin.

Dr. Sybil Atkinson is from County Westmeath, Ireland, and Dr. Elizabeth Walker from Aberdeen.

Miss Sheila Mayon is on the staff of the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, and specialises in eye squints. She treats on an average 30 patients per day at the orthoptic clinic which she conducts with Miss M. Maddocks in London.

The New Zealand delegates include Dr. Elizabeth Bryson, Dr. Elizabeth Gunn, medical inspector of schools in Wanganui district, who instituted holiday health camps for school children. Among the interstate visitors are Dame Constance Durr, the famous Sydney surgeon, who was elected president of the Australian Federation of University Women last week.



NOT a "Spencerism," but nevertheless in high favor at fashionable bathing resorts abroad, this bathing suit of printed blue and white jersey was designed by the famous fashion-creator, Heim.

Air Mail Photo

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MAST

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dorothy Weidling Photo.

SAILS FOR INDIA
SISTER F. CLAYDON, who has been staying in Sydney for only a short while, will return to India this September to carry on her wonderful work at the Women's Christian Medical College and the Memorial Hospital at Ludhiana, in the Punjab, India.

Sister Claydon explains that the hospital has 200 beds, though at times extra beds have been made up on the floor, which is no hardship for the patients. There are separate wards for Hindus and Mohammedans, private wards, maternity block, small T.B. sanatorium, and a children's department. The scope of the enterprise is so wide that one does not readily take it in. On the college side there is the training of doctors, dispensers, nurses, and midwives. But while these get medical teaching of the very best, the chief aim is to fit them to be missionaries. Therefore Bible study has a large place in the curriculum.

Sister Claydon is a native of Sydney, and first left for India in connection with Lady Minto's Nursing Association in 1932.



—Dickman-Montebello Photo.

LABOR WORKER
MISS E. R. HANRETTY, J.P., assistant secretary of the S.A. State Labor Party, has been connected with the Movement since 1905, when she was a member of the North Adelaide local committee. She was a foundation member of the Women Employees' Mutual Association, holding all the executive positions in turn, and was its delegate to the Trades and Labor Council for many years.

She was also a representative of the employees when the first Laundries' Board Commission was held in 1910. The founder and first president of the Women's Political Educational Association (which, during the war, broke up on the conscription question), she was vice-president of the Anti-conscription League in 1917. She has held her present position since 1917.



—Flying M.P.

MRS. H. B. TATE, M.P., is one of England's during young airwomen. She has just returned to London from a tour of the aviation centres and main lines of the United States of America. At the present time she is about to be seen at Hendon, London's leading airport.

Mrs. Tate is very interested in art and literature. She is M.P. for Willesden.



LA CHAUMIERE. This picture, purchased by the National Art Gallery for £1000, is an excellent example of the prismatic theory of color practised by Camille Pissarro.



LUNCH-TIME. Typically Australian is the atmosphere of this pleasant watercolor by the notable Australian artist, B. E. Minnis.

FRENCH Versus AUSTRALIAN ART

"La Chaumiere" Purchase at Artists' Exhibition Arouses Controversy



THIS PORTRAIT of Prince Basso by the French artist, Andre Derain, is a simple, unaffected portrayal of a charming youthful personality.

A GREAT deal of controversy has been aroused by the annual exhibition of the Society of Artists this year because of the inclusion of a small collection of paintings by important French artists. One of these, "La Chaumiere," has been purchased by the National Gallery for £1000.

It has long been the desire of the society to give the public an opportunity of seeing the work of artists whose paintings are in demand overseas, and this has now been made possible by arrangement with the Lefevre Galleries, London.

The artists represent leading exponents of several different schools of modern art thought which have been a source of inspiration to other artists. From the representative selection of their work shown on this page, it will be seen that the paintings are not of the extreme futuristic type which has so often characterised selections of modern European art brought to Sydney. Still, there is much in the treatment of their work to which the average Australian art-lover is not yet accustomed.



THE WHITE CARNATION. An interesting character study, rather in the Lambert manner, by Janna Brnce.

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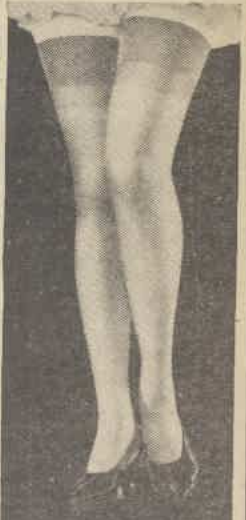
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Miss E.H. D., N.S.W.



THE SISTER. This character study by Harold Abbott has attracted much favorable comment.

"CHILDREN'S Treasure House"

Available NEXT WEEK

Get in Early for Your Copy of This Wonderful Book!

Here is good news for the thousands of our readers who have made reservations for "The Children's Treasure House." Supplies of the book have arrived and are now being unpacked.

If you have reserved a copy and wish it to be posted to you, you should at once remit the money necessary to cover the cost of the book (5/-) plus 1/- to cover cost of packing and postage, making a total of 6/- per book. Books will be despatched in the order in which application is received.

If you wish to have your book collected you may call or send to The Australian Women's Weekly office, 321 Pitt St., Sydney, on and after Monday, September 16. Secure your copy early to avoid disappointment.

YOUNG people of all ages will revel in "The Children's Treasure House." Luxuriously bound, and lavishly illustrated, it will indeed be a treasured possession in every home.

The world's most famous writers for young people have contributed to its pages, which include stories by John Massfield, Rudyard Kipling, E. B. Lucas, Kenneth Grahame, Alfred Noyes, Rose Macaulay, and dozens of other eminent writers.

John R. Crossland, who has written an introduction to this fascinating volume, rightly says of it, "This is a hundred books all rolled into one."

"It is just what its title sets it out to be: A TREASURE HOUSE of good things. What is a treasure house? I always think of it as something like Aladdin's Cave, or the marvelous hoard of gems behind the rock, where old Aladdin cried: 'Open, Sesame!' and became rich beyond all his dreams."

"You, like Ali Baba, will become rich if you read this marvelous collection of splendid stories and musical poems. The people who chose what should go in this book must have children at heart, for they seem to know just what a healthy boy and girl need to give them interest and joy."

Tales for All

THEY have chosen stories of all times, from ancient days and from the works of writers living to-day.

"They have remembered that both boys and girls will want to read the book, so they have chosen something for each of you. They have also remembered that children of all ages will pick up the book and have therefore given simple stories and jingling rhymes as well as longer, more 'grown-up' tales and poems."

"What kind of a story do you want? Whatever you ask for you will find it in this amazing collection. A school story? That is easy. There is Harcourt Burrage's fine tale, 'The Husk of

"Illustrated Family Doctor" and "Silver Jubilee Book"

SUPPLIES, which were limited in the first place, are now almost exhausted and those who have for various reasons not picked up their books so far should do so this week. No supplies will be available after Monday, September 16.

Doone's Adventure? Oh, yes, there are many fine adventure stories, both of the past and present. T. G. Bridges, one of our greatest boys' writers of today, gives you the 'Hellbarrow Hoard,' and Anthony Trollope, a fine writer of grandfather's day, thrills you with the magnificent story of what happened at Malachi's Cave.

Full of Delights

"BUT what about us!" cry the girls. You have not been forgotten, by any means. Rose Macaulay, one of England's most charming and successful novelists, has given you 'The Adventure of the Three Dead Snugglers,' and Katharine Oldmadow offers for your delight her story of 'Trial By Jury.'

"Now let us look at the poetry. I sincerely hope you like poetry. You do, don't you? Thanks, I thought you would. Anyhow, if you have friends who scoff at poetry and say it is silly, or meaningless, or not the stuff for young men and growing boys, just read to them 'The Highwayman,' by Alfred Noyes. That will settle them. Then to make the conquest more certain, read them 'The Cricket Ball Sings,' by E. V. Lucas."

All this but touches the fringe of the fascinations of "The Children's Treasure House." It is a book which will be read and re-read. A book which will be pored over, not only by the youngsters, but by all good parents in search of the answer to that perennial request, "Tell us a story!" This book will give to your children a golden store of memories.



THE DREAM PIPER, a photographic reproduction of one of many beautiful illustrations in color which enrich the pages of "The Children's Treasure House."

The WINNER of Our £100 SCHOLARSHIP

Musical Authorities Praise Plan to Develop Young Talent

After an exciting and exacting contest, The Australian Women's Weekly £100 scholarship for the most talented juvenile pianist at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod was awarded to Miss Valda Aveling, 47 Roseville Rd., Roseville. The final tests and announcement of the winner were made at the Assembly Hall, Margaret St., last week.

Miss Aveling, who is 15 years of age, has been for the past two years studying under Mr. Frank Hutchens, of the Conservatorium of Music.

THE adjudicators, Mr. John Bishop and Dr. Edgar Bainton, expressed their delight with the musical talent and brilliant promise of the young Roseville girl, who chose for her tests the first movement of Rachmaninoff's Concerto in C Minor, and the second movement of a Schubert Sonata in G Minor. Miss Aveling won the junior juvenile piano championship at the Eisteddfod last year.

Nine finalists were selected from the various sections of the juvenile piano competitions, and such was the talent displayed that the adjudicators found it necessary to recall four of the young artists and hear them again.

The runners-up, who were highly commended for their work, were Miss Norah Laurie (15), of Bondi, and Miss Val Sullivan (16), of Brisbane.

In announcing the result of the scholarship competition at the Assembly Hall, Mr. John Bishop said that he had had a grueling time with 36 young pianists during the whole day, and most of them had come through their tests with flying colors.

Mr. Bishop warmly commended the idea of the establishment of Section 164, which he regarded as one of the greatest events of the whole Eisteddfod, and said that the donors of the scholarship (The Australian Women's Weekly) deserved the thanks of the musical community for their bright idea in instituting this item.

Mr. Roland Foster, honorary director of the Eisteddfod, said that the prize for this section had been donated by The Australian Women's Weekly, and it represented the most generous prize of the whole Eisteddfod. On behalf of the organizing committee he warmly thanked the newspaper for its generosity in making this £100 scholarship available. He added that he would like to see this idea followed in future years, and many of the smaller prizes accumulated from the different sections, so that contests of this inspiring kind could be inaugurated. Dr. Bainton said that the contest for the juvenile piano cham-



MISS VALDA AVELING, winner of £100 musical scholarship.

ampionship had been a delightful one. Some of the contestants did not do themselves justice in the choice of their music. The choice of their music very often gave an adjudicator a very good idea of the candidate's mental attitude to music. Some of the candidates had brought along showy pieces of little musical value, but nevertheless some of the smaller boys had shown brilliant promise and great talent.

Under the terms of the scholarship award the sum of £100 will now be made available to continue the musical education of Miss Aveling, the money to be vested in trustees appointed by The Australian Women's Weekly for Miss Aveling's benefit.

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Continuing Georgette Heyer's

GAY Adventure

Great wealth brings danger
from a hidden enemy

JUDITH TAVERNER'S great wealth, charm, and beauty won her many friends, but her spirited, frank manner made enemies of others. Deciding to come to London with her brother, Sir Peregrine, to set up an establishment worthy of their fortune, she met with a mixed reception from the social lights of the day. But Beau Brummell, society's famous leader, set the seal on her popularity with his approval.

Owing to the extraordinary will of their father, the young Taverners learned that they had been made wards of one, Lord Worth. To their horror, they found their guardian to be none other than the gentleman with whom they had quarrelled on their way to London. His manner constantly provoked Judith, and there were many scenes between the two. He provided Judith with a chaperon, Mrs. Scattergood, a distant relative of his.

A cousin, Bernard Taverner, impressed the young heiress with his sympathetic manner, and she found herself attracted to him, more so since she believed that he had saved Peregrine from harm by preventing a duel in which her brother had become involved following a dispute with a Mr. Farnaby, who seemed to have a secret motive for picking a quarrel.

Peregrine became infatuated with Miss Harriet Fairford, a shy young lady not long out of the schoolroom, and secured Lord Worth's approval of his engagement, although the latter further offended Judith by a declaration that he would never agree to her engagement to any suitor.

Subsequently, Peregrine was the victim of an attack—which he attributes to a highwayman—but luckily escaped unharmed.

Judith and Peregrine receive an invitation to visit their guardian's estate. Now read on:—



It was dusk when they turned in at the iron gates of Worth, and no impression of the park, or the exterior of the house could be had; but the interior struck Miss Taverner at once with a sense of its elegance, noble appointments, and handsome furnishings. It was just what a gentleman's residence should be; everything spoke its owner's taste. Judith could not but be pleased with all that she saw, and wish to explore further at a more convenient time, into the older part of the house which she understood to date back as much as two centuries.

Lady Albinia was there to receive the travellers. She was a short-sighted, vague woman of no particular beauty, and a total disregard for the prevailing fashion. A Paisley shawl, which she wore to protect her from the draughts, was continually slipping from her shoulders and becoming entangled in the furniture. When this happened she immediately summoned up any gentleman who chanced to be near and commanded him to disengage her tiresome fringe. She seemed incapable of helping herself, and when she dropped her fan, or her handkerchief, as she frequently did, merely waited for someone to pick it up for her, breaking off in the middle of whatever she was saying, and returning again the instant her property was restored to her.

She had a habit of uttering her thoughts aloud, which was disconcerting to those not much acquainted with her, but to which no one who knew her paid the least attention. She greeted the Taverners kindly, and having led the ladies to the fire and begged them to sit down by it and warm their chilled

hands, looked Judith over with an expression of mild approval, and said in her inconsequent way: "Such bad weather for travelling, though to be sure it does not snow, and the roads nowadays are so good that one is hardly ever in danger of being held up. Eighty thousand pounds, and quite a beauty besides. Worth is fortunate indeed if only he may have the sense to realise it."

Miss Taverner, who had been warned by Mrs. Scattergood what to expect, tried to look unconscious, but could not prevent a blush creeping into her cheeks. Mrs. Scattergood said severely: "Albinia, where is Julian?"

It appeared that the gentlemen had gone out for a day's shooting, and were not yet returned. The travellers were escorted upstairs to their bedchambers, and left to recover from the fatigues of the journey before dressing for dinner.

By dinner time the rest of the party had arrived, and the sporting gentlemen returned from their expedition. The remaining guests comprised Lords Petersham and Alvanley, Mr. Brummell, and Mr. Forrest, Lady Albinia's taciturn spouse, and Mrs. and Miss Marley, particular friends of Miss Taverner. Everyone was acquainted; nothing, Mrs. Scattergood declared, could have been more charming. Lord Alvanley, except for his habit of putting out his bedroom candle by stuffing it under his pillow, must always be an acceptable guest; Lord Petersham, the most finished gentleman alive, was courteous and amiable; the Earl was a calm but attentive host. Mr. Brummell was in a conversable mood, and a pleasant evening was spent in one of the saloons playing cards, drinking tea, and chatting over a noble fire.

THE only discomfort Judith had to endure was the sight of her brother begging Lord Petersham to give an opinion on his new snuff. The whole history of which he had been recounting a moment previous Lord Petersham was obliging enough to help himself to a pinch, and to say courteously that he had no doubt of its being a superior mixture. Lord Worth, less polite, put up his glass when the box was offered to him, and upon hearing that it was highly scented waved it away. "No, thank you, Peregrine. I will believe it to be all you say. I hope you are not using it, Miss Taverner?"

"No, no, I keep my own sort," Judith

Prison

Little silver prison bars,
Close and steely-grey,
Fine and pointed needle-wise,
Hold me from the day.

Four white walls encompass me,
Tall and plain and neat,
I who longed for chaos, noise,
Out upon the street.

Fretting in my narrow cell,
While the window-pane
Stares with dull complacency
Out upon the rain.

—Yvonne Webb.

assured him. "When I want scent I do not go to my snuff-box for it, but to Mr. Brummell, who is going to make me a stick of perfume."

"A stick of Mr. Brummell's perfume, my love!" exclaimed Mrs. Marley. "Do you want to make us all envious? Do you not know that every lady among us wants one of those sticks?"

The Beau shook his head. "Very true, but you know I cannot be giving them to everyone, madam. That would be to have them held very cheap. The Regent, now, is dying to get hold of one, but one has to draw the line somewhere."

"George is feeling peevish because he has caught a cold," remarked Alvanley. "How did you come by it in this mild weather, George?"

"Why, do you know, I left my carriage this afternoon on my way from



Illustrated by
Boothroyd

The Earl looked amused at Miss Fairford's confusion, but forbore to tease, as Judith was half afraid he would.

town, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger!" replied Brummell instantly.

He seemed the next day as though Peregrine had caught the Beau's cold. He complained of the sore throat, and coughed a little, but trusted that a day's sport (which he had been promised) would soon set matters to rights. Judith could place no such dependence on the effect of a raw, December day, but it was useless to expect Peregrine to remain indoors for no more serious reason than a slight chill. He went off with Petersham, Alvanley, and Mr. Forrest to shoot over some preserves a few miles distant from Worth.

MR. BRUMMELL put in no appearance until mid-day. The exigencies of his toilet occupied several hours; he had been known to spend as many as two on the nice arrangement of his clothes, to which, however, he gave not another thought once he had left his dressing-room. Unlike most of the dandies he was never seen to cast an anxious glance at a mirror, to adjust his cravat, or to smooth wrinkles from his coat. When he left his room he was, and knew himself to be, a finished work of art, perfect in every detail, from his beautifully-laundersed linen to his highly-polished boots.

Mrs. Marley also kept her room until a late hour, but the three young ladies were up in good time, and spent the morning in exploring the house under the guidance of the housekeeper, and in strolling about the gardens and shrubbery until they were called in to partake of scalloped oysters, cold meats, and fruit, in one of the dining-parlors.

The sportsmen were expected to be back by three o'clock, so that it was not surprising that Miss Fairford should blushing decline the offer of being driven out for an airing after luncheon. The Earl made the suggestion; it was met by a dismayed look and a stammered excuse, Miss Fairford hardly knowing what to say, from the fear, on the one hand, of offending her host, and on the other, of not being present when Peregrine returned to the house. The Earl looked amused at her confusion, but forbore to tease, as Judith was half afraid he would, and said with only the faintest suggestion of a laugh in his well-bred voice: "You had rather be writing a letter to your mamma, I daresay."

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Fairford thankfully. "I think I ought certainly do that!"

He turned away to address Judith. "Does Miss Taverner care to drive out with me?"

She assented to it gladly; as they left the room together the Earl looked back, and said with the hint of a smile: "Let me have your letter when it is finished, Miss Fairford, and I will frank it for you."

An hour spent in being driven about the country brought Miss Taverner back with glowing cheeks and in happy spirits. The Earl had been in his most pleasant mood, a sensible companion entertaining her with easy talk, and teaching her how to loop a rein and let it run free again in his own delf fashion.

They returned quite in charity with each other to find Lady Albinia, Mrs. Marley, and Mr. Brummell seated in one of the drawing-rooms with a lady and two gentlemen who had driven

over from a neighboring estate to pay a call at Worth.

Upon the entrance of the Earl and his ward a greater animation seemed to enter into these visitors. Compliments were exchanged, and the lady lost no time in presenting her son to Miss Taverner. The elder of the two gentlemen, who had been talking to Mr. Brummell, had less interest in the heiress, and very soon returned to Brummell. The Beau was sitting with a look of pained resignation on his face, which was accounted for by Lady Albinia, who in making the necessary introductions turned to the Earl and said: "You see the Fox-Matthews are come to call on us, my dear Worth. So obliging of them! They have been sitting with us more than half an hour. I do not believe they will ever go."

MR. FOX-MATTHEWS was talking in a consequential way of the beauties of the Hampshire scenery. He would scarcely allow it to have its equal, unless perhaps one took the Lake District into account. It was soon seen that having been travelling there in the summer he now desired nothing better than to be allowed to describe the lakes to everyone, and to tell those who had not the good fortune to journey so far that they had missed something very fine. He did not know whether Mr. Brummell had visited the lakes; if he had not he should certainly make the effort.

Mr. Brummell looked him over with that bit of the eyebrow which could always depress pretension. "Yes, sir, I have visited the lakes," he said. "Ah, then, in that case—And which of them do you most admire, sir?"

Please turn to Page 29.



The name broke from him with a cry, for there—her lace veil and train crumpled anyhow over her arm, her face white as the satin—was Joan.



JOAN came slowly down the stairs, lingering on each step, her eyes unfocused, her lips set. She knew she was late, but for once she did not very much care, not even for the displeasure of her father, who would most certainly not spare her in venting it.

Joan was twenty-five. People were beginning to remark on the fact that she was not even engaged, and the family regarded her with a faint dissatisfaction.

There had been chances, of course, for she was slim, rather tall, with beautiful grave eyes and brown hair that was not shingled; but she had refused all those chances with unflinching promptitude and decision, because none of the would-be suitors had been ideal, and because she was happy and contented as she was. But now, this hot June afternoon, further refusal seemed impossible. She had known it ever since the letter had arrived that had made her mother look at her so critically, and her father be unusually kind—even a little tender. She had been sure of it, even though no word had been said—till this morning.

It was a glorious day, hot, cloudless, exhilarating. Overhead, the sky was an arch of unclouded burning blue. Below, the trees were towers of vivid green from whence came the drowsy fluting of birds. The gardens were a glory of blossom, and the river, running swiftly between its steep and rocky banks, glittered like silver, a dancing ribbon in the sunshine.

There was an air of gaiety, so it seemed to Joan, in the whole world, and only in her heart was there a shadow, all the more menacing because she was not certain of its reason, only of its presence.

Across the wide, polished hall she went, and at the heavy double doors a

footman stood waiting. He was tall, black-faced, completely an automaton on duty; but off he thought Joan the most exquisite creature he had ever seen, and had a picture of her cut out of a paper, tin-tacked on to the wall of his room.

He opened the doors now, wondering behind that mask he wore why she was so pale, and closed them as Joan entered the big library and walked across to the writing-table by the window.

Her father sat there writing. A stocky, grey-moustached, powerful man who, by reason of a rough kindness, tremendous courage, and a certain knowledge of men, had not only kept his throne during the troublous times after the Great War, but had actually made it more secure. He looked up now as his daughter entered, pushed aside his letter, and held out his hand to her. "Well, Joan? Late again! This must stop!"

His words were gruff, but he brushed his hard lips against her cheek and waved her into a chair. "Sit there, child. I want to talk to you."

Joan nodded, her beautiful eyes dark and dimmed.

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Joan nodded, her beautiful eyes dark and dimmed.

Powers. Never mind though. I don't want to discuss the war guilt. I want to discuss the future. Prince Nikolai, of Carania, is arriving this afternoon for a three days' visit. He is asking formally for you in marriage. . . . Wait a moment! I'm not finished."

He held up his hand to silence the indignant protest that was breaking from his daughter's lips, for she knew Nikolai, of Carania, only too well by sight—and that enough. To her, mentally broad, with one shoulder humped and curved, lame, awkward, powerful as a gorilla, some people said as ugly, the very sound of his name horrified her. And for marriage! It was unbelievable that her father could do this thing to her, unthinkable that she could join herself in the intimacies of marriage with this grotesque and dreadful man.

JOAN was a modern girl, despite her rank. And, because her father, Henry, reigning head of the House of Rallia, twenty-second prince to rule over the beautiful little country on the Austrian borders, was extremely democratic, and in most ways sensible, she had been brought up with almost as much freedom as though she were not of a Royal House. She had been

A Long Complete Story

"I know. Tell me quickly—who is it? Not—not any of the Germans?" The Prince laughed noisily—he was not a quiet man—and shook his head. "No. None of that breed. Funny how you hate 'em still!"

"I hate them because they made war. Because they took all the happiness out of life and wasted all those years—you ought to hate them too, Papa. They wrecked enough for us. Don't you?"

No leading questions just now, Joan. I'm glad Fate put us in on the Allies' side, though, geographically, we ought to have joined the Central

free to dismiss the men she did not want to marry, and had been allowed to see quite a good deal of the world, and men and women. But now the chains of tradition were tightening. Prince Nikolai had written; he had been invited to visit Starn, and he was to be welcomed. Joan knew now why there had been flags and decorations in the streets that morning; why she had been so cheered as she rode home from the park where she spent an hour each morning. She did not want to marry yet—she was not in love—and Nikolai—Nikolai! Shaking, she spoke at last:

ILLUSION

Royal traditions required the princess to marry for reasons of State . . . but Cupid had his own solution to this problem!

By...

Joan
Sutherland

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

"Papa—no! I can't! Not Nikolai—he's deformed, horrible—I would rather die!"

"Your dying won't help anybody," Prince Henry said dryly. "Does he abuse Joan? Nikolai is not horrible—as for that shoulder of his—it was an accident when he was a baby—horses bolted—carriage overturned. Nurse killed, and the baby badly injured. And it's nothing to make a fuss about—one shoulder a trifle higher than the other."

"But why should you agree to his proposal? Why didn't you refuse at once? You can't imagine I should do anything but hate him!"

"My dear Joan," Prince Henry rose to his feet, his smile gone, his face hardening. "My dear Joan, you have been given greater freedom than any other Princess in Europe; you have been allowed to express your opinion, to exercise your right of choice for your own life. For twenty-five years you have been happy. Is not this true?"

Joan, her face very pale, nodded; then her sense of justice made her speak.

"Yes. Quite true."

"We hoped you would choose a husband without our having to enforce our wishes, but you did not. Very well again. The rulers who remain safely on their thrones in Europe to-day are very few, and that I am one of them is, I believe, because I have tried all my life to realise my responsibility to my people, and to see their side of things as well as my own. You agree?"

Joan nodded again.

"Yes. Absolutely."

"You agree, too, that to a monarch his throne and his country mean more than his own life?"

"Yes. Joan said to them more than his own personal happiness?"

This time Prince Henry had to wait longer for his answer, but it came at last:

"Very well. Now up to this present time your position has brought you—speaking generally—more privileges and enjoyments than trials and self-denial. You have enjoyed your rank without carrying any of its burdens; but now the change has come. You must shoulder your responsibilities."

Joan moved impatiently.

"I know! I know! But why have you chosen Nikolai of Carania? Why must he be chosen for me? How does it serve my country for me to marry him? Surely it's not essential—that burden!"

The Prince took a turn up and down the room. Beyond the open windows the lawn lay wide and green, spangled here and there with the color of formal

bedding-out plants and the dark shadow cast by towering trees. Dimly the sound of bells and a military band came to his hearing on the wings of a summer breeze, and his frown grew heavier as he listened and looked. Abrupt, rough, hard though he might be, deep in his heart he felt the pain of his daughter's suffering. He had paid his price for his crown, and none knew better than he how heavy such a crown can be, how long the price; and what he had done Joan must do. She was of his blood and his House, and she must bear her burdens as he had borne his.

When he turned round his face was hard, but his tone as he spoke was gentler than Joan had ever heard it.

"Prince Nikolai must have alliances if he is to save his kingdom; if you are his wife, it is natural that this country and Carania should be allies. Also, the German and Bolshevik danger is great. The people are dissatisfied with a bachelor ruler, no heir, no gaiety at the capital—for a busy court means trade and life. You, my dear, are one of the most popular royalties in Europe. You have some beauty and great charm. If you marry Nikolai and give him an heir, you will save his crown, and you will protect a good country from the miseries and terrors of Bolshevik rule. Think it over, my daughter."

Joan made a little gesture, at once wild and helpless; she was used enough to her father's plain speaking, and, although he had never permitted or desired a show of affection, he had never forfeited her respect or her liking. But the picture his words painted for her—"If you marry Nikolai and give him an heir" turned her sick with despair. An heir! To submit not only to being tied for life to a man she had only once

Millie Mary Knits

Wherever Millie Mary sits
She knits.
And while I read her poems of love
Her eyes, like stars that shine above,
Are screened by lashes long and brown.
For Millie Mary's looking down
To knit.
Wherever Millie Mary goes
She knits.
And stupid men upon the tram
Connect her knitting with a pram;
Or wonder if her creamy breast
Will one day softly be caressed
By what she knits.
If I praise Millie Mary's face
It's "plain."
And if I touch a dinky curl
She smiles, and softly murmurs:
"Purl!"
In vain I rave about her locks,
For Millie Mary raves of socks
She knits.
If Millie Mary marries me
And knits:
She'll make of me a kind of sheep,
In wool I'll walk, in wool I'll sleep,
And should the Lord our fold increase,
Each little lamb will have a fleece
That Millie Mary knits.

—E. Fairley.

formally met, a man unprepossessing, almost repulsive, but to bear his children, to suffer his kisses, to endure from him the companionship which should be a delight and would be a nightmare.

A click on the writing-table struck three, and she shivered, for the soft chimes brought home to her the reality of her position. This was no dream; this was a definite fact to be faced, Nikolai was actually on his way here, in an hour he would arrive, in an hour she must meet him, must suffer the touch of his lips on her hand, must endure his society if not his love-making. . . . Love! It was horrible to think of love in connection with Nikolai of Carania.

Her father's voice roused her, stern and demanding.

Please turn to Page 46

LOST LOVER

Complete Short Story

Will that lost lover remember ... if there should be another meeting? ... Many is the woman who has wondered over this difficult problem ... wondered and hoped and sighed!

By
E. M. WINCH

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

NURSE MARION WESTWELL reached out for the last parcel. "Cut the string!" commanded Lois King irritably. "I never waste string." The nurse's long, finely-shaped fingers loosened the knot deftly. But she smiled at her patient. Lois looked like a naughty little child. "There!"

She pulled the photograph out of its wrapper—and stopped. Her heart missed a beat. Her hand shook violently. But Lois didn't notice. She plucked the photograph from the young nurse and stared at it: read the message scrawled across it in a man's bold, sloping writing. "Lois—who needs no sliding. From Gideon."

She laughed self-consciously and tossed it back on to Marion's starched apron. "I asked him for a lipstick as a present. Rather a pet, isn't he?"

"Yes." It took a long time for Marion to drag that out. "I won't tell you his name," said Lois lightly, "but he's as nice as he looks."

The nurse's shaming hands were hidden beneath her apron. She did not touch the photograph. A new case of course. He hadn't changed much. The fair, thick wavy hair, the strong, blunt features hadn't altered at all. Only his blue, questioning eyes looked harder. There were deep lines round the sensitive mouth.

"Like him?" demanded Lois. "He looks—very attractive." The girl caught the stiff tone and became offended. "What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing."

LOIS gave her ripping, shallow laugh. She cuddled back among her pillows, clasped her hands behind her shining, corn-gold head. "I'm going to marry him," she confided. She wanted to tell someone, dared not chatter to her own mother, or to envious girl friends. This tall plain creature was only her nurse; she didn't count, to Lois.

"He's in love with you?" Marion tried to make that sound casual—and nearly succeeded. That Gideon might marry—she had faced the thought a hundred times, had schooled herself to accept it. But to come like that! Oh, why had she taken this case? She had been so careful up to now, never to touch even the fringe of his set.

"He's in love all right," declared Lois confidently. "Only he doesn't know it!"

"He hasn't proposed?" Marion was very busy now, her face hidden as she stooped to gather up the envelopes and papers from the thick carpet.

She heard Lois cry out. Heard the leaping feet behind her as she gained the half-landing. Then two strong arms closed about her... held her fast.

"Not yet," admitted Lois. "But he will!"

"You seem—very sure!" The sheets of paper crackled noisily.

LOIS picked up a blonde tortoiseshell handglass from her peach silk eiderdown. "Don't you think I ought to be?" she asked cheekily, lifting her chin, peeping through long black lashes at her own "lovely, implish, apple-blossom face." "After all, I've got most things!"

Everything, amended Marion silently. Money, some position, beauty enough even for Gideon. And all the freshness of nineteen!

The nurse's stiff blue dress rustled as she turned away to hide her twitching mouth.

But Lois wasn't looking at the nurse. She dropped the glass and poured herself out more tea, musing aloud.

"Not that Gideon wants money. He's fearfully rich. But he simply worships beauty. Those ornaments, the ones that came without a card, are his. Fixing them over here, will you?"

Marion, filling a tall, jade-green vase from a cutglass jug, let them clink and clatter. She hated all red flowers. They reminded her of a night when she had pinned two dark red roses to a silver dress.

Lois munched a bit of dry toast, and looked at the photograph. "He's a lot older than me. Thirty-two. But terribly attractive! Awfully quiet, but you feel that if he did care

if!

"He would, too, if he cared," concluded Lois.

Marion dropped the cool, green stems in with a little splash. Would he? Was it true? Was that the reason why he never had let go—said outright that he cared? She wondered, as she had wondered a thousand times in these five years. Yet she had been so sure that even-

ing—

In those first bad weeks she had sworn never to look back or grow bitter. She acted on that promise now. She told herself severely that Nurse Marion Westwell, at twenty-five, was a much more useful person than a certain, thoughtless, light-hearted girl who had enchanted London once with step-dancing and songs.

"Aren't they lovely?" she asked cheerfully, putting the vase down on the pearwood table beside the bed.

"Him!" Lois sniffed at the flowers absently. "Nurse, I shall be well by October, the twentieth, shan't I?"

"I hope so."

"I know—but I mean really," insisted Lois, pushing back the tea-tray. "You see, it's frightfully important."

"You'll be well by then if you do what you're told."

Lois made a little face. "You would say that!"

"Well, one doesn't get rid of influenza by jumping in and out of bed!"

"I know I won't again," Lois promised. "But I must be well by the twentieth! I've a special reason. You see—she looked up at the calm, sweet-tempered face framed in its crisp white cap, and flushed with a rush—"he's giving a house-party. It would be tragic if I couldn't go!"

"You will go, if you're good."

"Promise?" Shining curls, big blue eyes, pouting mouth that waited to be kissed! If Lois hid behind them a shallow mind, she looked radiant enough when she pleaded like that, to enthrall any man—even Gideon! For men, particularly the men of them, are not often subtle; they accept beauty at its face value. Marion, as she nodded, wondered rather grimly if that was the reason why the god of love is always a blind boy.

But Lois gave a sigh of content. "Thank Heaven! I was afraid you were just saying it, like nurses and doctors do. And I can't afford to miss that party! You see G—, the man I was telling you about, has weird ideas about decor, and he owns a private theatre where he tries them out."

So he had utilised that old suggestion of her own! Marion nodded, she could not speak. It brought back the

plans they had once discussed too vividly. She forced her hands to busy themselves among the flowers.

Lois, opening a box of sweets, picked up a cream, bit it, and went on.

"Now, you see, he's written a ballet, and we're going to give it at Christmas for charity. I've got a star part. And I know, as long as I can do it he'll propose!"

"Oh! Why?" The scissors clattered a little on the tray.

"Because—I shouldn't tell you, really!" Lois hesitated virtuously. Then her pent-up secret bubbled over. After all, nurse couldn't give her away! "But it's like this. He was in love once, years ago, with a dancer—he doesn't know that I know that!" The tall, upright figure in blue did not move, the hands which held a bunch of purple orchids seemed to be frozen an inch above the vase. "But I do! And I know too that

she vanished quite mysteriously, without a word! Of course it's all ages ago, but in a way he half imagines that he's still in love with her. And he's made a sort of fantasy out of the whole thing and put it into this ballet. She's in it! The spirit of light, the soul of love that vanishes. It's rather morbid, really. It's too good for him."

SHE stopped, waiting for some sign of curiosity. The orchids came down slowly, spread themselves in glowing curves over the golden crackle bowl. But Nurse Westwell did not turn.

Lois frowned. She hated people not to take an interest. She gobbled the chocolate and went on rather sullenly.

"Anyway, I've made up my mind to break his complex or obsession, or whatever it is, and I really think I will. I've asked a psychic expert and he says if I play that part it would help enormously. He will mix me up with her, identify me subconsciously, or whatever they call it. So you see how frightfully important it is that I should be me."

"Have you done with that tray?" The nurse's voice sounded rather muffled as she bent over the flowers.

"Yes, quite." Lois spoke irritably. She was almost sorry she had told Nurse Westwell. She was so unsympathetic, interrupting like that! "But I haven't told you the best part. I'm to wear the most gorgeous dress! I have had it made up from the sketch by Paquinneux, and it's going to be simply marvellous. It suits me utterly—a silver dress."

There was the tray. It had to be

A Sacrifice is Rewarded

carried carefully to the door; it had to be balanced on one arm while she turned the handle, balanced again while the door was shut. Fortunately, muscles—when they are trained by habit—obey even when the mind is frozen into a hard, cold lump. There was a polished service table outside Lois' door and the tray did not even scratch the shining surface.

It was only when Marion reached her own room that her knees behaved absurdly, bending as paper bends beneath a weight, crumpling her clean apron ruthlessly upon the floor.

She did not cry, she crouched there shaking like a cold person in an icy wind.

Chance—coincidence—fate—you could take your choice of words; the thing remained intolerably cruel. "Oh, my dear, don't you know? Haven't you guessed how desperately

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"Oh, my dear, don't you know? Haven't you guessed how desperately

"I've loved you all these months?" Dream words to haunt her, words that Gideon had never spoken.

It had been easier, sometimes, to believe that the whole thing had been a dream, that he had never cared. But to hear the truth like this!

MARION stumbled to her feet. Her cap had fallen back; her apron hung in a twisted, starchless rope, as she crossed the room to the side, tilted dressing-table. There were two faces in the glass. One outlined harshly, a stiff linen bow beneath the chin, the other lurking mistily, invisible to any eyes except her own.

Hair of a strange gold, light as tarnished silver, broad forehead with fine, level dark eyebrows, the eyes, clear and courageous, moth-wing brown—so much they had in common. But below that—

Five years ago, in the perfect oval of that misty face, the little straight nose had run down towards a laughing, happy mouth, a dimpled chin.

Pride and courage, Marion had clung to them once, riding them over pain, only a very shaky courage left as she forced her eyes down, down past that first small roundish scar below her right eye.

She closed her eyes, thrust both hands at the glass as though she could push the reality away.

An evening when she had planned two dark red roses to a silver dress, utterly happy, fastening her brooch across the green stems, dreaming of the moment when she would hear his voice. She had been certain that night, that she meant to propose.

Driving down to Gideon's house-party on a winter's night, after the show.

A moment when, standing she had wrenched at the wheel in panic terror while the lorry loomed above her; tinkling glass and blinding pain.

By sheer luck she had been conscious to hear the doctor's verdict and had given a false name.

Weeks in hospital.

Even the newspapers had given up her mysterious disappearance after a while.

SOME new meteor had flashed up to take her place; only a rather tremulous young probationer knew where the fallen star had come to earth. Anything had been better than facing Gideon, seeing the pity and the horror in his eyes.

Marion Crystal—Nurse Marion Westwell.

She must hold fast to that. "A nurse has no time for herself," The sister's grim voice came back. "She has her patient."

Marion's eyes opened wide and staring as a sleep-walker—she crossed the room. A flat pile of clean aprons lay in the lowest drawer; a clean cap in the small one. She kept her eyes on the long linen strings as she tied them neatly in a clean, crisp bow. She walked with a very steady, light tread to her bedroom door.

Please turn to Page 36

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov

EVENING ALLURE...

Fullness Graces Skirts

WIDE skirts have taken possession of at least three-quarters of the evening style-scene. The remaining quarter is taken up with draped skirts which will be more popular as the season wears on.

Draped dresses usually finish with scarves draped over the shoulders like capes, or hanging down the back. Skirts are pulled up in front, draped up at the back or at the side back, and are usually instep length in front.

At the moment full skirts are the rage. Fullness is introduced in many different ways. Knife-pleated skirts, full-gathered skirts, skirts thickly shirred below the waistline. Skirts with all the fullness gathered in front or centre-back. The circular flared skirt, seen so often on organdie and chiffon dresses, is mounted on a fitted hip-yoke. Some are cut to flare out from the waist, some with bustles of fluffy ruffles at the back, and a mass of ruffles or flowers on the bosom. These skirts just touch the ground, and are trainless.

BODICES are extremely varied, with lots of off-the-shoulder styles kept up by many bones, little puff sleeves,

low necks back and front, and very few high necks. Material is draped, shirred, and pleated across the bosom, and there are low drawstring necks, square necks, and deep V's. There are tiny narrow shoulder straps, straps of artificial flowers and velvet ribbon.

There are wide belts above these full skirts. Velvet stitched and boned like peasant girls' bodices, or laced like their corsets; wide tailored velvet belts on chiffon dresses matching chiffon belts, very wide, and shirred on to a six-inch vertical bone centre-front.

• A FINE pink starched lace frock is posed over taffeta slip. Little puff sleeves. Belt and posy match.

• TAILORED dress of crepe a la mode covered by huge circular cape of net.



• AT the extreme left of the page a printed organdie with full flared skirt. Velvet ribbon forms the shoulder straps, which tie around the waist. Next this an evening gown featuring new classically-draped skirt.

THE softest, sheerest chiffons are ideal for full-skirted, diaphanous dresses, organdie, rather stiff, and organdie. Tulle and moire make the more formal type of picture frock. Crepes and satins are kept for the draped dresses, although these are also made of chiffon.

Lace is again favored for evening wear. Very fine Chantilly laces make the same filmy dresses as the chiffons. Heavy cotton laces are usually starched so that the full skirts will stand out. These heavy laces are often made up over a colored slip—black lace over pale pink or chartreuse green; pink lace over silver or palest blue; blue lace over mauve.

Tulle and net play important roles on the evening stage. Skirts are very full over tight satin or tulle slips; ruchings, flounces, frills, and shirtings trim them.

Prints are numerous, but they must be bold and striking. Plain crepe dresses sometimes have flowers cut out from printed crepe-de-chine, tacked all over them in small bunches; tulle and chiffon dresses have printed chiffon flowers scattered over them.

THERE are long vertical capes of crinkled tulle which fly out at the back as you walk—jade-green over a pink dress; purple over green, deep mauve over turquoise-blue, hyacinth over pink.

Very summery are the transparent scarves of chiffon or net that are worn across the shoulders with the ends floating. These are yards and yards long, and can be twisted around the figure if preferred. They are in a contrasting color to the dress, or a very deep tone of the same shade. New also are the transparent jackets and capes of organdie, net, lace, tulle, or chiffon. They are short or three-quarter length and loose, with full hems and big sleeves.

• FILMY chiffon with finely-pleated skirt and draped bodice. Picturesque sash.

FLOWERS adorn nearly every evening frock. They are likely to be placed anywhere. Some are scattered at the hem of trailing chiffon evening gowns. They are placed at the waistline, at the base of the décolletage, back or front, at one shoulder, or under the chin. The blooms are huge, made of every kind of fabric, organdie, plique, taffeta, chiffon, and crepe, generally rather soft and floppy.

Multi-colored arrangements are smartest. Sweet peas, dahlias, sunflowers, violets, roses, poppies, chrysanthemums, and daisies are favorites. Huge bunches of sweet peas shading from palest to deepest pink, and mauve to purple, are lovely tucked into the waist of pastel chiffon frocks. White daisies, yellow sunflowers, and orange poppies are smart on black. White violets outline the off-the-shoulder neckline of a navy-blue tulle frock.

FROM FAMOUS PARIS HOUSES!

Models of Charm



● A VERY full skirt is featured on this gown by Germaine Lecompte. The navy background is splashed with a bold floral design in cerise, green, and white.

● TWO MODISH evening frocks. Katherine Paret built the gown of white tulle with a graceful cape lined with navy, and a scalloped hemline giving a new note. Simple tailored lines are featured by Captain Molynaux for the model above on the right. The skirt is flared, and colorful flowers are strewn on a black background.

● SMART FOR race wear are the two tailored models on the left. Grey and navy are cleverly combined by Lelong, who adds a broad white collar and vest. The check ensemble is made by Goupy, and is carried out in mustard and black.

● THE smart cocktail toque is by Colette Goupy. White stiffened American cloth is used for the flower design, and black leaves are seen at the back.

● BRODERIE Anglaise in coarse linen makes the starched collar for the Patou model (above centre). Fluted fan frills adorn the skirt, which falls into a short train.

FROCKS and hats on this page are all original imported models. Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly photographers. Frocks and hats by courtesy of Pellicci.

FOR
COUGHS

FOR
COLDS

It heals as it soothes.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

is most comforting in allaying irritation and tickling in the Throat. Its expectorant action expels corruption and phlegm from the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics.

FOR
CROUP

For the
CHEST

H. 72

An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 14, 1935.

OUR OWN LANGUAGE FIRST



AT the Sydney Festival recently one of the adjudicators, Mr. Thorold Waters, made some pertinent remarks on the practice of singing operatic numbers in a foreign language.

"Italian is a beautiful language," he said, "but so is English." He condemned the tendency in an English-speaking community to devote so much time to Italian diction at the expense of our own mother-tongue.

Everyone is aware of the practice that Mr. Waters deprecates. It is in evidence in every Australian city when young and ambitious vocalists are trying out their powers. When it is a question of grand opera, the language of Italy still dominates the field.

The average music-lover can see no reason why this state of affairs should continue. He or she will hope, with Mr. Waters, that there will be an influential movement to make our own the accepted language both of the concert platform and the operatic stage.

Why should it not be so? If grand opera were sung in English, there would be no loss of harmonic quality, while the gain in interest, for the ordinary listener, would be almost incalculable.

It is not only musicians who put a slight on their native tongue. The medical profession still bewilders the patient—and often the dispenser!—by handing out prescriptions in Latin. No high-class chef thinks anything but French a proper medium for describing his "creations."

We know, too, that while musicians, doctors, and hotel chefs prefer some other language than English in which to express themselves, a collection of Americanisms has become the special property of the younger set.

The truth is that the English tongue is complete, harmonious, and versatile enough for all requirements. It lends itself to the finest melodic expression, as it does to the subtlest shades of meaning.

We should take more pride than we do in this English speech, which in the course of centuries has become an unrivalled medium, needing no substitute for any purpose.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Salute This Army!

THINK of the cargo the steamer Aorangi will have on board when it reaches an Australian port this week! Canadian furs and motor chassis, no doubt, but, first and foremost, that human freight of 250 doctors, come to reinforce the medical army in Melbourne.

Take him for all in all the doctor is still the most valuable asset of civilization. We could do without electricians. We could do without poets. We could even do without newspaper writers. We could make shift without men who drive railway trains and go up in aeroplanes.

But the doctor is in another class. He is with us in the beginning, and he is usually with us at the end. To him we owe most of our immunity from pestilence, pain, and other ills that flesh is heir to. We have a right to thank him—individually and in the mass.

In the Spring

IN the spring a young man's fancy— Of all hackneyed quotations this is the most hackneyed. But the question it opens up is of never-ending interest. Do the fancies of young men and maidens turn lightly to love at this time of the year? Is there an awakening of emotions, as there is of tree and flower?

If there were statistics on the subject it would probably be found that the most favorable seasons for forming attachments are summer and winter. The summer, with its languid days and caressing nights, its sun-kissed beaches and waves, is the time par excellence for romance in Australia. And who has not been conscious of the social influences of the fire-ill hearth and lighted room?

In the spring a young man's fancy turns so much to Randwick and Flemington that Cupid takes a back seat.

Our Fashions in China

WE hear from time to time of the Westernizing of the Orient, but as regards treatment of women queer things can happen. Witness that cabled report of women in Canton being dragged from their rickshaws and taken to police stations because their dresses were too short or too modern, or they had shingled their hair, or something.

There is one thing to remember when you read of a happening like this in the daily papers. It is given out as "China's attitude to modern fashions, and as 'China's campaign.'" Actually there is no such thing as an official Chinese attitude, because there is no central authority that covers the whole country. The Governor of a Province does pretty much what he likes.

What is wrong in Canton may be all right in Shanghai. If you want to wear a split skirt or put on lipstick, you must choose your Province—and your man.

Tyranny of Tears

HADDON CHAMBERS once wrote a play called "The Tyranny of Tears." It was quite an interesting play, from which you gathered that the chief victims of the tyranny in question were husbands, and that for them there was no means of escape. They may protest, bluster, threaten, but sooner or later—and generally sooner—they must give in.

Another question is raised by recent proceedings in a criminal case. Can a Judge order a weeping woman out of court? An Australian Judge did that the other day, but if she had refused to go, and made a test case of it, there might have been interesting developments.

A court of law is open to the public. The Judge has no authority to remove people who are orderly. No one can say that a woman who weeps in court is thereby disorderly. Why should Judges have an immunity denied to husbands?

Call of the Outback

"CARRIERS like that of Sir Sidney Kidman are no longer possible," says the London "Times." One is not so sure. It is hard to say what is impossible in a country like Australia.

When young Kidman was a station-hand 60 years ago, there were great open spaces that offered a career to enterprise. And there are great open spaces—thousands and thousands of square miles of them—waiting development in Australia to-day.

Of course it isn't as easy to get hold of large tracts of country as it was when Sidney Kidman was a boy. But it isn't impossible. The motor car and the aeroplane are making life easier and more pleasant in the outback. There are prizes there, as there always have been—given the right temperament and the right approach.



MR. GEORGE WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly, snapped beside a picturesque Irish cottage during his recent visit to Ireland. Mr. Warnecke is now in America on his way back to Australia.

Are We "Too Revealing"?

IT is the opinion of Baroness Orczy that the modern girl loses some of her charm by being "too revealing." The literary Baroness thinks mystery is more alluring than self-revelation. It is a point on which not everyone will agree with her.

Shakespeare's "dark lady of the sonnets" was a disturbing creature—heavily draped and mysteriously wrapped round in garments that made it impossible even to guess what the lady herself was like. But if she were placed alongside Helen Wills on the tennis court, or an Australian miss on the beach, which would have the greater appeal?

The Difference

VICTORIA's attitude to the lottery question is a curious illustration of the difference a few hundred miles can make in public attitude to certain questions. A Labor member in that State is trying his hardest to get a bill through Parliament in order to remove restrictions on raffles and like diversions.

He is met with the shocked protest: "Your bill will make it easier to conduct a State-wide lottery!" And a subdued shudder goes through the Assembly.

Yet in New South Wales a Premier who is also a local preacher can reconcile State lotteries with his very alert conscience. Strange!

Britain's Jolly Woman Parson Congregationalist Cleric

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London. By Air Mail.

Although women have already established themselves in almost every walk of life, strangely enough they have not made much headway in the ministry. The Congregationalists, however, have just given Miss Doreen Hopewell complete charge of a church in Chelsea as an experiment.

Of course, Dr. Maude Royden has held services in the Guild House for many years, but she runs this church herself and is not appointed by any Church body. The few other women ministers are only termed "deaconesses," though they have been ordained.

Women are admittedly the strongest supporters of religion and for generations have displayed great heroism and devotion as missionaries, yet there is still a reluctance to admit them to the ministry. Something of this reluctance was expressed to Miss Hopewell the other day by one of her congregation who, in a burst of confidence, told her, "You know, Miss, I would really rather have a man to bury me."

But the Reverend Doreen Hopewell is undaunted. "Religion should be a guide to living, not something put on for Sunday with one's best clothes," she said.

To Give Hope

MISS HOPWELL is fair, with curly hair, merry blue eyes, which her glasses seem to accentuate rather than hide, lovely teeth, a rather tilted nose, and small, expressive hands. She lives in a little, old-fashioned house next door to the church, and when I saw her was wearing a very becoming cream silk tailored frock with a green plaid bow at the neck.

"I am sure that religion should not be a harsh and impersonal thing," she told me. "It should meet the everyday needs of everyday people, and help to brighten their lives. No Christian should be miserable—why, the very essence of Christ's teaching is hope and happiness. That's why I tell my people to take their joys as well as their sorrows to God. That's why I'm trying to make my church a cheerful place. If I want to tell a funny story in a sermon, I tell it. If women want to come to my church without hats or stockings, they may, though I feel it would perhaps be more reverent if they wore them."

"I have always thought very deeply about religion," she told me. "And ever since I was a tiny tot I have been interested in public speaking. As I grew older, my leanings became political. I went to Exeter University. Then one day I happened to hear one of the Pilgrim Preachers—a body of men who leave whatever profession they happen to be in and become lay preachers. I was a superior young woman in those days, and in a superior sort of way I listened to what this young ex-engineer had to say. Suddenly it came to me that this was the work I ought to be doing. I went straight back to college and told them I was going to be a lay preacher. I was determined to enter the ministry, and I set myself to this purpose from that day onwards."

Message for Australia

I ASKED her if she found a large church and a big congregation difficult to manage. "Not at all," she said, smiling. "Though perhaps they were a bit prejudiced against me at first, but I think I have got over all that now."

"I think that women very often fail as organisers because they will try to do too much of the work themselves. For instance, I have one hard-working member who runs the social club, another—a Chelsea artist—who manages the affairs of the Lads' Brigade, and I have made another of my flock responsible for writing to all the people I want to speak at my Sunday evening meetings during the coming winter."

"We are all trying to find a design for living. It doesn't matter very much how we reach the goal as long as we do reach it, happily. I know that quite a lot of people come to see me as a sort of curiosity and, after all, if they come to see what I wear in church—incidentally, just a white frock with my gown and mortar-board—they must in decency stay to listen to what I have to say."

"I am very interested in your paper," she told me, "for I have a crowd of cousins I have never seen living all over the Southern Hemisphere. Several of my father's uncles migrated to New Zealand long years ago, and they have been a very prolific family. Please tell your readers that I was born at Topham, in Devon, so that if any of my relations 'down under' see these few remarks of mine, they will perhaps send a kindly thought to their far-away cousin who is trying to make a success in a field as yet untrodden by women. I do so want to be a success, so that I shall, later on, be easier for other girls, as enthusiastic as I was, to enter the ministry."



BLONDIE

A kitchen disaster turned to account.



ROUCE

RED TAPE Makes Lower SEE RED

Now that Grandpa has Retired from the Civil Service!

BEWARE of the BULLDOG

A terrible thing has happened to the Lower family. It all comes of living in New South Wales and being a Civil servant.

Harold, my grandfather, joined the Civil Service at the age of fourteen. He is now sixty-two. And all Civil servants who have reached the age of sixty are now compelled to retire in order to make way for the employment of youths! Didn't the old man go mad!

HE was at his desk in the Income Tax Department when his secretary shook him and told him that his morning tea was getting cold.

"What time is it?" he asked, stretching himself.

"Time to retire," answered the secretary, breaking it gently.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Harold, who was always addicted to violent language from his youth up, "I didn't know it was so late."

"I mean you've gotter snatch your time," said the secretary, a coarse youth, who had only been in the Service a bare thirty years. "Put your hat on. They've put the skids under you. They're wheeling out your superannuation. Scram!"

The old man was dazed. I

mean to say, he was more dazed than usual. "But what am I going to do?" he moaned, "I haven't any other hobbies."

"Sit in the park and play draughts," said the unfeeling secretary. "There's a youth outside who's a somnambulist, and he's comin' this way. And," he hissed, "you know that the State Government is economising? Well, this new fellow doesn't take milk or sugar in his morning tea!"

"Then I am indeed undone," said Harold mournfully. "Where is this youth?"



Grandpa had to be forcibly ejected from the Service.

The secretary produced the youth, a mere lad of about forty-two.

"What is your name, my boy?" said Harold.

"I'm afraid you're in the wrong department," said the youth mechanically. "Registrar-General's Office. Fill in a form. Go to the other counter. Inquiries on the right. Put your signature here. Call in again tomorrow. The officer who deals with these matters is out at the moment."

"You'll do," said Harold. "My boy, there is a taxpayer who owes the State one shilling and fourpence. He is BM2756813. Remember that, my boy. I have been bounding him for four years. His files are in yonder safe. I bequeath him to you. Never let up on him."

The youth's eyes moistened. "Thank you, sir, for giving me a start in my career," he said.

But the old man was asleep. "Hey!" bawled the secretary, "didn't I tell you that you're not working here now!"

"... be payable without fine within fourteen days," muttered Harold.

They dragged him from his chair, screaming.

Dazed by Forms

LIFE at home now is hellish. As we're all living on Grandfather's superannuation, he has taken over the management of the house.

He spends most of the house-keeping money on forms. If I want a drink of water, I have to fill in form XB7, and then he rings up the Water Board and inquires how things are at the reservoir, and after that he gets on to the Weather Bureau and wants to know about the prospects for rain and if they will kindly furnish him with statistics of the rainfall as from 1890 up to the year ending June 30, 1935.

Then I go next door and get a drink of water.

It is rather significant that once upon a time the State's employees used to be called Civil Servants. The mistake has since been rectified, and they are now called Public Servants. Of course, Grandfather was never really a Public Servant. He was only a temporary employee during the

By

L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost HUMORIST

Illustrated by WEP

book signer of his department. At one time he was signed up two months ahead of anybody else in the State and was presented with an illuminated fountain-pen.

New Upholstery

TALKING about money-lenders, my grandfather once called a meeting of creditors, and everybody thought it was an Empire Day rally. He eventually promised to pay five shillings in the pound, but nobody would lend him the five shillings. Our home is now entirely upholstered in red tape, and our bulldog answers to the name of BM529.

And Grandfather, now that he has retired, would like to meet all his old pals at the usual place at the racecourse on Wednesdays, and he expects to see them all out at the cricket ground as soon as the big games start. If he can spare the time, he may join the Navy in order to see the Melbourne Cup next November.

How does she keep so Slender

HER problem was a natural tendency to put on weight. If it's yours, why not solve it as she did? Without fasting, dieting, or violent exercise—just take two Bile Beans at night and you'll "Slim while you sleep."

These fine vegetable pills gradually, safely and surely remove unsightly fat. They tone up the system, keep the blood-stream healthy, and ensure daily elimination of fat-forming impurities.

Bile Beans not only bring a welcome return to slenderness, but they definitely improve your health and your looks. So don't forget to take that regular nightly dose.

BILE BEANS

1/3 & 3/4 EVERYWHERE



"At my work in a gown shop it is essential that I not only retain a slim figure, but that I keep well in general health. When turned forty, to my dismay, I began to put on flesh, but since I have been taking Bile Beans regularly I have got rid of all unwanted fat." Mrs. M. Singleton.

"I am delighted with Bile Beans. The regular nightly doses have removed all my surplus fat and I am now twenty pounds lighter than I was 16 months ago. I am also quite free from the headaches." Mrs. O. Spence.



Tasmania's First Settlement

In 1803, Captain Philip King, R.N., Governor of New South Wales, despatched Lieutenant John Bowen to establish the first European settlement in Tasmania.

Lieut. Bowen first settled at Risdon, a few miles up the River Derwent from Hobart. Colonel Collins, sent out by Governor King in the following year, promptly transferred headquarters to the present site of Hobart.

The illustration above is an impression of Hobart in the year 1817. It was in 1817 that the first Bank in Australia, the Bank of New South Wales, was established in Sydney.

At that time the Colony of New South Wales embraced what are now the States of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and about half of South Australia and the Northern Territory. Tasmania became a separate colony in 1825.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

The Oldest and Largest Bank in Australasia

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 15.

191 C. 1935



I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY KIDDY

ALMOST every day, you hear those words. The child is not actually ill but pale, listless, "out-of-sorts," lacking in appetite and energy.

Constipation may be keeping impurities locked up in the kiddy's system, sapping energy, poisoning the system. Give the child a NYAL FIGSEN tablet. It will relieve the constipated condition, and enable Nature to function properly. NYAL FIGSEN is pleasant to take... you chew it like a lolly... and gentle in its action. It does not purge, gripe or form a habit. FIGSEN will not upset even the most delicate stomach. It is good for the whole family. A tin of 24 Tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 431H, Globe St. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Willa Cather's New Novel —"Lucy Gayheart"

Recognised as she is as one of the finest living women novelists, a new book by Willa Cather is an event to look forward to.

"Lucy Gayheart," her latest, has just been published by Cassell. It is a work that will not disappoint Miss Cather's many admirers.

WRITTEN in the fine manner that has been associated with this author ever since "Death Comes to the Archbishop" first brought her into prominence, "Lucy Gayheart" is, in addition, a very convincing study of a young girl in love, and a moving and excellently-constructed novel.

"Lucy Gayheart" is the story of a young girl who, studying and teaching music in Chicago away from her home town, meets Clement Sebastian, a famous singer, and falls in love with him. Working as his accompanist she lives briefly in a world in which art and friendship and a passionately pure attachment for her idol are everything.

Nowadays the conventional treatment of such a situation is to force two such lovers into a physical intimacy, then to work out their reactions from this point. Miss Cather has carefully avoided any such approach to the commonplace. Lucy and Sebastian do not progress beyond a kiss at meeting and parting, and the story is given a more exquisite poignancy because of this.

This restraint is typical of the author. It is apparent in her style; nothing is over-written, and again it comes out in her easy, unforced handling of situations.

Willa Cather could not be blatant or spectacular, and the absence of these attributes so common to the books of her contemporaries is nowhere more pleasing than in her latest work.

EVEN written by a less competent pen the story of a young, fine-minded girl's reaction to an overwhelming love would be a beautiful one.

When, however, the tale is told by a woman whose sympathetic understanding of human motives is equalled by her skill as an artist, the result is a novel that is really worthwhile.

"Lucy Gayheart" is a book that will please not only readers who have learnt from previous works to admire this author; it will gain her many new devotees.

Very rarely indeed does one get such sensitive craftsmanship, such understanding, and such well-balanced characterisation in present-day fiction. (Cassell and Co. Our copy, The Roycroft, 7/6.)

"The Brierley Rose"

Readers of Mr. Leslie Haylen's book, "The Game Darrells," and those who enjoyed his play, "Two Minutes' Silence," will welcome the latest book from his pen, "The Brierley Rose."

THIS is a novel with an historical background, covering a period of our history from the close of the convict era until the early 1900's.

The story of "The Brierley Rose" is placed in Sydney for the first section of the book, and then moves south to Goulburn on Rose's marriage to the Englishman, Fabian, who has taken up land there. Mr. Haylen takes the opportunity given by this change of venue to describe the trials and terrible hardships undergone by the pioneers of the land-men who had not learned to know its dangers and how to overcome them.

The action of "The Brierley Rose" moves swiftly with a constant succession of incident to hold the reader's interest. The story blends tragedy, humor, tenderness and a sympathetic insight into the hardships of pioneer life, especially as it affected women.

Mr. Haylen is one of our younger Australian authors. "Two Minutes' Silence" gave convincing evidence of his gifts as a playwright. "The Brierley Rose" proves his ability as a novelist. It will undoubtedly widen his circle of appreciative readers, and there is little doubt that his literary future is very bright. (Angus and Robertson, 6/-.)



MR. LESLIE HAYLEN, whose Australian historical novel, "The Brierley Rose," is reviewed on this page. Mr. Haylen wrote "Two Minutes' Silence," a play that was acted and screened in Sydney.

SHORT... REVIEWS

"HIGH DAWN." A. M. Gwynne.

A well-written story, dealing with the early days of settlement in Australia, when the false accusations of an enemy were often convincing enough to result in a man's deportation from England, and to brand him a convict. Harry Penrose is the central character. He was transported for smuggling, on the false witness of an enemy. In telling of his life in Australia, Miss Gwynne has given a convincing picture of the times, and has introduced romance, adventure, and high daring into a story that has many outstanding qualities. (Robertson and Mullens, 6/-.)

"A DRIVER'S ODYSSEY." George

Melver. The author years ago was a member of a driving party that took 25,000 sheep from Bourke to country on the Diamantina River, a journey that took six months. It was a remarkable expedition, led by a remarkable "boss," and Mr. Melver has written of both graphically and well. (Angus and Robertson, 6/-.)

"IN WHOM DIM SHADOW." J. J.

Conington. A good detective story, showing expert members of the profession at work without any interference from amateurs. The body of a man was found in an empty flat. It bore no marks of identification, but in a pocket was found a baton, and the hands were covered with rubber gloves. The only clue the detectives had to start off with was a small gold ornament, shaped like a T, that was found nearby. With such an unpromising start the sleuths get busy and the reader is entertained with all the bits and pieces they put together in their efforts to bring the murderer to justice. (Hodder and Stoughton. All bookellers, 7/6.)

"ANYTHING DOING?" Spartacus

Smith. Newspaper people will immediately realise from the title that this is a book about themselves. "Anything Doing" is a form of salutation among Press reporters—a combined greeting and inquiry. Spartacus Smith is the nom-de-plume of a well-known Sydney journalist, whose long experience with political work has made him wise in the strange ways of politicians. He has some fun at their expense in "Anything Doing," and readers will chuckle at the dilemmas of Mr. John Hatchett, leader of the Centre Party, and Mr. Harden-Smith, Minister for Home Consumption. Billy Briggs, a young reporter, "misses" a couple of important items on his rounds. His first few moments of despondency were replaced by a mood of burning zeal, and thereafter Billy's ardor does not relax. He haunts Government offices, and shadows important Parliamentarians, with the result that he forces many amusing situations. A light, entertaining story that will make a general appeal. (Angus and Robertson, 6/-.)

"THE TYRANNY OF FREEDOM." E.

W. Savi. Returning home after an absence of twenty years to find himself regarded by his family as dead, and a step-brother in possession of an estate which was legally his, was the situation in which Jasper Bulward found himself. He was unable to prove his claim to the property so, under an assumed name, he got a position on the estate, awaiting time and opportunity to achieve what was legally his. Love changed much of his outlook on life and the course of his actions in consequence. (Hurst and Blackett. Our copy, Swains.)

HOT HOLBROOK says: I have stood a olive ready for sundown. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?

BE IN ON OUR 21ST.
THE GOLDEN KEY TO
BIG CASH PRIZES
ALREADY WON



Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A FATAL FIRE, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Many of..." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to—"BRAN TUB" No. 21, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid. Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, October 5.

£50
WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 18
THE WINNING COMPETITORS IN THIS CONTEST ARE:
MISS C. HELME, 45 Shakespeare St., Coorparoo, Brisbane.
MR. RAY FLETCHER, Palm Vale, via Murwillumbah, N.S.W.
MR. A. J. WASHINGTON, 49 Boomerang St., Haberfield, N.S.W.
Their solutions were the only all-correct ones received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to them. Each will receive £16/13/4.
Prize money will be posted on Friday, September 27.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 18

"One of the local justices of the peace happened to be near when the alarm was given; and, seeing a man in prison clothes running down a street, he jumped on the first horse he saw and headed the fugitive."

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O.B. Leader Sheets, those very cool, very crisp, very durable sheets which all leading hotels choose because they stand up to such hard wear.

Washed by water and sun on the hills of Scotland, they come to you glowing in their whiteness and keep their freshness and strength through years of wear.

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REMARKABLE NEW GLAND TONIC

Producing Surprising Results

German Scientist gives men and women a wonderful treatment for Nerve and Brain Fatigue, Loss of Energy and Vitality and Premature Old Age.

Actually produced in Germany, now offered for the first time in Australia.

10 DAYS' TRIAL OFFERED OUR READERS



This great new discovery made possible by the scientific research and experiments of scientists like Professor Brown-Segura of Paris, and Dr. Reinisch of Vienna, with glandular extracts in one of the most wonderful scientific researches has offered the

world. In fact, Dr. Goldt, of the Paris Faculty, gives further in stating that gland treatment is a source of life more powerful in effect than the interchange of blood or any other remedy now in use to fight against age, illness and its sad results.

This new Gland Tonic provides the proper nourishment for the cells and tissues of the body. The glands are stimulated with renewed life, and the failing brain and all its mental faculties are renewed. It stimulates the internal secretions, and thereby enriches the blood. A purified blood stream is the surest preventative against disease and illness. It can be taken without any inconvenience and without fear of injury, enslavement of habit, or reaction in after years. Its effect upon the system is wonderful. A marked improvement being noticed in a few days.

If any of our readers, either men or women, lack energy and vitality, if they are depressed, are unable to concentrate, or if they are suffering the effects of premature old age, they will find in this remarkable new Gland Tonic a real rejuvenator. It restores naives, promotes energy and vitality, and gives new life, strength and vigor. Sufferers will be well advised to investigate this treatment, and if they will send a 2s. stamp to cover postage to the Australian agents, A. C. Baldwin & Co., 44 Pitt St., Sydney, complete information will be sent under plain sealed cover. The agents will also tell you how you can test this truly remarkable treatment in your own home for 10 days without it costing you one penny. They are anxious to make it more widely known throughout Australia, and all they ask in return from those who benefit by same is that they recommend it to their friends.

The JADE IDOL



ALPH MANSTON slowly drew the curtains as though reluctantly shutting out the light of departing day. He hesitated a moment, with a finger on the electric light switch, and without lighting up returned to the big easy chair in front of the fire. The idol, squatting on an ebony pedestal, half submerged in a shadowed corner of the room, seemed to laugh at him maliciously as the firelight flickered on its polished jade.

With an effort Manston withdrew his gaze from the fascinating object, and slowly filled and lighted his pipe. Seven years had elapsed and still nothing had happened. He didn't believe anything ever would happen. It was mere fools' talk, ignorant superstition quies in keeping with Burnah, but here in England—no!

He poked the fire noisily, and then pondered a while. What was it the Burmese woman had said? The glowing coals gave him the answer as he mused. He saw again, in the native temple, a woman standing motionless, with rigid limbs and fixed gaze, whilst he wrapped her god in seeking. The strangest thing of all was that she never moved from her position in front of the idol's sacred shrine, not even when he had laid sacrilegious hands upon the god of jade, but had remained seemingly entranced throughout. But she had spoken. Yes, he distinctly remembered those words spoken quietly, without vehemence, and in a foreign tongue with which he was only too familiar—words that had seared his soul, and which rang in his brain as he raced with his treasure through the labyrinths to the river and safety. Seven years ago, and still those haunting words re-echoed through his mind!

"The despoiler shall be despoiled. Yes, within seven years shall he be despoiled of a thing he greatly treasures. To all the gods let it be known that the vengeance of the despoiled is on this soul, and only a bitter sacrifice shall appease their wrath."

A burning cinder dropped on the hearth and aroused him from his musing. Absent-mindedly, and with a frown upon his face, he stretched out his hand for the tongs, and replaced the cinder. He glanced apprehensively into the corner. The confounded idol seemed to control his very being, but why should he be perturbed? He had found its secret long ago. The eyes were hypnotic. Whoever had wrought it into shape had cunningly fashioned those wonderful eyes to retain the beholder's gaze. Surely that was the true and the only sane explanation—simply a native trick, nothing more. And yet those haunting words—"Of a thing he greatly treasures!" "To the devil with the woman—and the idol," he muttered.

A GORGEOUS time-piece miraculously set in old ivory—ivory wrought into a masterpiece by some cunning Asiatic craftsman—chimed out the hour of eleven, and Manston roused himself. He had slept for two solid hours. He replenished the dying fire and switched on the lights.

This splendidly-equipped library was his den—his room—and he loved it. A few trophies of the chase adorned the walls, yataghans and cuirasses vying with express rifles and Mauser pistols. Upon an ebony table inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl stood a priceless Grecian urn, against a background of beautiful ware of the Ming dynasty, the gift of a mandarin. No matter where the eye fell, it was arrested by some intricate work of art, or souvenir of sport; but in the corner, to the right of the fireplace, stood the object which riveted the attention of all who beheld it.

Lit up fully, now, in the glare of the lamps, the jade idol lost none of its repellent beauty. The thing fas-

HORT HILLBROOK says: My Anchor Pad is made from Duxon German Antiseptic. It makes dirty washcloths and towels clean.

A Complete Short Story by **ARTHUR R. TAYLOR**

cinated Manston. For seven years it and a curse had been his. He wasn't afraid of it. He was perfectly free from that creepy, sleepy spell which enfolded others who looked into its eyes.

"Of a thing he greatly treasures!" Well, mused Manston, there wasn't any doubt as to his most prized possession. His devotion to Constance, his wife, was an object-lesson pointed out by countless wives to erring spouses; and to Constance he was as the breath of life. He knew it. In a thousand ways she had told him. Nothing seemed possible to cross their love and comradeship; not even a jade god with a tenpenny curse for a halo. Many a time he had contemplated parting with it, sending it either to Christie's or its native home, but since he got the curse when he got the idol, and as he couldn't rid himself of one without the other, he would keep them both.

Please turn to Page 14

Get rid of Disfiguring Blemishes this Easy Way



Nothing can be more distracting to a woman than ugly pimples, burning irritations or patches of blackheads or enlarged pores on the face or neck. Some resort to heavy powdering in an effort to hide them; whilst others cause the skin to become muddy-looking, coarse and blemished by using the wrong treatment.

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and smoother, use Cuticura. Cleanse the skin with Cuticura Soap twice a day. Its luxuriant and mildly antiseptic lather is soothing and softening; washes away pore-deep dirt which causes blackheads, enlarged pores and ugly complexion defects. And to rid the skin of pimples, skin outbreaks, rashes or irritations use Cuticura Ointment direct on the affected part before washing with the soap. Its antiseptic action kills germs, soothes and heals and quickly clears the skin.

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THE Jade IDOL

Continued from Page 13

SWITCHING off the light in the library he closed the door and strolled into the dining-room. Soon he heard a motor car approaching up the gravelled drive. It would be Constance returning from the Or-lake's affair. He hadn't expected her quite so soon, and waited until he heard voices in the hall before opening the door.

"Why, Connie, what brings you home so early?" he said, as his beautiful wife ran lightly into his outstretched arms.

"Oh, Ralph, dear!" she murmured, "I've got such a horrid headache. I couldn't stand the racket any longer, so I beguiled Jack into bringing me home just as he was enjoying himself immensely. And he simply hates me for it, don't you, Jack?"

The man addressed, tall, good-looking, his fresh complexion and fair hair contrasting strongly with Manston's burnt features, stepped forward and shook hands.

"How are you, Ralph?" he said, with a grin. "Do I look upset through having to leave the party, eh? Fact is, I was getting awfully bored until Connie happened to come along."

MANSTON surveyed them both with pleasure and admiration. God bless them, those two—his wife and his friend, whose wool and warp, together with his, were weaving a beautiful pattern in the loom of destiny.

"Connie, if it didn't hurt, this is well worth the headache. Is it very bad, dear?"

"So bad that I'm going to say good-night. Honest to goodness, Ralph, it's shocking, and I'm going straight up to my room. Good-night, dear. Good-night, Jack."

The two men stood in the hall watching her retreating figure. "Come along, Jack, old man, we've time for a chat; that is, unless you're dying to get back to the party."

Jack Briscoe laughed. Manston switched on the lights and ushered him into the library.

"No more party to-night, Ralph," he said, relieving himself of hat and coat. "Man, I haven't had a chance of a chat with you for ages. Fact is, I've something to relate which will make you howl, and I've got a pipe in this coat pocket that's simply shouting for some of that eastern stuff of yours."

He extracted a well-smoked briar from an inside pocket, and proceeded to fill it from a quality-carved jar which Manston pushed forward. Manston paused suddenly in the act of lighting his pipe, and looked across at his friend.

"It's nearly a month since you were hurt, old man," he said reproachfully. Briscoe laughed, and threw away a spent match.

"What would you say if I told you I was here last night?" he asked.

"I should most certainly say, 'Rats!'" replied Manston, finishing lighting his pipe.

Briscoe chuckled, then glanced into the corner, and, as he did so, the smile died off his face.

"Look here, Ralph," he said, in a rather serious tone. "I dream the silliest dream last night. The uttermost nonsense. I know you're keen on this weird stuff, so I'll tell you all about it. And I want to know what you make of it. You'll probably laugh. I didn't."

"Go ahead!" said Manston, smiling. "Well," commenced Briscoe, "someone brought me a message from Connie. She was in trouble over something—can't just remember what—anyway, it must have been something big, because I got dressed quickly and rushed over here. That window there was open, and without hesitation I walked straight through into this very room, where I found Connie sitting alone in front of the jade idol. Seeing me enter she got up and came quickly towards me, smiling and ushering me further into the room. I sat down, and, to my astonishment, she came and sat on the arm of my chair."

Manston moved uneasily. Briscoe hesitated a moment, and then continued.

Please turn to Page 16

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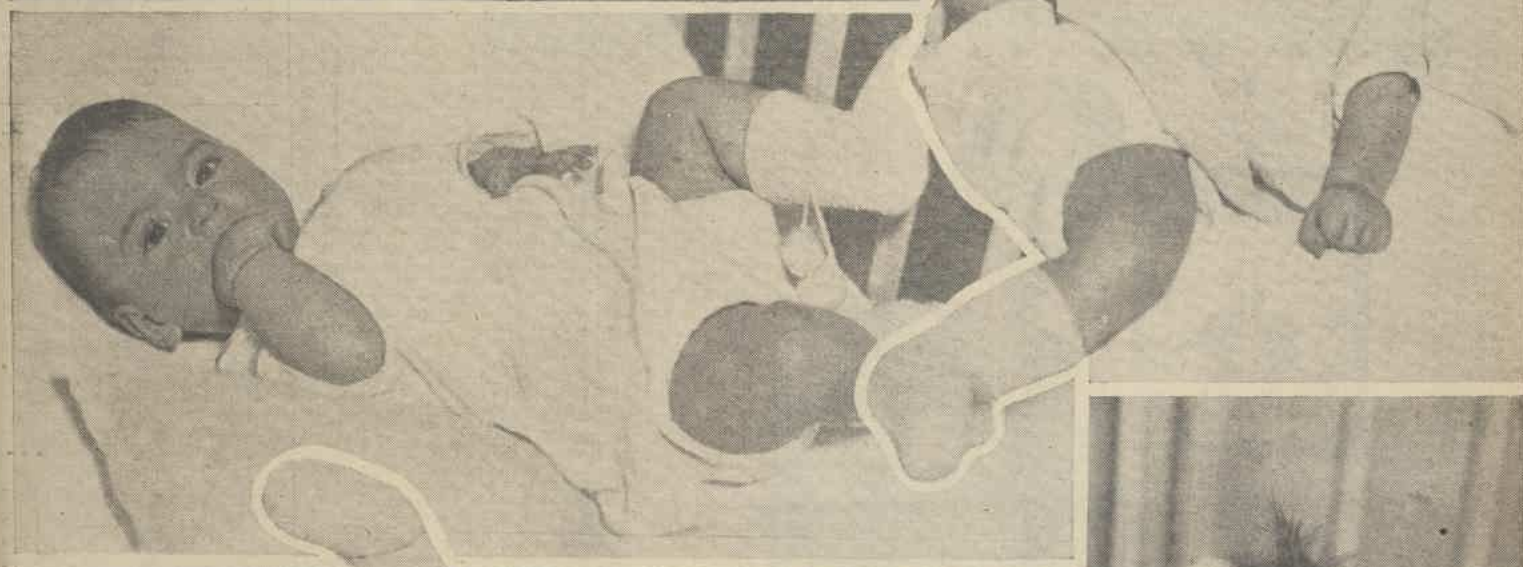
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The Jade IDOL

Continued from Page 14

"CONNIE, looking down at me, smiled most bewitchingly, but somehow or other my gaze was transferred from her to the idol. Those green eyes held me. I don't know what I saw in them, but I seemed to go right into them, absorbed, as it were." Briscoe broke off suddenly. "Oh! How can I make you understand what I can't realise myself. I saw things in that image's eyes, Ralph, horrible things that I can't remember. All I know is that they were terrible—hellish. I stared at its wild face for quite a while, until I felt Connie's hand touch mine." Again Briscoe faltered. "Oh! Hang it all, Manston, I must be ten different kinds of a fool for telling you all this mad stuff, but I must—" He stopped with dramatic suddenness.

"Go on, old man!" urged Manston, in a voice which was a trifle hoarse. "It's only a dream, remember, with a possible solution."

"Well," continued Briscoe, "her eyes looked unutterable love, and I forgot everything, Ralph; even that she was the wife of my best friend. In fact, in my dream she wasn't. She was the girl I loved, the only woman in the world. In her hair she wore a lovely rose which eventually she took out, pressed to her lips, and then gave to me. Before I left, I dropped it in that Grecian urn." Briscoe wiped his brow with his handkerchief. "That's all, old man, or all I remember. Is there a meaning in it all?"

Manston pulled thoughtfully at his pipe for a minute.

"I remember," he said smilingly, "you once telling me, Jack, that you had a photograph in your bedroom of Connie and myself, taken just after our wedding. Well, probably you had been looking at this before you dropped off to sleep. Such being the case, Connie would be the last person in your mind, and quite naturally you've dreamt

about her, and you're always admiring my hybrid roses—that's where the red rose comes in."

"Yes, but what does it all mean?" asked Briscoe, with puckered brow.

"It means," continued Manston, "that you know when you see a charming woman and a beautiful flower. The fondness my wife showed towards you in the dream reveals both her and my unspoken thoughts of you. That's all there is in it, old man."

Manston's interpretation put his friend at ease. Returning slowly along the garden pathway, after Briscoe's departure, Manston's face portrayed an anxiety he had hitherto cleverly concealed.

THE following night again found Manston alone, reading in the library. The hall clock chimed twelve. He yawned and closed his book. For a few moments he sat and mused upon the subject of his friend's peculiar dream. In his mind he had analysed it over and over again. The solution baffled him. Although to Briscoe he had facetiously explained it



Do You Know?

THAT the tomato is the only new salad ingredient that has been added in modern times? The Egyptians had their onions and garlic; Confucius was fond of cucumbers; the Persians liked lettuce and radishes; while an ancient Chinese delicacy was water-cress and nasturtium-leaves.

as the result of auto-suggestion, he was convinced that something beyond a mere dream was behind it.

Instinctively he turned his attention towards the Grecian urn and strode across the room to the ebony table on which it stood. An impulse compelled him to raise the lid. He gazed bewilderingly at the flower which lay inside—a red rose.

Stunned, Manston at first failed to grasp the relative significance of his discovery. Was it merely a coincidence, or had Briscoe actually put it there? He turned round and faced the jade idol. Its eyes seemed coldly malevolent, but beneath the surface Manston believed he saw a smile. Could it be possible? Could such things be? Could a carved piece of jade work its will with human beings, bringing out forces antagonistic to a normal person's natural moral code? What, in heaven's name, was behind Jack Briscoe's dream?

MANSTON felt it almost impossible to wait until morning to ask Connie's opinion. It might be that she had dreamt a dream which coincided with Briscoe's. Whether she had or not, the idol would have to go first thing in the morning. With a sudden start he looked round. What was that? Somebody about the house?

He opened the door and, listening, peered into the dimly-lit hall. All was quiet, and yet he could have sworn—

A gust of wind swept round the house, and the tendrils of a creeper clacked against the window. Manston laughed softly to himself, and quietly closed the door. Crossing the room he pulled aside the heavy curtains which draped the windows. An ominous patter on the panes spoke of the approaching storm. He returned to his easy chair and drew it nearer the fire. As he looked round for his book he heard the sound of a motor-horn thrice repeated.

"Some poor devil's in for a soaking," he said to himself.

Please turn to Page 18

HOT HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar. It is a brew of excellent quality.

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HER CASE IS HOPELESS

said two doctors, leaving her sick bed at my side.

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and after two days she opened her eyes and spoke, and improved daily until last week she actually took a hand at bridge.

(Extract from Original Letter.)

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YOUR kidneys are filters. They keep the system healthy by removing waste matter (uric acid) from the blood. But there are times when, owing to a chill, illness or advancing age, they function badly. They weaken, with the result that your system is poisoned with excess uric acid. Your blood-stream becomes tainted, unaccustomed aches and pains make you miserable and cloud your nights and days. That poison in the blood is a serious danger to health. It will continue to be so whilst the menace of kidney trouble remains unchecked.

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"They say her house is run like clockwork."
"Yes, everything on tick."



HUBBY: This is what I call walking with an object.
WIFE: Yes, it is, but I'm used to you now.



HUSBAND: If I book for my wife, you're sure there's no danger of the plane crashing when she gets aboard?
TICKET AGENT: Sir, you've never seen our planes.
HUSBAND: No, but then you've never seen my wife.



ANGLER: Believe me or not, I never saw such a fish!
LISTENER: I believe you.



DEPARTING GUEST (to card-sharper host): Well, thanks for having us.

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Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

"DO you see that island over there?"
"No."
"Well, it disappeared two years ago and has not been seen since."

HE: You know, you're not a bad-looking sort of a girl.
SHE: Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so.
HE: Well, we're square then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so.

THE signaw puzzle that Jones was trying to put together finally beat him. He pushed it aside in disgust.
"I wonder who invented these darned things?" he asked his companion.
"Why, don't you know?" answered the other. "It was an Aberdeen butcher."
"However did he come to think of it?" Jones asked.
"That was easy," the knowing one explained. "He accidentally dropped a pound note into a mincing-machine."

THE BEADLE: I've just heard that the minister is trying to find a good treble for the choir.
Church Member—You fair surprise me, Sandy! I thought he was dead against home-racing.

SAID the bridegroom to the best man, "Shall I have to pay the minister a fee?"
"Oh, yes," replied the other.
After the ceremony was over, the best man inquired: "I suppose you gave the minister a fee?"
"Yes," said the cautious benedict. "I gave him sixpence."
"And what did he say?"
"Nothing at all. He just looked at the bride and gave me threepence back."

THE sailor just back from a voyage was rather retiring and in an attempt to make him feel at ease a very modestly-dressed young lady said: "I expect you have been so long in the navy that you're thoroughly accustomed to sea-legs?"
"I—I wasn't looking at 'em at all," was the blushing reply.

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Article

The Jade IDOL

Continued from Page 16

THE Jade Idol again attracted him. As he gazed at it he shuddered. It seemed to grin with fiendish mirth. A sense of uneasiness overwhelmed him. He had a strange feeling that something was about to happen. He had experienced this same feeling of uneasiness many times since he installed the idol in his home. Bahl! He was allowing himself to be carried away by Eastern superstition and a too-vivid imagination. Nerves must be getting frayed, but he would not allow them to become the master of him. Unthinkingly, he again permitted his glance to stray towards the idol. An unknown power seemed to draw him towards it. Rising from his chair, he strode across the room to the corner. The grinning face tortured him with its hellish smile. Would to God he had left it in that Burmese temple!

Suddenly he heard hurrying footsteps outside. He dropped down into a chair and helped himself to a whisky-and-soda. His heart was beating rapidly, and perspiration stood in beads on his forehead.

"What the devil's the matter with me?" he muttered, replacing the empty glass on the polished cabinet.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking on the outer door. Jumping up from his chair, he ran and opened the door.

"Good heavens! Williams, what is it?" he asked of the pale-faced old man who stood in the portal.

"Terrible smash down the road, sir—car ran into hedge and then overturned," replied the lodge-keeper, breathing hard, and avoiding his master's eye.

"I heard a woman moaning under the wreckage, sir—"

"Don't speak so loudly, Williams, you'll alarm my wife," interrupted Manston.

He rushed out into the storm, leaving the old man faltering behind. Down the road he could see a huddled mass of wreckage, and a light moving to and fro. Breathless, he reached the scene of the accident. Two men, carrying storm lamps, had extricated the lifeless body of a man, and on one side of the road lay a woman moaning. Manston ran to her side, and in an instant he

held her in his arms. "Connie! My God! Why—it can't be. Connie's in—"

As he lifted his wife from the rain-soaked roadway her moaning ceased, but she was breathing. With bewildered eyes he beheld the body which had been reverently placed in the shelter of the hedgerow.

"Jack Briscoe!" he shrieked, as he beheld the livid, blood-smeared face. "Poor Jack!"

Next morning Manston rose sorrow-stricken at the loss of his best friend. He believed neither his wife nor his friend was to blame. Poor Briscoe had no badness in him—and Constance was one of the best of wives. He trusted her implicitly. Much as he had scorned the curse had fallen upon him. The idol should remain in his house no longer. Proceeding into the library he snatched down a heavy sword which hung upon the wall, and with it he struck at the squat Jade figure. Madly, and with fierce strength, he hacked until the hollow god fell heavily, in pieces, to the floor. A crinkled piece of palm-leaf manuscript lay among the debris. It had evidently been hidden somewhere inside the hollow idol. With a trembling hand Manston picked it up. For a moment the Burmese characters floated before his dazed eyes. With an effort of will he focused his vision to read the curse.

"The despoiler shall be despoiled. Yes, within seven years shall he be despoiled of a thing he greatly treasures. To all the gods let it be known that the vengeance of the despoiled is on this soul, and only a bitter sacrifice shall appease their wrath!"

"The end of the Jade Idol—and the curse, Connie, dear," he said slowly, addressing his wife, who had entered the room. "The curse was your growing affection for Jack Briscoe, and poor Jack's death was the bitter sacrifice. But, thank God, I still have you, dear, the sweetest woman in the world."

Ralph Manston drew his wife into his arms and kissed her.

(Copyright)

IF YOU WANT SPARKLING, CLEAN, WHITE TEETH—I'll tell you my secret!



Use this special toothpaste that speedily removes the ugly "GERM-MASK" and reveals hidden charm.

Clear, white teeth and a dazzling smile—which a clean, healthy mouth give—are not hopeless ambitions no matter how dull, dingy and unsightly your teeth may be, for modern science has developed a quick-cleaning way to give your teeth a sparkle and whiteness they have probably never had before.

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Appointments at Petty's Hotel are modern, the cuisine is pleasing, and finally the tariff featured is indeed moderate.

There is something about Petty's Hotel that makes it much more than just an hotel. There is some unexplainable air of restful comfort prevailing. Indeed, it would seem that in its century and more of service—for this fine old hotel has been established for over one hundred years—it has acquired a flair for making its guests comfortable.

Wire or Write for Reservations

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YORK STREET, SYDNEY

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.
Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.



SAY YOUR SAY

If you have something interesting to say, try saying it to "So They Say." Every topic, so long as your letter is not too long, will be accepted. And you'll learn what other readers think about it, too.

LETTERS ARE PRIVATE

WHAT a personal thing a letter is, and yet how many people respect its privacy?

When we sit down to write to a friend, we write just as we would talk, and expect the letter to be for her eyes alone. Yet there are a number of people who do not respect their correspondent's feelings in this respect. I have seen people pass their letters round among their friends in an unconcerned way, and the writer would probably feel very uncomfortable if she knew.

I think it is a decided breach of courtesy to show a personal letter to any other person. It is all right to read out any newsy bits of interest, without showing the letter itself. For even though there appears to be nothing private in it, it is just as well to think whether the writer would like it shown to another.

Anyhow, that is the way I feel about it.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. W. Webb, 3 Bower St., Woodville, S.A.

STOP THIS WAR TALK!

WITH the publication of that timely article, "All Eyes on the League of Nations" (24/8/35), The Australian Women's Weekly has set an example that the Press the world over could well take to heart.

Every newspaper or magazine one opens nowadays is full of war rumors and war talk, and most of it is little more than conjecture. It was a great relief to turn to this sane, sensible, hopeful article.

Leading statesmen everywhere appear to be expending all their energies on harrowing prophecies of the possible disasters—if war comes! What about a Peace prophet?

These glaring headlines foster a war-mindedness that is fatal to the cause of peace.

If we don't want war, well, then, let's talk more about peace!

Miss Marjorie Buckingham, Endcliffe, Healesville, Vic.

Which is Our Most Popular Living Author?

TO my mind the most popular living of Australian authors (male and female) are Dale Collins, Vance Palmer, Ion Idriesse, C. J. Dennis, Bernard Cronin, Steele Rudd, Purnley Maurice, Arthur W. Upfield, William Hatfield, and the overgreen W. L. Lowther.

For the women, Katharine Pritchard, Mary Gilmore, Beatrice Grimshaw, Mary Mitchell, Marie Bjelke Peterson, Henry Handel Richardson, Mary Grant Rodman, Dora Wilcox, Jean Campbell, and Myra Morris.

Lucy Francis, 35 Freeman St., Fitzroy N7, Vic.

Rudd and Paterson

IF a vote were taken for the most popular living author of Australian literature, my first vote would unhesitatingly be given to Steele Rudd. This author

'Tis Folly to Say Wattle is "Unlucky"

IT is doubtful whether anyone knows why wattle was ever termed unlucky (17/8/35). I have heard the same thing said in England about the common but beautiful may-tree, I brought into the house. Surely it can only be said by superstitious people who won't walk under a ladder or open an umbrella in the house.

There may be some truth in its causing hay fever, as authorities on the subject say that certain pollens in flowers will bring about an attack.

Miss E. Crisp, Wendouree, Llewellyn St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Reasons for Unpopularity

IF country-town folk believe the wattle is unlucky (17/8/35), they are not only the victims of an incredibly foolish superstition, but they have twisted a perfectly sound practice out of shape.

Bush people dislike wattle blooms in the house for the simple reason that

TEA-POT TALES By JOHN ROGERS



According to Hindu Legend, Bodhiharma, after contemplating Buddha for eight years, was sustained and strengthened by chewing the leaves of a nearby tea shrub.

Tea has become the popular drink in Arabia since the Great War.

The old smugglers drink rum and tea, is still a regular drink in some parts of Scotland.

has the genuine spirit of Australia in his books.

My second vote would be awarded to A. B. Paterson. Paterson's narrative poems are devoid of any eloquent phrases—just written in straightforward language at a very dashing pace. It is the pace that "makes" the poems as they

the fine pollen from the flower irritates the mucous membranes of the nose and aggravates hay fever, from which numerous farmers suffer.

Another reason for its unpopularity is that wattle frequently grows in mosquito-infested scrub, which makes its collection unpleasant.

Muriel Derratt, Norwood Court, Moore St., Bondi, N.S.W.

What's Wrong With "Talking Shop"?

IF a number of men or women get together and talk of their work or some special interest, they are accused of talking shop, as though it was something not entirely to their credit.

A person usually talks best on the subject he knows most about from experience. Listen to old prospector tales of gold diggings or gold escorts, and you get something interesting. Lean over the rail, within hearing of an old sailor telling your son of his first trip around the Horn, and you will hear something interesting.

I think that we should encourage people to talk shop.

Bessie Boxall, Telga, N. Qld.

Fact, Not Superstition

UNFORTUNATELY, it is no mere superstition that wattle, our lovely national flower, does cause acute discomfort to hay fever sufferers. The fine pollen, so easily detached, floats on the air and brings on an attack of hay fever.

In this it is not peculiar among flowers—though it is a worse offender than most. Practically all pollen-bearing flowers, even the beautiful rose, will set up hay fever, or even an attack of asthma, when brought into the presence of sensitive subjects.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

Never Heard of This!

IT was indeed surprising to learn that wattle is considered unlucky by some people. I am an Australian, country-bred, have always loved our national flower, and have never once heard that it is unlucky to have it indoors. If one is subject to hay fever, the scent and pollen of the flowers certainly cause distress, and that may have caused the superstitiously inclined to associate bad luck with our lovely wattle.

Mrs. E. Challenger, Garden St., Hawthorn, Vic.

Suppose the Girl were to Pop the Question!

MISS PEG DOOLEY (24/8/35) believes that girls should have the privilege to propose, as well as men. Is there any reason why they should not? Neither sex deserves great credit for judging human character, especially before marriage, but women, as a rule, are gifted with keener perception than men. Girls must wait for offers, and naturally choose from a very narrow circle, and there is always a great temptation to accept the first offer for fear of never having another.

Women will have to work a reform in this matter. They must help each other in assuming a prerogative which rightly belongs to them.

It is wrong, absolutely scandalous, that menfolk should have the world full of fair ones to select from, while the girls can only choose between two, three, or half a dozen admirers who may offer themselves. There is no reason that it should be so, and the female sex is unthinking of its own rights and happiness if it does not assume the right to choose and propose.

Arthur V. Holland, 66 Thornton St., Wellington, N.S.W.

Yes, in Certain Cases

MISS DOOLEY wishes to know if it is not time that women did the proposing.

It is—under certain circumstances. In days gone by a woman could hardly approach a man and suggest that he should support her for the rest of her life.

But now, if she is willing to carry on with her job, and pay in her share to their joint finances, what is to stop her?

Of course a girl would not propose unless she felt pretty sure of the man's feelings towards her. She would also know intuitively the economic or other reasons that were keeping him tongue-tied.

Then, if she is sure of her feelings and also of his; if she is willing and able to help him financially and otherwise, then let her propose by all means.

It is better to break conventions than to break hearts!

Miss Gladys Amey, The Economic Store, Bowen Hills, Qld.

"MERE MAN"

WHY is it that when a man dares openly to criticise women he invariably attributes such audacity to a "mere man"? Is he trying to excuse himself for his candor? It seems to me that "mere man" is an unconscious admission of his inferiority complex—especially where women are concerned. Has anyone ever read a criticism of the male by a "mere woman"? Never! If we say what we think we do not immediately spoil the whole effect by self-depreciation.

Mrs. A. J. Hoelter, Haslem St., Kynbram, Victoria.

What an Idea!

PERHAPS she does not realise it, but Miss Dooley wants to take away the greatest moment of a woman's life. No matter how much other things change, or how casual we pretend to be, we still feel thrilled and honored when the man proposes marriage.

But cheer up, 1936 is Leap Year! Mrs. R. Fletcher, 184 Burwood Rd., Belmore North, N.S.W.

Would Benefit the Girl

HEAR, hear! Miss Dooley, I say! Let us do the proposing by all means! After all, why shouldn't we? Maybe it may not be "maidenly modesty"—but who in these modern days cares for that? Think how the shy young man would appreciate not having to ask that "awkward" (to him) question! Think how it would benefit the girl who is not quite sure whether the man in the case is really serious—or only flirting! Enmy Wiseman, Burumbuttock P.O., N.S.W.

TELEPHONE ETIQUETTE

IN most cases, a person ringing up a friend is often answered by someone else who inquires why is speaking, often creating considerable embarrassment.

Is it any business of this other person who is speaking?

For instance, I have often rung up a friend and have been answered by their dad, mum, brother, or sister, and still the inevitable question follows "Who is speaking?"

If I were in their position, I would not inquire the name. I should politely ask the person to hold the line while I informed Mr. So-and-so that he was wanted.

Francis Gunn, Delaval, 55 Midgley St., Corrimal, South Coast, N.S.W.

"CAN I HELP YOU?"

SHE bore down upon me the moment I got out of the lift. Three of her kind converged upon me in the basement of another shop, before I was off the stairs. The same words greeted me on each occasion: "Can I help you, Madam?" This seems to be the latest formula for sales approach. When it results in a rush sale, it leaves an impression more of hindrance than of help. The sales staff can seldom be blamed. Their livelihood depends upon their making sales. If they have not got what you want, they hold you by tricks of salescraft, till you buy what you don't want. Then you avoid that shop ever afterwards.

Surely this defeats its own ends.

M. Helm, 172 William St., Melbourne.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

PROBABLY nothing is more irritating than receiving an anonymously-written letter appertaining generally to matters of an intimate nature.

It is impossible to trace the writer, who, secure in the knowledge of safety, recklessly tramples on the sensibilities of the reader, and only too frequently instils lingering doubts that cause unnecessary worry and uncertainty.

Actually letters of this character constitute a distinct menace, and in every case where the writer is cowardly enough to hide his identity under some such nom-de-plume as "Well-wisher," they should be resolutely ignored.

Any trial gives the accused the right to reply in his defence, an anonymous letter does not.

Mrs. N. Pierson, 64 William St., Norwood, S.A.

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"I have reduced 12lbs. in weight so far and am quite satisfied with the result."

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Miss Elsie Halford, McMahon's Point, writes: "About a week ago I severely burnt my arm with boiling fat. I at once applied Rexona Ointment and am thankful to say it gave instant relief. My arm has now healed completely."

It is so easy to burn your hands and arms while you are busy in the kitchen. Always keep Rexona in the house and apply it instantly to relieve the painful stinging. It protects the burnt skin from the air and promotes the growth of a new skin over the burnt spot.

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What Women Are Doing

Enjoys Contrasts

MAKING her sixth visit to Australia with her husband, who frequently has to visit the goldfields, is Mrs. J. P. Webster, who lives at the Savoy Hotel when she is in London, but takes as cheerfully to primitive mining camps when necessary.

She has already seen the Mt. Isa fields, and flown to the New Guinea fields, where she inhabited a rough hut. This trip their destination was Brisbane, en route for other shows.

Preparing to Take Their Place as Judges

THE Launceston Show Judges' Association is trying to arrange for all members to meet on the eve of the Show this year to discuss their past work and formulate further plans. The annual meeting, which takes the form of a morning tea-party, will take place on Show Day, when it is hoped Lady Clark and Mrs. Lyons will be guests.

The association was formed in Show Week a couple of years ago, and members have worked steadily towards their ideal of improving and standardising the judging at Shows throughout Tasmania. They aim to arouse the interest of young people who can be trained to take their places as efficient judges in years to come, and it is hoped soon to be able to offer prizes to encourage junior members.

The president is Mrs. V. Ranson, and vice-president Mrs. F. T. Holmes.

She Gathers Lonely Women for Her Circle of Happiness

MRS. C. S. COMPTON, who lives in Caulfield, Melbourne, has a unique auxiliary under her command.

It is called a "Circle of Happiness," and is made up of lonely women. Some time last year Mrs. Compton was deputed to deliver a parcel of clothing to Yooralla Hospital School, and was so impressed with the work that she came away a voluntary helper. Then she wanted to raise funds for Yooralla, but did not wish to push more work on to women who already had their hands full. She conceived the idea of gathering together all the lonely women she could find. The circle was formed last September, but the Centenary and Christmas intervened, and it did not get busy till February. There are now more than 100 members.

Looking for New Musical Talent

MISS GRETA CALLOW, well-known singer, is back in Adelaide, where she is to open a studio to give lessons in modern French and singing.



Miss Greta Callow
singers worthy of adding to musical tradition in Australia.

Vice-Principal United Missions Girls' School, Calcutta

MISS OLIVE STILLWELL, who has been spending her furlough with her people in Melbourne, will spend some time in Sydney before she returns to Calcutta in December. She has been vice-principal of the United Missions Girls' School in Calcutta for sixteen years. The school curriculum covers everything from kindergarten to matriculation standard, so the 230 pupils, including 100 boarders, range from 4 to 19 years of age.

Most of them are Bengali girls, so the lessons are taught in Bengali. This means that the "foreigners" or girls from other provinces of India have to learn the language before they tackle the actual lessons.

Even so, Bengali is only used for the lower grades and girls who wish to matriculate must be prepared to face a paper set in English and to answer the questions in English too. Thus, the standard must be very much higher than otherwise; but Miss Stillwell hopes that the time is near when Bengali will be used for such examinations.

Sugar Expert

THE only woman delegate to the recent sugar conference in Brisbane was Dr. P. C. Bolle, who, for the last ten years, has lived in Java. Dr. Bolle has been pathologist at the big sugar experimental station at Paseroean for the last five years, and before that she was attached to the sub-station at Cheribon. She is the only woman in Java holding such a position.

Holland is her home country, and after she had been in Java for six years she was granted seven months' leave to go home. Dr. Bolle accompanied the delegates on their visit to the sugar districts in North Queensland, and will sail from Perth on October 8 for Java.

Much-travelled Woman To Settle in Melbourne

MADAME SETA DEVI, who sang at the Melbourne Chamber Music Club recently, has been in Melbourne for about a year and has decided to make her home in that city.

Originally an Australian, she has travelled extensively, and lived for some time in India, where she holds the rank of Maharane.

Extremely beautiful, with her dark hair and blue eyes, she is a mistress of languages, and has done many interesting things in many countries, including big game hunting in India and Africa.



Madame Seta Devi
—Brooklyn.

Noise Interrupted Their Case

MISS DORIS BEEBY, who has recently been in Adelaide as the associate of her father, Judge Beeby, was present in court on the day that he refused to continue with an arbitration case because the noise of trams outside the court so deafened the witnesses' voices that neither judge nor daughter nor anyone else could hear them.

The case was later carried on in a less noise-filled building. Miss Beeby has been her father's associate for eight years and has travelled all over Australia with him, having taken the place of her sister, Joyce, who was his first associate. Another sister is a leader singer in New York, for all the family is very musical, and though Miss Beeby does not play any instrument she has followed keenly the modern developments in literature and music.

Australia's First Dietetic Association Formed

DIETETICS have taken a step forward in Victoria. The Melbourne University has announced a diploma of dietetics, to be awarded to dietitians holding degrees of science or agriculture, and with 12 months' hospital training, and the first Dietetic Association in Australia has been established in Melbourne.

The association will promote the study of dietetics and make available reliable information about food and its relation to health. It will bring about closer co-operation between dietitians and those in allied fields, improve the conditions of those engaged in dietetic work, and establish a standard for the training of dietitians.

The office-bearers of the association represent all three approaches to dietetics. The president is Sister Bradshaw, a trained nurse, who has had six months' study in America, and is dietitian at Royal Melbourne Hospital. The vice-president is Mrs. Fraser Smith, who spent two years in America, has a diploma of Domestic Economy and is dietitian at St. Vincent's Hospital. Miss Betty Wilcox, the hon. secretary, is a Bachelor of Science, and was appointed dietitian to the Victorian Railways early this year.

Queensland Woman's Unusual Trade

MISS ROSE HARRIS, of Clermont, Queensland, is, it is understood, the only woman saddler in Australia. At her shop she sits near the front window where passers-by give her interesting glances, while she steadily and skillfully piles her needle on the various articles of saddlery and harness which come to her for repair.

Miss Harris is 52 years of age, and since early childhood, when she learnt her trade, she assisted her father, whose work she now carries on.

Miss Harris is one of Clermont's best golfers and tennis players.

Friend of Factory Girls In Australia

WITH a B.A. degree and a nice personality as her chief recommendations, Miss Muriel Goodwin, of the Manchester High School, England, has arrived in Australia under the exchange teachers' plan to teach in a Sydney school.

In her "spare" time, Miss Goodwin is a teacher of the Manchester branch of the Girls' Club, which is part of the enormous scheme of the Girls' Club Union that reaches all over England with the aim of giving factory girls and the very poorer classes physical and mental diversion from their work, and helping to keep them fit.

Plenty of drill and exercises, lots of embroidery and basket-weaving and such handicrafts are taught the girls, of whom there are about 300 in the club. Miss Goodwin lends her services to.

Says She Writes Music For a Hobby

MRS. SPENCER BROWNE, of Brisbane, is fortunate in being gifted enough to have for a hobby the writing of music.

She says she only "scribbles" for fun, but her friends must be glad she does, for her compositions are delightful.

This talented person has appeared in the leading parts of many of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, including "Patience" and "Pinafore." She has also appeared in "Rip Van Winkle," "Dorothy," and "Les Cloches de Corneville."

Producer Who Has Her Own Dramatic Club

MRS. MAIE HOBAN, who runs a school of voice production and speech training in Melbourne, believes that she is the only woman producer in Victoria who produces plays at regular intervals.

She is the moving spirit of the Unnamed Players' Dramatic Club, which has play readings every month and produces a play four times each year.

Mrs. Hoban has studied Scottish and Irish folklore, and the drama convention, and she has much useful and entertaining information about speech training through the ages at her finger-tips.

The Unnamed Players are rehearsing Ivor Novello's "Procentium," to be played on October 2 in connection with the drama festival. At present they are looking for new quarters where they may have their own little theatre.



Tasmanian Writer Of Short Stories

THE acceptance by Blackwoods of a story by Mrs. Ronald Dick has earned for this Tasmanian writer the congratulations of her friends. For not only was her story, "Sarah," accepted, but Mrs. Dick received a particularly nice letter from William Blackwood expressing his appreciation and asking for more!

Mrs. Dick has always loved writing for its own sake, and began her literary career at the age of eighteen. She has written poems and short stories, and one novel, "The Huon Belle," which interested many Tasmanians with its delightful description of rural life in the Huon district many years ago. Serials were her first venture, and for them she found a steady market.

But it is in the short story that her art finds its most frequent expression. Selwyn and Hunt, the publishers, have assured Mrs. Dick that they will be very pleased to look at anything she cares to send them.

At the present moment Mrs. Dick is at work on a novel depicting pioneering days in Tasmania, and for it she is busily working at a correct historical background.

Gathering Information For S.A. Centenary

PLANNING for the South Australian Women's Centenary Gift Book is busily going ahead. Miss Phoebe Watson, the editor, has been in Melbourne recently.

To interview some of the Adelaide women who are living there and are to contribute, and she also consulted the publishers of the Melbourne book.

As vice-president of the South Australian branch of the National Council of Women, she represented her State at the council welcome to Mrs. Lyons, and delivered greetings to her from Adelaide.

Miss Watson discussed the Centenary with officials of the N.C.W. in Victoria about the women's projects last year, and returned to Adelaide with interesting information and advice to present at the next meeting of the Women's Centenary Council on September 10.

Prize-winner Developed Films in the Kitchen

IT seems that enthusiasm can achieve anything!

Miss E. Irene Viney, who was one of the few to carry off a certificate from the Adelaide Camera Club's Exhibition (held from August 29 to September 5), not only has not any proper dark-room for developing her films, but she has had her enlarger only since the end of June of this year—and she had never used one before!

Her photographs were nevertheless all developed, printed, and enlarged by herself in the kitchen of the cottage which she shares with another woman. She didn't have to worry about a dark-room, as she did her work at night, and just pulled down the blind if there were a bright moon. Some of her equipment Miss Viney kept in the bathroom, which is built away from the house, so she admits there was some rubbing about when any of her photographic work was in progress.

Other women whose work figured prominently in the exhibition were Miss Doris C. Barnes and Miss Katharine M. McAskill.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.





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IN SICKNESS, or during convalescence, nothing could be more restorative than this outstanding emulsion.

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Every high-class Chemist and Storekeeper in the Commonwealth sells the genuine HYPOL.

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N.S.W. May Have Women JURORS

Public Opinion Favors Change

If the Minister of Justice, Mr. L. O. Martin, has his way, New South Wales may see women jurors empanelled for all criminal trials in this State.

Mr. Martin assured a deputation last week that he was in favor of the change, and would submit a message to Cabinet to give it effect.

It is rather curious that Australia should have lagged so far behind older countries in giving women the right to sit on juries.

Great Britain passed an Act in 1919 which removed the existing sex disqualification, and made women jurors a feature of criminal trials in that country. Most of the American States had already given women the right.

There is only one State in Australia where a woman has the right to sit on a jury, and that is Queensland. But even there they have not adopted the principle of full equality.

By a Queensland Act passed some nine years ago women who wish to do so can have their names inscribed on a jury list—provided, of course, they are not disqualified for any special reason. But not many Queensland women have so far availed themselves of the privilege.

The majority of Australian women, while not personally anxious for jury service, are agreed that the existing disqualification is out of keeping with the spirit of the times.

A woman can qualify as a barrister or solicitor in any Australian State. A woman can be a Justice of the Peace. In Victoria she sits on the Magisterial Bench along with male justices. In all the States she exercises in her capacity

of J.P., judicial and semi-judicial functions.

Only ingrained custom, inherited from feudal times, has denied her equality with men in this matter of jury service.

In England and U.S.A.

It is clear, at any rate, from English and American experience, that justice has nothing to fear, and may have much to gain from the presence of women in the jury box.

In some of the most sensational trials of recent years women have played their part as jurors. They have not shrunk from doing their duty, regardless of consequences.

The two women jurors in the sensational Bywaters-Thompson trial in England in 1923 gave their verdict for the death sentence, despite the appeal to sentiment made on behalf of the woman accused.

The Hauptmann trial in America this year was before a mixed jury, and



CONSTIPATION IS A PENALTY OF OLD AGE

Nothing is so essential to health in advancing age as keeping the bowels open. The wear of years impairs the action of the bowels. Advancing age restricts activity and exercise and is responsible for the constipated condition of old folks. The digestive organs are even more sensitive to the demands made upon them and rebel more quickly. Old age needs a mild and gentle laxative, one that will not constipate and turn up the system without griping or distressing after-effects.

All elderly persons should take

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FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

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IF HAIR GETS DRY AFTER A WAVE—

If Tinting has made it Metallic...

Permanent Waving tends to dry the hair and make it harsh and brittle—dyeing and tinting often produce a metallic look, especially unattractive in daylight. To overcome these drawbacks, get some "Glanol" and rub it well into the scalp. Then smooth a trace of this super-active hair and scalp stimulant over the entire surface of the hair. Half-an-hour later, shampoo with "Hennafom", dry in the usual way and examine the result in a mirror. See how natural yet how unusually attractive your wave appears without the least hint of dryness; how soft and lustrous your hair looks if it has been tinted! You can get a bottle of "Glanol" from any good Chemist for 3/-, while "Hennafom" is but a double-sized packet powder form, or 2/6, for the liquid form. This inexpensive double treatment gives results that cannot be equalled by any other hair-care method.

"WHATEVER CAN I DO, ALL THE COLOR DRAINED OUT OF THE SEAMS IN THE FIRST WASH—I CAN'T POSSIBLY WEAR THIS DRESS AGAIN!"

RUINED....

in the first wash...

THROUGH FADED SEAMS

"WHY BLAME THE WASH? IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, YOU KNOW, FOR NOT USING COLOR FAST THREADS!"

"GOOD HEAVENS! I DID NOT EVEN THINK OF THAT. ANYWAY, I HAVE LEARN'T A LESSON. THANKS FOR THE TIP!"

"OH DON'T THANK ME I THOUGHT EVERYONE KNEW ABOUT COLOR FAST THREADS AND REMEMBER ALWAYS USE COATS' SUPER SHEEN, MY DEAR—IT'S COLOR FAST!"

Bid farewell to that particular laundry bogey with Coats' SUPER SHEEN JUNIOR—the thread that never snaps nor ravel. You will like the slender, graceful appearance of the new JUNIOR spool. It contains the same amount of thread—80 yards—and combines with its more practical appearance the well known qualities of SUPER SHEEN—the FAST color thread for better seams.



...insist on

Coats' SUPER SHEEN

Color fast

JUNIOR

ISSUED BY J. & P. COATS LTD

MRS. W. EVANS HARDY, who has resigned her dual position of Federal president and South Australian president of the Housewives' Association. Her resignation is responsible for a unique position—either the Federal Association must agree to the South Australian choice of a new Federal president, or else conduct a special re-election. —Brooklyn.

we know the verdict was unanimous for the death chair. While the average woman may shrink, as do most men, from the responsibility of deciding the issue in the gravest cases, it is felt that women adjudicators would be a real help to justice in cases where offences against women—or where women are the alleged culprits—are concerned.

This is particularly the case in matters pertaining to divorce, breach of promise, marriage settlements, and the like. At the law stands the question of a woman's guilt or innocence, of her truthfulness or otherwise, has to be decided in Australia by men only. A woman's bearing in the witness-box is also a subject for man's determination, though he may be quite unqualified.

England's experience has negated the idea that women are either unduly hard on their own sex, or unduly favorable to the other. But unquestionably they see with clear eyes when the average male juror is liable to be blinded by sex prejudice or sentimental leanings.

Mr. Martin, as legal adviser to the Cabinet, has a chance of making history. He may be instrumental in placing New South Wales in the forefront of Australia by removing a disqualification that has nothing but outworn custom to commend it.

IT'S EASY TO GET RID OF PIMPLES

Why put up with disgusting skin troubles when you can get rid of them easily by scrubbing the skin with Cream of Youth? See how your skin clears as the good rich, dewy blood replaces the old and with tender bloom, nose, chin, ears, dimples, glow, greater vigor. Even the hair becomes shining as Cream of Youth proves the general health. Start this popular treatment to-day—24 Cream of Youth tablets and only 1/2 at any good chemist, or you can get 125 tablets for 3/6. Where skin things fall after months Cream of Youth gives results at once. Proof is easy, and costs little.

Quickest Safe Way to End Kidney Ills

Real Relief from Rheumatism, Backache, Bladder Troubles.

Cleanse, soothe, heal and restore your thoroughly weakened kidneys and bladder with Harrison's Pills. Well-proven over many years by hundreds of thousands, nothing equals Harrison's Pills as a safe, effective, Home Treatment for Rheumatism, Backache, Joint Pains and Swellings, Aching Grains, Urinary Spells, Numbness, Stitches, Itching, Scalding, Smarting Urination, and the best of vital activity which comes from Kidney, Bladder and allied disorders. Harrison's Pills begin to act more quickly, more beneficially than other remedies. No complicated methods. No dyes. No danger. New health comes promptly in even severe cases. During all the many years Harrison's Pills have been on this market, they have always been sold on a guarantee of satisfaction from the very first bottle—or money back. No remedy that wasn't 100% effective could maintain that guarantee for years! Ask your chemist for—

HARRISON'S PILLS
2 inexpensive sizes. Good for young or old.

Hot OXO takes the "ill" out of CHILL

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YOU cannot sleep if your nerves are jangled, or if you are worried by distressing pain. Get deep, restful sleep with Nyal Esterin. It soothes away pain. It brings peaceful slumber. Nyal Esterin comprises ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. In addition it contains Esterin Compound, a new safe sedative agent which acts directly on the nerve centres. Take Esterin for headaches, neuralgia, toothache, rheumatic and all nerve pains. Obtainable in tablet or powder form. All chemists.

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NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ W.W. 14/9/35.

"THE KING Can Do NO WRONG" Ancient Maxim's Bearing on Belgian Tragedy

What is the position of the sovereign, who, to his life-long regret, finds himself the cause of a calamity, such as Belgium is now mourning?

Assuming that there is even the slightest suspicion of negligence, is there any tribunal before which the king could be asked to explain the circumstances, or to justify himself?

THE answer is that there is none. The maxim of English law, "the King can do no wrong," governs the situation.

When Belgium became a separate Kingdom in 1831 it was given a Constitution on the lines of that of Great Britain. The government was exercised—and is still exercised—by the King, the Senate, and the Chamber of Representatives.

Though the King was not expressly excluded from the jurisdiction of the law courts, it has always been assumed that in Belgium, as in Great Britain, he is outside their control.

Thus, if King Leopold had been guilty of the grossest negligence, such as would in the case of a subject justify a verdict of manslaughter, he could not be charged before a court of law.

The only check on the sovereign, whether in his public or private capacity,

is that latent in the two Houses of the Belgian legislature.

History of the Rule

THIS English maxim—"The King can do no wrong"—is not contained in any Statute or Act of Parliament. It merely embodies a rule of government inherited from very early times.

In constitutionally-governed countries, such as Belgium, the rule obtains, though it is not found in any written law or document.

We can see how the practice of placing the King outside the operation of courts of law has grown up. When such courts were first established it was the King who granted them to his subjects; they were his courts, set up to enforce his laws.

It is the King's writ by which a defendant is required to appear. And, as one writer on the Constitution puts it: "The King cannot, by his writ, command himself to appear in court."

It follows that if the King of England should inadvertently injure someone—or even if he should do so intentionally, though this is hard to imagine—the injured person has no redress.

That is the rule, if the act complained of should be that of the monarch himself. It is otherwise if the act is that of the King's agent.

In the latter case the law grants no immunity. It is no defence for a wrongdoer to say that he is acting by the King's orders.

You find the rule set out thus in Brown's "Legal Maxims"—"It is a fundamental general rule that the King cannot sanction any act forbidden by law. If the Sovereign personally commands an unlawful act to be done, the offence of the instrument (or agent) is not thereby excused."

As far as the law is concerned, the King is not only incapable of doing wrong. He is incapable of thinking wrong. This, too, is an inheritance from earliest times.

Case of Charles I

THE one instance in English history in which a King was accused before an impartial Court was that of Charles I. The House of Commons, or the militant section of it, formed itself into a tribunal to try the King on a charge of "treason against the liberties of England."

The Monarch refused to plead, contending—and rightly—that no Court in England had authority to try him. As we know, however, his case was prejudged.

When the Restoration came, the English Parliament passed a special Act, in the preamble of which it referred to the "horrid murder" of the late monarch, and affirmed in the most emphatic manner that "neither the Peers nor Commons, nor the people collectively, nor any other persons whatsoever, have, or had, or ought to have, any coercive power over the persons of the Kings of this realm."

As regards immunity from courts of law, the King's position is what it was declared to be in 1689.

It must not be assumed, however, that there is no check on Royal misconduct whether in a public or private capacity. The supreme authority nowadays is with the Imperial Parliament, which can take any action it thinks fit, whether of a restrictive or punitive kind, even against the titular Sovereign.

It is interesting to note that the King's deputies in the Dominions—that is to say, the Governors or the Governor-General—can be sued in the courts like private citizens, and, unlike the monarch, they are not immune from such tribunals.

NEW way to prevent Moth Damage. Mr. McKewen, Entomologist at the Australian Museum, Sydney, very highly recommends a new chemical sold under the name of "KILMOTH" CRYSTALS. These crystals give off a vapor deadly to moths, but non-poisonous to man. Unlike naphthalene, the odor of "KILMOTH" CRYSTALS does not linger in the clothes when worn. The crystals can also be used under carpets for carpet beetles. "KILMOTH" CRYSTALS are obtainable at chemists and stores in 1 lb. tin 2/- and 5 lb. tin 3/6d. If unobtainable locally send P.N. or stamps to Box 2652X, G.P.O., Sydney.***

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ONLY women know what an awful problem unwanted hair has been to women. Underarm hair, on the legs or arms—how could you get rid of it?

Most women realise that razors are bad for them because razors make the hair grow thicker and coarser, just like a man's beard.

It took women scientists (British ones) to find a way out, and they produced a real toilet cream that has none of the typical "depilatory" odour, and this cream removes every trace of unwanted hair in 4 minutes. Creme LA-NE-TA. Just put it on, complete your toilet, then wash it off—the hair comes away clean, leaving the skin smooth and soft.

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There is no off-season when your earnings dwindle. You have a ready market every week of the year! Furthermore, satisfaction guaranteed or spawn replaced.



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To BRITISH MUSHROOM INDUSTRY (Dept. 101T), Chaffin House, 4 Martin Place, Sydney.

Please send me immediately, without obligation, your FREE 32-page illustrated book, "Mushroom Growing for Profit," and fascinating story of your remarkable New Bottle Culture Spawn.

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If overweight is spoiling your charm—remember it is also endangering your health! When a fat person finds the heart thumping—when nerves get ragged and digestion upset—when joints ache and head throbs—know that these are among the LESSEE penalties to which fat people are liable.

FAT CAN KILL! Much non-sense is talked about the dangers of this and that. But there is no doubt about the menace of fatness. Ask any doctor, Fat threatens the heart, affects breathing, nerves, digestion, muscles and joints, and often completely wrecks health.

Coupon Enjola Company, Suite 136, 44 Carrington St., Sydney. Please send me... bottles Enjola, 1 each cost, add 10p 9d. each bottle towards postage.

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No Need, Now, to be Fat! By means of the famous Enjola Treatment, you can turn your fat into Energy. Without the use of thyroid or any dangerous drugs or capsules, without stupid starvation diets or exercises, without upsetting your routine, you can be slim! Enjola is the means. It rejuvenates and re-energises as it takes off fat. Thick, bulky waist and bust, ungainly hips, pudgy arms, thick ankles, double chin—regardless of age, these disappear as Enjola slims you to normal.

YOU CAN CONTROL ENJOLA

No risk of excessive results. When down to your proper weight, you simply stop taking Enjola, and reduction ceases. But you HOLD the new, slim, attractive figure you've so easily won! Your whole life and outlook change. Invitations to brighter, gay events begin to arrive once more. Your popularity increases, for every one, men and women alike, admires a slim figure, and is repelled by a fat one.

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Don't hesitate a moment to get the benefit of this modern Treatment. Enjola is different to other reducers. It contains no Thyroid and has no vicious, harmful eliminant action. It contains no worms or parasites. It cannot do anything but improve health, increase energy and TAKE OFF UNWANTED FAT. It forms no habit. The Enjola Company guarantees that Enjola is made of pure, harmless, effective medicine, of the highest standard, prepared in modern, perfectly equipped laboratories, under the direct supervision of competent chemists. When you take Enjola, you take the most modern, efficient, SAFE Reducing Medicine ever devised. Enjola costs 6/6 at the Chemists, or you may obtain by post if you send Coupon above, and add postage.

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TRAVEL IN COMFORT

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This Gossard combines all the comfort of a one-piece garment with adjustable front-lacing control. The brassiere top is loose across the front and hooks at the side and has removable, adjustable shoulder straps. The side-fastening, fourteen-inch skirt has no elastic hip sections to allow "spread." Made of firm, floral brocade with bust section of lace. Well boned throughout.

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DIETING MADE HER A WRECK

Then She Found a Better Way to Reduce

Took Off 15 lbs. With
Kruschen

This woman's first effort at reducing did reduce her—but not in the right way. She says it "reduced her to a nervous wreck." Then she tried another method. Read what she has to say about that:

"Twelve months ago I started a rigid diet for reducing, and in two months had reduced myself to a nervous wreck, with only slight loss of weight. I read about reducing without dieting, and decided to give Kruschen a trial. After the first jar my general health improved, and after eight months I sleep better than for years. I can eat anything, and feel like a different person altogether, besides slowly losing 15 lbs. of excess weight in that time."

"I am naturally of very broad physique, and always weighed roughly 12 stone, so I do not expect to reduce to 10 stone, and will be quite satisfied to do away with the texture of dieting by slowly losing weight the Kruschen way. I take half a teaspoonful each morning, and it makes me feel life is worth living again—luncheon has gone, and it is a pleasure to go out."

(Miss) D. S.

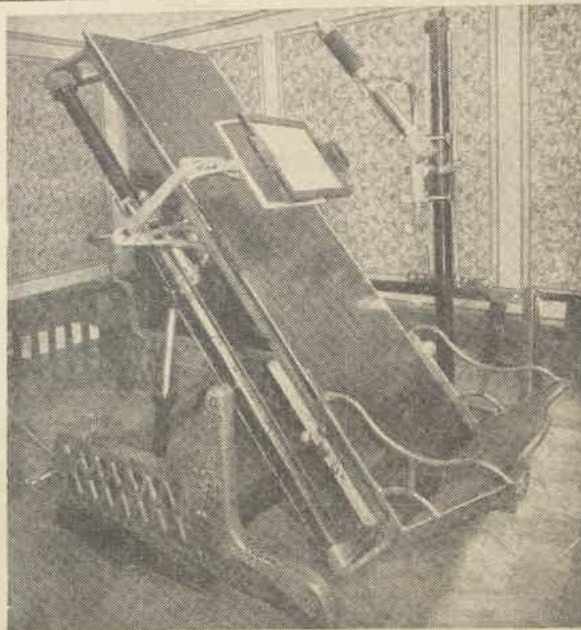
Kruschen is based on scientific principles—it is an ideal blend of mineral salts found in the aperient



waters of those European Spas which have been resorted to from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity. Gently, but surely, Kruschen rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all poisonous and harmful acids which give rise to rheumatism, digestive disorders, and many other ills. Kruschen is a combination of six salts which have a tonic influence upon every organ, gland, nerve and fibre of your body.

One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts it contains. Every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists before it is passed for bottling.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.



AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTO. of the X-Ray Plant at the Crown St. Women's Hospital, showing the table on which the photographs are taken, and the patent screen which enables the operator to see the internal organs of a patient while the photo. is being taken.

NEW X-RAY PLANT to Aid in Maternity Cases

The importance of pre-natal care as a factor in saving the lives of mothers has been constantly stressed by high medical authorities.

In view of this, special interest attaches to the installation in the Women's Hospital, Crown St., Sydney, of a modern X-Ray plant for observation of pre-natal conditions in patients.

THIS may well mark the opening of a new era in the treatment of maternity cases here. The Women's Hospital, Crown St., is the first women's hospital in Australia to install such a plant. The apparatus, which is practically all Australian-made, is part of the equipment of the new wing of the hospital, which is to be officially opened on Friday of this week.

The X-Ray plant embodies the very latest developments of modern science. It was designed to suit Australian conditions, after extensive research on the Continent by Mr. John Bowker, managing director of the Bowker X-Ray Co. Pty., Ltd., of Sydney, and the fact that practically the whole of the parts of the equipment were manufactured in Australia meant a saving of hundreds of pounds to the hospital. The total cost of the installation of the X-Ray plant is in the vicinity of £200.

By means of this modern plant photographs can be obtained of a patient either in a horizontal or vertical position, and while the X-Ray photo. is being taken the operator is able to see clearly the internal organs of the patient, and so detect any abnormality.

Crown St. Women's Hospital is to be congratulated on its enterprise in keeping in line with the advances being made in medical science. This latest addition to its plant should be of inestimable service to the medical staff of the institution in the treatment of difficult maternity cases, and may be the means of saving many precious lives.

Unique Exhibition

A unique children's loan exhibition in aid of two very deserving charities, the Boys' Brigade and the Sydney Day Nurseries, will open its doors at Grace Building, King Street, on October 2. Articles of historical, romantic, artistic, or mechanical interest associated with children down the ages will be the main feature. The organising committee will appreciate the loan of such articles. Lady MacCallum, Lady Owen, Miss Fairfax, and Mrs. David Cohen are actively interested in the arrangements.

SOMETHING THAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW!

Your Life's Story in Your Own Hands.

The famous *Chatterbox* unfolds the mysteries of Yourself, Family, and Friends. Send P.N. 10 1/3 to Merchants & Publishers, 18 O'Connell Street, SYDNEY. Each sent post free when mail order.

BISCUITS TO THE FORE!

Morning coffee, and afternoon tea—those in-between times when lunch or dinner seems a long way off, but yet too near to be spoiled by over-indulgence—then the biscuit tin comes into its own, then is the time for these airy golden little bits we call Thistledown Wheat Puffs. They're so light, so delicious, because they're made with Copha the pure vegetable shortening that even if you do eat quite a number you'll still have an appetite for lunch.

THISTLEDOWN WHEAT PUFFS

3 ozs. Copha	4 ozs. self-raising
1 oz. water (1	flour
dessertspoon)	2 cups Puffed
4 ozs. sugar	Wheat (11 ozs.)
1 egg	

Cream Copha, water, and sugar. Beat in the egg. Add flour and wheat and mix well. Place teaspoonful of the mixture on greased trays and bake in moderate oven.

Make all your cakes and things with Copha, all your puddings, your pastries, and your sweets—they'll taste better, look nicer, and be infinitely lighter. The Copha Recipe Book will help you—it's free, post free, and full of good things to make. Then there's the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder which tells you how vegetables can be cooked so that they'll retain all their natural health-giving juices and all the rich garden-freshness of flavour. You can obtain both these booklets just by writing to

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HOBBS HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Hobbs' Anchovy Paste.



Now let the Dentist speak...

LOVELY young womanhood has other things to worry about—running a frock, perhaps, or crumpling a mudguard, or whether a certain week-end party will turn out well. But when it comes to Pyorrhea, the motto seems to be, "Let the Dentist do the worrying!"

And that's the truth. Perhaps your Dentist is doing the worrying about some nice, clean, white teeth which you are carefully brushing every day. For the Dentist knows: (and will tell you if you give him a chance) that the clean, white teeth are likely to be the teeth destined to be undermined by the stealthy *gum disease*—Pyorrhea. In some cases, it takes years before it really shows. Nobody but a Dentist

can detect its presence during this stage.

Don't wait for bleeding gums! Don't give Pyorrhea a foothold! Go in for cleansing *plus* protection. Get the double-duty toothpaste in the big brown tube—it's Forhan's, developed by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., Specialist in mouth diseases for a period of 26 years. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, which Dentists are using throughout the World in the treatment of Pyorrhea.

Check up with your Dentist twice a year. Adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice 10-day. Price 2/-; Extra-Large Tube 3/-.

Australasian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Ltd., Sydney.

Forhan's

for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE — IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

NEWCOMERS to 2GB Train CHILDREN

Eileen Robinson and Theresa Carmo

Recently arrived from Hollywood are Eileen Robinson and Theresa Carmo, who have a long string of American radio successes to their credit. Eileen Robinson, however, is not an American, but an Australian, who has made good over on the other side. She is a daughter of the late H. E. C. Robinson, Australia's foremost map publisher.

HER partner, Theresa Carmo, a vivacious brunette, was a protegee of Mary Pickford. Perhaps you remember her as the little, black-haired girl who always clung to Mary Pickford's arm in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" years ago.

This is not her first visit to Australia. Some years back she played on the vaudeville stage here with Eileen Robinson. They are now contracted to appear on Station 2GB. Stage, cinema, vaudeville, and radio work have been the lot of these artists in America, but the work they enjoyed best of all was running a children's theatre in Hollywood, and training children for cinema and radio work.

Hollywood, they will tell you, is full of "cute" children, yet "cute" children are not wanted in Hollywood. Parents, disappointed with their children's hair, think nothing of dyeing it, and it's not unusual to see a little girl with pale pink hair because her mother proved an in-expert dyer.

EILEEN ROBINSON and Theresa Carmo agree with the contention of Mr. Frank Cleveland, the austere critic of the children's items at the recent Biddell, that imitations of Mae West and sophisticated sketches fit for the

was done to put the child in the right mood for the scene. In such a way does Hollywood attain naturalness in acting.

LATER on these two enterprising young women installed a miniature broadcasting studio. The microphone had to be suspended from the roof to prevent the toddlers playing with it. Miss Robinson directed proceedings from a small control-box. Here "With Ningo to the Land of Imagination" was rehearsed. Later it was broadcast for 38 weeks from one of the big stations. The cast was made up entirely of children.

Eileen Robinson and Theresa Carmo hope to produce this feature from 2GB in the near future. If its production is decided upon, it will necessitate the training of children along the lines they adopted in Hollywood, and will form part of Mr. A. E. Bennett's scheme to foster Australian talent for radio.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, September 14—
11.30: Ball of Song. 7.45:
Darby and Joan. 9.30: At the Fair.
9.45: Political Commentator.

SUNDAY, September 15—2.15:
Glen Southern: The Voice from
Hollywood. 2.45: From Famous
Works. 7.20: Kurt Offenborg:
Atlantic 1914—Pacific 1925. 7.40:
Norman Cowper: Impressions from
Abroad. 8.45: George Edwards in
"Abyssinia."

MONDAY, September 16—10.45:
Casanova. 10.45: Dorothea Vautier.
12.45: Mrs. Howard: "The City of
Refuge." 9.15: Travel with Music.
9.45: Musical Memories: Paris.
10.9: "Treat of J. A. Dickman."

TUESDAY, September 17—10.9:
Richard Wain: Child Problems.
8.45: Romance in the Ret. 8.5:
Pick and Pat Minstrels. 9.15:
Story of Your Suburb. 10.20:
Alexander Kipnis.

WEDNESDAY, September 18—
10.45: Dorothea Vautier. 8.0:
Eileen Robinson and Theresa
Carmo in "The Lady's Maid." 9.0:
Donald Novis.

THURSDAY, September 19—
7.15: Pinto Pets. 9.15: "John and
the Signing of Magna Charta."

FRIDAY, September 20—12.45:
Contract Bridge. 9.15: Jack Lums-
daine.

smoke-room are neither suitable for the children nor palatable for the grown-ups who witness their performances.

Opening a training school for children in Hollywood was a risky venture. Hollywood was already overrun with training schools—fake ones offering to put the children in the trailers and genuine ones doing their best, along the same disquieting lines, to teach the children to be Shirley Temples.

Whilst Eileen Robinson and Theresa Carmo could not guarantee any child success, they knew the studios were always desperately wanting natural children. In fact, some children were sent to them from studios with the instruction, "Please get the cuteness out of them."

They rented an old house, and constructed a children's theatre in the largest room. The stage was the size of a studio set, and the footlights were specially constructed to prevent the children, some of whom were no older than two, from electrocuting themselves.

The children were trained in every branch of stage work, just as though they were grown-ups. Three performances were given a month, with three entirely different casts. The programmes ranged from fairy tales for the younger children to Shakespearean scenes for the older ones.

The theatre held an audience of 70 children, in seats built up tier on tier. Spectators from the studios attended the performances.

Dorothy, the little alek girl in the tulle "Men in White," was trained at the school and coached for this part by Miss Robinson and Miss Carmo. It was difficult work. Every flicker of an eyelid in the scene where she was dying had to be rehearsed over and over. Before the performance everything possible

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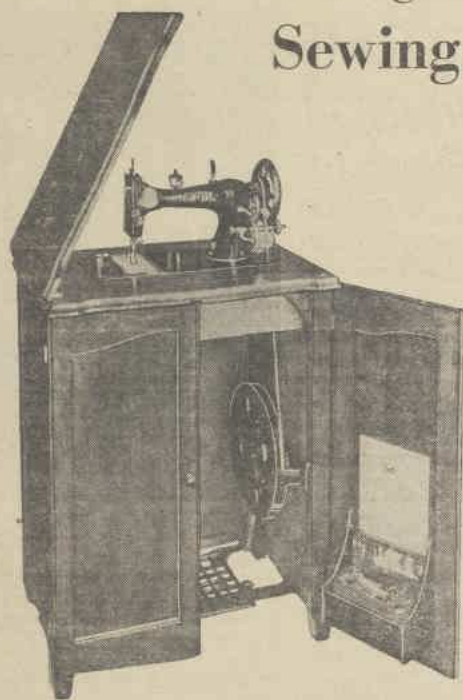
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PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★★ BECKY SHARP

Miriam Hopkins, Cedric Hardwicke, Alan Mowbray. (R.K.O.)

CONGRATULATIONS as glowing and direct as its title are due to the special achievement of this film. With the range of clear prismatic colors now revealed the scenery of the screen has been enhanced. There is an increase of dramatic effect in several scenes, such as the shadowed balcony with its glittering vista of the hall beyond, and a heightening of the emotional significance.

With wise thrift the director has not used his full palette all at once. The boarders at Miss Pinkerton's academy, as befits so genteel an establishment, are habited in soft and fairly neutral tones, relieved by touches of maroon and terracotta. But Becky herself (Miriam Hopkins) later on wears a delicious lurid shade of light blue, delicate lavender, primrose and pale green. As for Rawdon Crawley (Alan Mowbray), fine figure of a man in gold-braided scarlet, and his fellow officers, their uniforms with the deep blues, and greens, and browns, and sombre blacks of other fabrics and settings make up a spectacle of great richness.

In its treatment the film departs from Thackeray here and there. The throwing of the book at Pitt Crawley's head, as Becky's final impudence, has evidently been put in to round off the story. And the quiet departure of the officers for the field of Waterloo by ones and twos from the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball in Brussels is here a scene of agitation. These flurried shapes rushing headlong out into the gusty streets recall Shelley's lines about the autumn leaves at the onset of the West Wind... "like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing. Yellow and black, and pale, and hectic red, Pestilence-stricken multitudes..." But it can be counted a legitimate dramatic device.

The acting is brisk and competent. As before, we admire Miss Hopkins' work, but we feel that here her accent jars. Cedric Hardwicke is appropriately sinister as the bored, bad Marquis. A little of his sang-froid would have improved Miss Crawley, who shrieks too much. Joseph Sedley (Nigel Bruce) is excellent throughout. Embassy, com. Sep. 13.

★★★ OIL FOR THE

LAMPS OF CHINA

Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson. (Warner Bros.)

WHAT a refreshment it is to see in a film a story of real life, with its toils and humiliations and despair and its sweet solace, treated soberly and honestly.

The book from which this film is taken is in the main a heart-breaking record of one man's devotion to his work and to the great company which employs him in the business of marketing oil at the far outpost of its Chinese branches. We cannot believe that the Asiatic Oil Company (an English corporation which seems to be the model of the Atlantic Oil Co. in this picture) would use its servants so unmercifully and unscrupulously. But these may be American business methods. The story is American all through. One would never guess, for instance, that it was solely the action of British cruelties that saved the foreign merchant population at Hankow from the disorders, obviously described, of eight years ago.

However, it is in its admirable local color and its acting that the film triumphs. At last Pat O'Brien has something genuine to portray, and he shows he can do it well. But Josephine Hutchinson, as the girl left friendless in a strange land, who takes on a matrimonial partnership with a man she has just met, outshines him. The growth of affection between the two, the bitterness and estrangement that follow on the loss of their child, the loyalty to the company competing with friendship for another employee, the dreaded cholera—all this rings true. That the hero and heroine should eventually come out top—a different ending from the book—is extraordinarily satisfactory. Regent, com. Sep. 13.

★ THE FARMER TAKES

A WIFE

Janet Gaynor, Henry Fonda. (Fox.)

IN that they both deal with canal folk, this film reminds one of the screen version of A. P. Herbert's "Water Gipsies." But the latter is of the present day and the narrow waterways of England, while Janet Gaynor here is pictured against the great canal linking the Hudson and Lake Erie at the time, years back, when work was just begun on the railway which was to take away most of its trade. Both films, however, are rich in those scenes of lush, peaceful country through which the gently gliding canal boats pass. The theme of Miss Gaynor's film is much the simpler and less dramatic. She depicts the stick-in-the-mud life of the farm as fiercely as she hates the upstart railroad; but she finally capitulates to her farmer's boy (Henry Fonda). Diversion is supplied by Charles Bickford as the

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

fighting bully of the canal and by Slim Summerville, taller than ever in top hat and frock coat, as an over-enthusiastic amateur dentist. The lyric charm of the piece would be greatly strengthened if the voices of nearly all the actors were not so flat and monotonous.—Piazza, com. Sep. 13.

★ THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON

Henry Hull, Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson. (Universal.)

WHY London? we may ask, since the American intonations of half the cast give them away, and, though the settings might pass for England, the police cars and cycles shrieking through the streets at the end belong only to America. Still, it would be difficult to re-create the legend of the wolf-man among the skyscrapers and clanging noises of N.Y.C. The very sound of the name, London, and the suggestion of old world mystery help the atmosphere. Henry Hull, as the botanist, who on his travels through Tibet in search of the fabled moon flower contracts this strange malady, touches horror when he changes to a hairy, ravaging monster at the full moon. But he has not the same capacity to freeze the marrow as Karloff in supernatural manifestations.

Warner Oland adds his bit to the effect of boding evil, and Valerie Hobson, in turn for such parts after "The Bride of Frankenstein," is put through some harrowing experiences.—Capitol and King's Cross, com. Sep. 13.

★ FRONT PAGE WOMAN

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Bette Davis, George Brent. (Warner.) A JOSTLING pack of newshounds in full cry is not a lovely sight; neither is the mechanized death dealt out to criminals in the United States. The hero of this film is allowed to get as much of the horror of electrocution as the censor will permit on to the screen by performing it in pantomime on the bench. No wonder she faints. However, the producer's aim is speed, not beauty, and he achieves it, with the aid of uniformly slick and competent actors. In the hectic life of the ace reporter (George Brent) and the sub-editor (Bette Davis) love's young dream blossoms to fulfillment in spite of professional competition for scoops.—Regent, com. Sep. 13.

★ SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS

Ian Hunter, Nancy O'Neil. (Warner; Brit.)

A PRETTY little trifle of romance and the motor business. From the soft-hearted landlady who befriends the spendthrift young man-about-town (Ian Hunter) and the grubby urchin he picks up to the swift success of the combined roadhouses and petrol service stations under Hunter's control, it is rather too good to be true. Especially so is the trustful confidence of the waiters at the restaurant in continuing to supply Hunter with change to settle his bills. But the characters are played with engaging naturalness, the direction is smoothly capable, and the settings agreeable. Nancy O'Neil, as daughter of a motor magnate and secretary to his go-ahead young competitor, has acquired ease of manner, and displays an attractive dimple. But what we liked best was the round of confidential winks between her and the chauffeur and Hunter.—Lycium, com. Aug. 31.

★ BEGGARS IN ERMINE

Lionel Atwill, Jameson Thomas, Betty Furness. (Monogram.)

PROCESSES of steel manufacture with its great furnaces and vats of molten metal form an appropriately lurid introduction to this story of treachery and ultimate revenge. At a later stage we are shown the babel of Wall Street when the bears and bulls do battle for the control of the steel corporation. The direction of the film is drollish, and rather slow. The real interest of the piece lies in the notion evolved by the crippled and dispossessed partner in the steel mill of banding together all the genuine, disabled beggars and peddlars in the United States, and using their pooled savings to build a powerful financial organization from which all can benefit. The breadth of this scheme, fanciful though it may be, touches the imagination.—Lyric, com. Sep. 6.



TUTTA ROLF, the Norwegian actress, who is shortly to make her Hollywood debut in "Dressed to Thrill." She is here pictured with Clive Brook and Robert Barrat in a scene from the film.

NEW Scandinavian STAR

Tutta Rolf Will She Rival Garbo?

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

ANY of Hollywood's brightest luminaries have come to the film city from abroad. If reports go for anything, Tutta Rolf, who will be seen shortly in "Dressed to Thrill," bids fair to eclipse most of her predecessors from Europe.

SOME of these players have already made names for themselves in their native countries before they have crossed the Atlantic. But some of them have been little known beyond theatrical circles in one or two cities and have been presented to film audiences in the manner of surprise packets.

Garbo had played in Swedish films and was also considered an actress of unusual quality in Berlin before she became world-famous. Dietrich had appeared with the great Jennings. Anna Sten had made something of a reputation in Russian films and had also appeared in Germany. Maurice Chevalier, on the other hand, though a strong favorite with cabaret and revue audiences in Paris, had scarcely been heard of outside that limited public until he went to Hollywood.

And such well known names as Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino were made almost entirely in films.

Tutta Rolf, however, has already attained starring rank in the three Scandinavian countries both on stage and screen, and has revealed herself as an actress of many-sided talent.

Stage Career

THIS typically northern blonde with the wide blue eyes was born in Oslo, Norway, and made her stage debut in that city at the age of sixteen. She is of slender build and of a delicate, ethereal appearance. But she has gifts of gaiety and vivacity that one would not expect from her looks.

Starting off naturally as an ingenue, she won success in musical comedy and turned to revue. Here she showed herself an accomplished dancer and a singer of promise. During the last four years she has put over many of the most popular songs in Europe.

Her voice, which is of rich quality, is capable of sustaining more ambitious roles than musical comedy needs, and she has, in fact, appeared with success in grand opera.

But her gifts are not confined to dancing and singing. She sparkles as a comedienne, and, furthermore, has a strong leaning towards drama. Above all, Shakespeare, whose plays are per-



A PICTURE of Tutta Rolf, which shows her to be the possessor of an attractive profile.

formed frequently throughout Scandinavia, as in Germany, is her great love. And the part of Ophelia in "Hamlet" is the one she is always hankering to play.

Later she has been making films in her own language, and she cherishes the ambition to appear as Ophelia in a screen version of that great tragedy.

Charles Chaplin has been considering a film version of "Hamlet" for years, so he says, and he means it as a serious work of course. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has already been completed, as far as the actual shooting goes, under the direction of Max Reinhardt. And we hear of preparations for presenting "Romeo and Juliet" as adapted by John Masselink, with Norma Shearer as Juliet. So that in wishing to film Shakespeare, Miss Rolf is in agreement with several other stars and producers in the film world at the moment.

Her fondness for "Hamlet" dates from her very youthful days when she once visited Elsinore, the frowning castle overlooking the Cattegat, on whose battlements Hamlet was supposed to meet his father's ghost. The play and its romantic setting took hold upon her imagination, and from that time she has regarded the role of Ophelia as her own.

"Little Garbo"?

IN 1930 the young actress married the great Swedish producer, Ernst Rolf, by whose name she has since been known. She acted as his leading lady in a number of stage successes brought out Stockholm, Oslo, Copenhagen, and Helsingfors. Only since the death of her husband two years ago has she directed her attention to film work.

It has been frequently suggested in her own country that she bears a certain resemblance to Garbo. The vibrancy of her speaking voice helps the likeness. Whether in the estimation of world film audiences she will live up to the title of the "Little Garbo" it will be interesting to see.

Once before Tutta Rolf came California, but not to stay. That was in 1930. Her voyage across was marked by a disaster that might easily have been fatal. It was in midwinter, and the cutter Annie Johnson on which Miss Rolf was making her passage encountered a gale in the Bay of Biscay. Miss Rolf was washed overboard and suffered the buffeting of the waves in those stormy waters for nearly an hour until a lifeboat from the vessel managed to pick her up exhausted.

Fortunately Miss Rolf is a strong swimmer and does not lack for courage. With great presence of mind she divested herself of her coat and skirt and her shoes while she was in the water, and she eventually hauled into the boat scantily clad and chilled to the bone, but safe.

Unheralded

LIKE many of her countrywomen and countrymen, Miss Rolf is keen on winter sports. She is an expert skis and with a bob-sled. She also plays a hard game of tennis.

Another enthusiasm she possesses which is not so general is for motor racing. She is one of the few women who have competed in these events.

Her arrival in Hollywood was made a few months ago without any of the publicity that so often heralds a star who is confidently expected to make hit.

She remained quietly there while suitable vehicle for her introduction to the Hollywood screen was being decided upon. Now, in "Dressed to Thrill," a adaptation from a well-known French play by Alfred Savoir, called "La Comtesse de Lupatelle," she has a chance to interpret romance as well as comedy in a dual role.

Playing opposite to Miss Rolf is Clive Brook and in support are Robert Barrat and Nydia Westman, as well as various Continental actors.

Intimate Jottings

Do You Know That—

The fascinating antique brooch of red enamel and rose diamonds often worn by Lady Poynter is really a Turkish good-luck emblem, which Sir Hugh Poynter brought from Constantinople a number of years ago?

Compleat Anglers

COMPLETE with fishing tackle and golf clubs, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Cox motored to Terrigal during week to spend fortnight's holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cox, at charming home, Bellwood. . . Mrs. E. R. Cox fisherman of party. . . Hoping for good catches.

New Rendezvous

VERY attractive and restful, with primrose walls, moss-green carpets and curtains, and lots of flowers new Kindergarten tea-room should prove popular rendezvous and steady source of revenue for funds. . . Serious depletion of latter stressed by president of Kindergarten Union (Mr. H. D. Hall) at opening ceremony at Union's rooms, Spring Street, on Wednesday. . . Many sympathetic supporters present good augury for success of appeal for £5000 to be launched in November. . . Tea-room made possible by generous loan from Miss Florence Sulman. . . Includes first depot for Kindergarten requisites to be established by Union. . . Shelves stocked with great array of brightly-colored wooden toys, all having definite use in Kindergarten training methods.

Week-end saw departure by car for Melbourne home of the Hon. L. J. Clifford and Mrs. Clifford, who have been on short visit to Sydney and Mrs. Clifford's relatives, the Knox clan.

Motoring Marathon

MRS. F. C. THOMPSON thinks nothing of motoring six or seven hundred miles to Alison McPhie's wedding to Andrew McWilliam on September 18 at Toowoomba. . . Will take several days over trip, which will be via North Coast Road. . . Possibilities of further peregrinations out west by car before returning home.

We're Not Surprised!

ENGAGEMENT of Bonita Appleton and Peter Osborne not altogether surprise. . . This attractive and sought-after pair much together since Bonita's return from abroad several months ago. . . Good wishes of friends expressed in vast quantities of lovely flowers which fill to overflowing flat shared by Bonita with mother, Mrs. C. W. Pfeiffer, at Waratah House. . . Lovely diamond ring had to be specially made to fit her so-slender finger. . . When dining a deux with fiancé at Romano's on Tuesday, Bonita charming in Patou pink flat crepe frock adorned with motifs of silver bugle beads. . . Exquisite mauve orchid poised on shoulder.

Mrs. Alda Orr Morris, J.P., of Crafston, is at present in Sydney, and rejoicing over success of youthful pupils, Cornet Gillam and Bronwen Apps, in Eisteddfod.

Thrilling Trek

AFTER marvellous trip to India to see brother, Bob Charley, Mrs. Alan Harnett is on high seas homeward bound for Sydney. . . Bob wonderful host and Mrs. Harnett much thrilled with trek through jungle. . . Will find home life at Cooma much too tame with no wild beasts roaring or cobras slithering round.

Gifts from Queen Victoria

NOT many people in Australia have in their possession gifts from the late Queen Victoria. Dr. Edgar Bainton, director of the Sydney Conservatorium, is the lucky owner of two such treasures—a walking-stick, engraved with the Queen's initials, and a tartan rug, made by the weavers on her Balmoral estate. Though it is over thirty years old, and has been in constant use, the rug looks as good as new. They do know their weaving in Scotland.

Wanderer Returns

CHARLIE MORGAN JONES came back on Wednesday by the Comorin. . . Number of friends rose more or less at crack of dawn to meet her. . . Charlie went with brother Geoff and sister-in-law to Hampton Court, and has ideas of going to their country home shortly. . . Her sister and brother-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Raymond Laurie, still stationed at Fort Lennan, Ireland.

Mrs. James Rutledge left Sydney on Saturday night for Fraser's Creek, where she stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sinclair for week-end. Mrs. Rutledge will then go on to Toowoomba to be matron of honor at her sister's wedding before returning to her home at Quilpie, Queensland.

From Kansas

CHARMING American in our midst is Mrs. A. J. Healey, of Kansas City, U.S.A. . . Delighted with first visit to Australia. . . Made chiefly to renew acquaintance with Brisbane friends, Mr. and Mrs. O'Shea. . . Made many friends in Sydney, and now sight-seeing in Melbourne before returning to America by Monterey.



ANSWERING HER LETTERS of congratulation, The Australian Women's Weekly photographer surprised Miss Bonita Appleton in the middle of a busy morning, answering congratulatory messages on the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Peter Osborne, and the result was this charming home study. —Women's Weekly Photo.



Bengal Benefits

MANY farewell parties and last-minute shopping for self and small new son, John Vivian, kept Mrs. Vivian Crapp in whirl. . . Regretful good-byes waved to friends from deck of Strathaird last Saturday. . . Returning after long visit to Sydney to home and husband in Bengal, where Captain Crapp is stationed with regiment. . . Will be much missed by parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Chesterman, who find grandson very lovable small person. . . Though present home not large station, Mrs. Crapp likes the life, and says Bengal climate very pleasant. . . Golf on quite good course chief pastime.

For Brilliant Violinist

MEETING at Arts Club to arrange concert for George Farrell, brilliant fourteen-years-old violinist, great success. . . Room crowded, and enthusiastic support promised. . . Honorary organiser Mrs. Preston Stanley Vaughan's suggestion that anyone not wishing help say so treated with scorn. . . Town Hall booked for October 19. . . Vice-Regal interest assured. . . Tickets already selling briskly. . . George delighted those at meeting by playing with great artistry Adagio by Ries, Gypsy Airs, Ave Maria, and other pieces. . . Accompanied by father. . . Mrs. Farrell also present, as were Mr. and Mrs. Henri Staell and many other noted musicians.



Versatile Tray

MR. AND MRS. C. V. POTTS recipients of mark of appreciation for splendid work from Council of Chamber of Manufactures on occasion of Mr. Potts' retirement after two years as president. . . Mr. Potts received handsome silver cigarette-box. . . Beautiful inscribed silver tray presented to Mrs. Potts entices to use as mirror so perfect is polished surface.

New Author

FORTIETH anniversary of wedding celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Cumming, of Bellevue Hill, with a happy dinner and theatre party. . . Popular couple widely travelled. . . Europe, America and East. . . Exciting announcement made at dinner that Mr. Cumming's first book, entitled "Scotland First," recording travel experiences, just accepted by publisher and will be out in October.

Down from country home at Bathurst for short visit and staying at the Hotel Australia are Mr. and Mrs. M. McPhillamy and small daughter Biddy.

Tea and Chat

CHARMING young marrieds, among them Mrs. Roy Hudson, Mrs. Ted Warriner, and Mrs. Leslie Sweeney, foregathered for tea and trifle of gossip at Dulcie Hill's pretty flat, Silchester, Bellevue Hill, on Friday. . . Dulcie smart in black satin, ivory lace bertha collar. . . Sweet peas and stock made delicate play of color against cream walls and hyacinth-mauve curtains and cushions.

Smart Dinner Dancers

JUST back from a visit to South Australia, and quite recovered from her recent illness, Susan Spencer dined and danced on Thursday at the Australia with Captain Tom Edwards. . . Gallant captain on leave from India. . . Soignée as ever, Goldie Gray also made first appearance after many weeks spent in Queensland.

Does Not Use Title

A NUMBER of country people came to town for wedding of Ellice Whitney, of Wauchook, Woodstock, and Alec Ramsay at St. Mark's on Thursday. . . Bridegroom eldest son of late Sir Herbert Ramsay, Bart., but decided not to use title for the present, so plain "Mr. and Mrs." will be correct address for newly-weds. . . Charming evening frock of petal pink cobwebby lace chosen by Ellice in preference to conventional bridal array. . . Small hat and bag of bronze lace and bronze shoes effective contrast. . . Sister "Dick" as maid wore myosotis blue moire and chaplet of fresh flowers. . . Attractive new house at Haddon Rig, George Falkner's property, where Mr. Ramsay is manager, awaits occupancy after honeymoon in Suva.

Have You Noticed—

The cluster of rare crimson flowers worn by Dame Mary Hughes in lapel of dark-brown coat — oddly-shaped blossoms, the flower of the Ceshania tree, the Brazilian glory-pea?

Jane Anne

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GAY Adventure

MR. BROMMELL drew in his breath. "I will tell you, sir, if you will accord me a few minutes." Then, turning to address a footman who had come in to make up the fire, he quietly desired the man to send his valet to him. Mr. Fox-Matthews stared, but the Beau remained quite imperturbable and maintained a thoughtful silence until the entrance of a neat man in a black coat, who came anxiously up to him, and bowed.

"Robinson," said Mr. Brummell, "which of the lakes do I admire?" "Windermere, sir," replied the valet respectfully.

"Ah, Windermere, is it? Thank you, Robinson. Yes, I like Windermere best," he said, turning politely back to Mr. Fox-Matthews.

Mrs. Fox-Matthews, swelling with indignation, rose, and declared it to be time they were taking their leave.

Peregrine's cough, when his sister next saw him, did not appear to have benefited much from a morning in the fresh air. It still troubled him, and during the days that followed grew perceptibly worse. His throat was slightly inflamed, and although he would not hear of consulting a doctor or admit that he felt in the least sickly, it was evident that he was far from being in perfect health. There was a languor, a heavy look about the eyes, which worried his sister, but he ascribed it all to having caught a chill, and believed that the air at Worth might not quite suit him.

"The air at Worth," Judith repeated. "The air—?" She broke off. "What am I thinking? I deserve to be beaten for indulging such wild fancy! Impossible! Oh, impossible!"

"Well, what are you thinking?" inquired Peregrine with a yawn. "What is impossible? Why do you look so odd?"

She knelt down beside his chair, and clasped his hands. "Perry, how do you feel?" she asked earnestly. "Are you sure that it is no more than a chill?"

"Why, what else should it be? What's in your mind?"

"I hardly know, hardly dare to wonder, Perry, when that man picked a quarrel with you—I am speaking of Farnaby—were you not surprised? Did it seem to you reasonable?"

"What has that to do with it?" he asked, opening his eyes at her. "Ay,

Continued from Page 5

I dare say I was a trifle surprised, but if Farnaby was forced, you know—"

"But was he? You did not say so." "Lord, how should I know? I did not think so, but he may have been."

She continued to clasp his hands, looking anxiously up into his face. "You were fired on the day you came over Finchley Common, a shot you believed might have killed you, had it not been for Farnaby. Twice you have been in danger of your life! And now you are ill, mysteriously so, for you have no chill, Perry, and you know it, but only this dry cough, which is growing worse and the sore throat!"

He started, sat up with a jerk, and then burst into a laugh that brought on a fit of coughing. "Lord, Ju, you'll be the death of me! Do you think I am being poisoned? Why, who in the world should want to put me away? Of all the nonsensical notions!"

"Yes, yes, it is nonsensical, it must be!" she said. "I tell myself so, and yet am unconvinced. Perry, have you not considered that if anything should happen to you the greater part of your fortune would be mine?"

This set him off into another fit of laughing. "What are you trying to make away with me?" he asked.

"Be serious, Perry, I beg of you!"

"Lord, how can I be? I never heard such a pack of nonsense in my life. This is what comes of reading Mrs. Radcliffe's novels! It is a famous joke, I declare!"

"What is a famous joke? May I share it?"

Judith looked quickly round. The Earl had come into the room, and was standing by the table, inscrutably regarding them. How much he had heard of their conversation she could not guess, but she colored deeply, and sprang up, turning her head away.

"Oh, it is the best thing I have heard these ten years!" said Peregrine. "Judith thinks I am being poisoned!"

"Indeed!" said the Earl, glancing in Judith's direction. "May I know who it is Miss Taverner suspects of poisoning you?"

She threw her brother an angry, reproachful look, and went past the Earl to the door. "Peregrine is jesting. I believe him to have taken something that has not agreed with him, that is all."

Please turn to Page 30

A PLAIN, STRAIGHTFORWARD MESSAGE TO SUFFERERS

LUNG TROUBLE

Suffering not only at night but also during the day, with a feeling of black despair and hopelessness, with sleepless nights, a cough which racks the whole body, drenching night sweats, the loss of strength and weight, shortness of breath, no inclination for food and frequently not able to retain anything in the stomach, always tired, and those dread hæmorrhages.

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GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 29

SHE went out, and the Earl, looking after her in silence for a moment, presently turned back to Peregrine, and, laying a silver snuff-box on the table, said: "This is yours. I fancy. It was found in the Blue Saloon."

"Oh, thank you! Yes, it is mine," said Peregrine, picking it up, and idly flicking it open. "I did not know I had so much snuff in it, however; I thought it had been no more than half full. You know, Peterham found it to be a very good mixture. You heard him say so. I wish you would try it!"

"Very well," said the Earl, dipping his finger and thumb in the box. Peregrine, much gratified, also took a pinch, and inhaled it carelessly. "I like it as well as most," he said. "I do not see what there is to object to in it."

The Earl's eyes, which had been fixed watchfully on his face, fell. "Peterham's praise should be enough to satisfy you," he said. "I know of no better judge."

"Judith says it is a sort of no gentleman of taste could use," complained Peregrine. "If you think that, I suppose I had better throw it all away, for I dare say Peterham was only wishing to be civil."

"Miss Taverner is prejudiced against

scented snuffs," replied the Earl. "You need not be afraid of using this sort."

"Well, I am glad of that," said Peregrine. "You know, I have a whole jar of it at home, and it would be a pity to waste it."

"Certainly. But I hope you keep your jar in a warm room?"

"Oh, it is in my dressing-room! I do not keep a great deal of snuff, you know. I do not have a room for it, as you do. In general I buy it as I need it, and keep it where it may be handy."

The Earl returned some indifferent answer, and soon left the room in search of Judith. He found her presently in the library, choosing a volume from the shelves. She looked over her shoulder when he came in, colored faintly, but said in a calm voice: "You have such an excellent library; I dare say many thousands of volumes. At Beverly we are sadly lacking in that respect. It is a great luxury to find oneself in a library as well stocked as this."

"My library is honored, Miss Taverner," he answered briefly.

She could not but be aware of the gravity in both face and voice. He was looking stern; there was something of reserve in his tone, quite different from the easy, open manner she was growing used to in him. She hesitated, and then turned more completely towards him, and said with an air of frank resolution: "I am afraid there may be some misconception. I have been indulging in an absurd flight of fancy, as I believe you may have heard when you came into the saloon just now."

He did not answer immediately, and when he did at last speak it was with considerable dryness. "I think, Miss Taverner, you will be well advised not to repeat to anyone that you believe Peregrine's indisposition to be due to the effect of poison."

HER color mounted; she hung down her head. "I have been very foolish. Indeed, I do not know what possessed me to blurt out so stupid a suggestion! I have been worried about him. That duel which, thank God, was stopped, took such strong possession of my mind that I have not been easy ever since. It seemed so wanton, so senseless! Then you must know that he was attacked upon his way home from St. Albans, and escaped by the merest miracle. I cannot rid myself of the fear that some danger threatens him. This indisposition seemed, in the agitation of the moment, to bear out my suspicion, and without pausing to consider I spoke the thought that darted through my head. I was wrong, extremely foolish, and I acknowledge it."

He came towards her. "Are you worried about Peregrine? You need not be."

Please turn to Page 32



ROSALIND CULL, Paramount player, chooses black silk taffeta for her spring suit. The jacket has the new hipbone length and the gilet underneath is trimmed with rows of tiny white buttons.

DON'T... FORGET

Adjourned annual meeting of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, and opening of the "MacCullagh Wing" by Lady Rose-Hatfield on September 12 at 3 p.m.

Performance of "The Arcadians" by the Eastern Suburbs Musical and Dramatic Society at the Masonic Hall, Bondi Road, on October 12. Proceeds will go towards the building of the new Bondi School at Art's. Further particulars from Honorary secretary Mr. L. Street, 28 Knowles Avenue, North Bondi.

The dance and bridge party at Hopwood House on September 14, organized by the Younger Set of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society.

That the Soldiers and Sailors T.F. Association will benefit by the Federal Taxation Ball at the State Ballroom on September 21. For reservations ring RW3117.

The garden inspection at "Chilshurst," Chiswick, on September 14, 3 p.m.-6 p.m., lent by courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. E. Carr Roberts. Proceeds to aid the Church of England Medical Missions. A missionary investment and tennis tournament among the attractions.

Semi-finals of Brynne's Playhouse cup-and-play competition at Brynne's Playhouse on September 11, 18, 23, and October 2. Finals on October 9.

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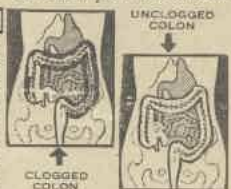
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GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 30

"I CANNOT help myself. If I thought that my suspicions had in them the least vestige of truth I think I should be quite out of my mind with terror."

"In that case," said his lordship deliberately, "it is as well that there can be no truth in them. I have no doubt of Peregrine's being speedily restored to health. As for his rather absurd duel, and his encounter on Pinchley Common, such things may befall anyone. I counsel you to put them out of your mind."

"My cousin did not take so light a view," she said in a low voice.

"She saw his face harden. 'Have you discussed this matter with Mr. Bernard Taverner?' he asked sharply."

"Yes, certainly I have. Why should I not?"

"I could tell you several good reasons. I shall be obliged to you, Miss Taverner, if you will remember that, whatever your relationship with that gentleman may be, it is I who am your guardian, and not he."

"I do not forget it."

Last night's Bourn-vita is helping him NOW!

Business men—busy men—have conquered "nerves" and sleeplessness and obtained new energy for all their needs since taking Bourn-vita—at bed-time!



"I'm fit to tackle my tasks with zeal"

—WRITES MR. C. D.

You will find food for thought in his letter, which reads:

"May I express my appreciation of Bourn-vita, which I consider to be one of the best drinks for brain-workers, who often find it hard to get sleep after working hard at the desk. . . . I have no hesitation in saying that Bourn-vita does all you claim for it, and more. It soothes the nerves, induces slumber and, best of all, it effectively banishes mental activity which often persists after the head is laid on the pillow. . . . Those who sink to slumber after a cup of Bourn-vita arise next morning as fresh as a daisy and fit to tackle the tasks of another day with enthusiastic zeal."

That is one of the hundreds of grateful letters Cadbury's have received—and continue to receive. The fame of Bourn-vita has spread far and wide; the good work it does is greatly on the increase.

Bourn-vita is perfect nourishment, principally milk, eggs and chocolate, and its great success in aiding sleep and increasing energy is due to the help it is able to give your digestion because of its rich content of milk "dissolve"—a natural digestive.

The very first time you drink Bourn-vita at bedtime you marvel at its power. You sleep so soundly! You awake in the morning so fit—so alive!

SUPERIORITY OF BOURN-VITA'S "DIGESTIVE POWER"

Here are authoritative figures showing the "digestive power" of Bourn-vita compared with that of the other leading food drinks. These figures are provided by a famous Professor of Biochemistry who submitted all the food drinks in question to the standard "dissolve-value" test. "Dissolve" is the scientific name given to the natural digestive which is found in milk.

RESULT OF TEST

Dissolve power of BOURN-VITA - 49.8 (Limes value)
Dissolve power of Nest Highest - 29.0 (Limes value)
Dissolve power of the lowest - 2.2; the average of the eight tested being 12.1.
Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita!

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

FOR DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS

1/6 lb. net; 2/9 lb. net; 4/9 lb. net.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

V6-368

BEAUTIFUL LIPS!



Men say so!

These are the lips that men want to kiss. Never coated with paint. They are soft and natural. You, too, can have beautiful lips by using Tangee. It isn't paint, but has the remarkable property of intensifying the natural color in your lips. Tangee's cream base softens dry lips.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade. Tangee Rouge gives the same natural color as Lipstick.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Invisible, natural color, women's natural appeal, and men's natural love.

TANGEE
LIPS THAT BURNED LIPS
AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS: R. G. TURNLEY & SON, 211 King St., Sydney.

GONE FOREVER!



New Way To END UNWANTED HAIR

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker. The old fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweetly scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

REDUCE SAFELY

Do as hundreds of women have done, take a course of FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES and gain correct and charming proportions. This is a scientifically correct treatment—3 weeks' treatment, 5/6, 6 weeks' treatment, 10/-.
Post-free from: SOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (S. Unit), Chemist, 211 King St., Newtown. Tel. LIT 1.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It has decayed in the bowels. And it builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Careless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 4/6 and 2/6. Demand a substitute.

BARBERS are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A word on this matter could really relieve the situation and advise. Copies free if 3d. and 6d. postage to Dr. A. Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

Please turn to Page 34

Mandrake the Magician



MEET THE ACTORS IN THIS FINE SERIAL

MANDRAKE: The world's greatest magician, has chanced upon the home of
PROFESSOR SORCIN: An eccentric scientist who lives in a lonely district of the mountains with
MARINA: His ward, and several servants. Sorcin has produced a monster,

KLAGE: A giant gorilla with the brain of an executed human criminal. Mandrake and
LOTHAR: Mandrake's giant Nubian slave, having betrayed the fact that they consider Klage should be killed, have incurred Sorcin's enmity. Already he has made attempts to murder them, and even now is planning another attack in which he will use a giant serpent. Lothar and Mandrake do not suspect what is going on. Now continue—





Like every man he enjoys having a good shave. And like most men he enjoys using a good shoe polish...

A Kiwi shine for him!

KIWI POLISHES... PROTECTS and PRESERVES the LEATHER

KIWI

BLACK POLISH The Quality Boot Polish

TAN POLISH

WHITE CLEANER



SHOE CREAM

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 32

HE bowed and moved away from her towards the door. Before he had reached it he looked back and said casually: "By the by, Miss Taverner, can you lay your hand on the lease of your house? I believe I gave it into your charge."

"It is in my desk at home," she said. "Do you wish for it?"

"Blackader writes of some point to be argued. It will be necessary for me to glance at the lease. If a servant were sent to London could your house-keeper, or some such person, find it, and give it to him to bring to me?"

"Certainly," she said. "Hinkson, Perry's new groom, can be sent for it."

"Thank you, that will be best, no doubt," he said.

A hasty step sounded at this moment outside the room, and a gay voice called: "In the library, is he? I will find him; do not give yourself the trouble of coming with me, my dear ma'am! I have not forgotten my way about."

The Earl raised his brows in quiet surprise. "This is something quite unexpected," he remarked, and opened the door, and held out both his hands. "Charles! What the devil?"

A tall young man in Hussar uniform, with a handsome, laughing countenance, and his right arm in a sling, gripped one of the Earl's hands in his own left one. "My dear fellow! How do you do? By Gad, it's famous to see you again! You observe I have got my furlough, thanks to this!" He indicated his useless arm.

"How is it?" Worth asked. "Do you feel it as much as ever? When did you come out of hospital? There does not look to be a great deal amiss with you from what I can see!"

"Lord, no! Nothing in the world! I'm come home to try my luck with the heiress. Where is she? Does she squint

like a bag of nails? Is she hideous? They always are!"

The Earl stood back. "You may judge for yourself," he said dryly. "Miss Taverner, little though he may have recommended himself to you, I must beg leave to present my brother, Captain Audley."

Captain the Honorable Charles Audley started, and gazed at Miss Taverner with an expression of mingled dismay, admiration, and incredulity in his bright eyes. He said: "Good God, is it possible?" and strode forward. "Madam, your most obedient! What can I say?"

"You have said too much already," remarked the Earl in a tone of amusement.

"True, very true! There is no getting away from it, indeed. Miss Taverner, you did not hear me: you were not attending!"

"On the contrary, I heard you very plainly," said Judith, unable to withstand his smile. She held out her hand. "How do you do? I am sorry to see your arm in a sling. I hope no lasting injury?"

"Not to my arm, ma'am; none incurred in the Peninsula," he said promptly, taking her hand and kissing it.

She could not help laughing. His eyes began to dance; he said out- ragedly: "You must let me tell you that in all my experience of heiresses I have never till to-day encountered one who did not give me a nightmare. You have restored my faith in miracles, Miss Taverner!"

"If you expose yourself any further Miss Taverner will ask to have her carriage spoken for immediately," observed the Earl.

"Kok at all," she replied. "I am happy to think I do not give Captain Audley nightmares." She moved towards the door. "You will have so much to say to each other! I will leave you."

She was gone on the words. Captain Audley closed the door behind her, and turned to look at the Earl. "Julian, you do! you've kept her mighty dark! Are you engaged to her?"

"No," said Worth. "I am not."

"You must be mad!" declared the captain. "Don't tell me you mean to let all that wealth and beauty slip through your fingers! I have a very good mind to try for her myself."

"Do so, by all means. You won't succeed, but it may keep you out of mischief."

"Ah, don't be too sure!" grinned the captain. "You know nothing about it, my boy."

"I know a great deal about it," retorted Worth. "I am her guardian."

"WELL, upon my word," exclaimed Captain Audley. "Am I to understand you would forbid the banns?"

"You are," said Worth. The captain perched himself on the edge of the table. "Very well, Gretina Green let it be! My dear fellow, you're in love with her yourself! Shall I go away again?"

Worth smiled. "Your vulgarity is only equalled by your conceits, Charles. Tell me, now, how have things been with you?"

"All in good time," said the captain. "First you shall tell me whether I am to hold off from the heiress."

"Not at all; why should you? I think you may be quite useful to me. The heiress has a brother?"

"I am not in the least interested in her brother," objected the captain.

"Possibly not, but I have a considerable interest in him," said Worth. He looked the captain over meditatively.

"I think, Charles—I am nearly sure—that you are going to become very friendly with young Peregrine, if he will let you. Unfortunately, he does not like me, and his prejudice may extend to you as well."

"Ah, alas! Why do you want him to like me?"

"Because," said the Earl slowly. "I need someone to be in his confidence who I can trust."

"Good God, why?" demanded the captain in lively astonishment.

"Peregrine Taverner," said Worth with a certain deliberation, "is an extremely wealthy young man, and if anything were to happen to him his sister would inherit the greater part of his fortune."

"Very well, let us by all means drown him in the lake," said the captain gaily. "Plainly, he must be disposed of."

"He is being disposed of," said the Earl without the least trace of emotion in his level eyes. "For the past five days he has been inhaling poisoned snuff."

Please turn to Page 35



When a MAN tells you:

that he has used Calvert's nearly all his life, that Calvert's has kept his teeth perfect when most men of his age have parted with theirs,

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for your teeth!



Why Doctors Prefer 'BAYER' A.P.C.

Doctors the world over ask no better guarantee of purity in the drugs and chemicals they prescribe than the name 'Bayer.' They know that 'Bayer' A.P.C. powders are made with genuine original Acetylsalicylic Acid and Phenacetine, both of which were invented by 'Bayer.' They know that in their pure state these ingredients are white and that 'Bayer' A.P.C. powders are therefore free from artificial colouring.

If you have not yet tried A.P.C. Powders made by 'Bayer' a revelation in quick relief awaits you.

Box of 12 Powders, 1/6. Box of 24 Powders, 2/6. Of all Chemists.

BAYER A.P.C. QUICK-SURE-SAFE

Complexion Disfigured

Spoilt by Pimples and Boils

"A number of blemishes, pimples, and boils appeared on my face and disfigured my complexion," states Miss E.S. of Glympie, Queensland. "At the time I was studying a great deal, and became anemic and run down. I was very worried, and reading that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for the blood, decided to try them. To my great relief, after taking a short course of these pills, my skin is now as clear as ever and I'm feeling perfectly fit and well."

One of the excellent results of taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is their splendid effect in clearing the complexion of blemishes. These pills help to enrich and increase the blood, and this good, new blood banishes pimples and boils and gives rose colour to the cheeks and lips.

Every young girl and young woman who suffers anaemia, nervousness, headaches, dizziness, and pimply skin, should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not delay; see how quickly the miseries disappear after a short course, and how clear and attractive the skin becomes. At chemists and stores. 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'—and take no other."



"My Mother Loved Nice Things"

"We always used to have Cashmere Bouquet at our house when I was a little girl. My mother loved nice things and she adored its wonderful fragrance..."

FOR more than three generations the delicate perfumed Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet has lent its subtle charm to the allure of lovely women...

Its exquisite fragrance—the blended perfume of 17 rare and costly scents—has ever bespoken the daintiest and loveliest of soaps. Its creamy purity has always made it the instinctive choice of women who love fine things.

Why not give your skin the complexion care that only a soap so pure and fine as Cashmere Bouquet can offer?

Use it for your bath as well as your complexion. It costs very little—and it's long-lasting. Why not decide to buy a cake of Cashmere Bouquet to-day?



Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet
The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps

CBM353

HORST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories. 2/3

CHAPTER 15

THE arrival of Captain Charles Audley was a happy circumstance for the departure to London on that day. Mr. Brummell, Lord Petersham, and both the Marleys had produced all the inevitable languor attendant on the breaking-up of a party. The Taverniers, with Miss Fairford and Lord Alvanley, were engaged to remain at Worth over the week-end, but although an assembly at a neighboring town, where some militia were quartered a day's hunting and a card-party were promised, there was an insipidly flatness, that was hard to shake off. The appearance, however, of Captain Audley banished every feeling of regret for the absence of four of the original members of the party. His gaiety was infectious, and his manner, for all their oddity, were so generally charming as to render him always acceptable. His having just come from the Peninsula made him first in consequence; the ladies hung on his lips and the gentlemen, in a quieter fashion, were very ready to hear all the information he could give them of the state of affairs in Spain. The only respect in which he fell short of the female expectations at least was his refusal to describe the act of dashing gallantry to which it was felt that his wound must have been due. He would not talk of it, insisted that the wound was not the result of any noble action at all and beyond learning that it had been incurred at the affair of Arroyo del Molinos upon the twenty-eighth day of October, and that he had been lying in hospital ever since, which Lady Alicia and Mrs. Scattergood were aware of already, they could discover nothing about it. But on any other subject he was ready to converse, and his arrival was soon felt to be an advantage. He paid unblinking court to Miss Tavernier, was kind to Miss Fairford, quizzed his aunt and cousin, took Peregrine secretly over to a dingy tavern in the nearest town to witness a cockfight, and was voted in less than no time to be a most amiable young man. He was not above being pleased; he could derive as much enjoyment from making up a pool of quadrille to oblige his aunt as from playing whist for pound points; and found as much to amuse him at the local Assembly as he would have found at Almack's.

"You are blessed with the happiest nature, Captain Audley," Miss Tavernier said smilingly. "Whatever you do you are pleased to be doing, and your spirits infect everyone else with the same liveliness."

"If I could not be pleased in such company, I must be an insufferable fellow!" he replied warmly.

"You are certainly a flatterer."

"Only so modest a creature as yourself could think so."

"I am silenced. Do you find this mode of address generally acceptable amongst the heiresses of your acquaintance?"

"MISS TAVERNIER, I appeal to your sense of what is fair! Is this kind? Is this right?"

"It was irresistible," she replied mischievously.

"What is to be done? How shall I convince you?"

"You cannot; you are completely exposed."

"I shall come about again, I warn you. My dependence is all on my brother. If he has the slightest regard for me he must assist me to convince you of my disinterestedness."

"Dear me, how is he to do that, I wonder?"

"Why, very simply! He has only to sell you out of the three-per-cent, and gamble away your whole fortune on 'Change. I may then offer you my hand and heart with a clear conscience."

"It sounds very disagreeable. I had rather keep my fortune, I thank you."

"Miss Tavernier, you are guilty of the most shocking cruelty to one wounded in the service of his country!"

"That is very bad, certainly. What shall I do to atone?"

"You shall drive me out in Worth's carriage," he said promptly.

"I am quite willing, but Lord Worth might view the matter in a different light."

"Nonsense! His cattle must be honored in being driven by you."

"I wish he may think so, but I believe we shall do well to obtain his permission."

"You shall be held blameless," he promised. "You can have no objection to my ordering the carriage to be sent round."

She waved. "To be sure, I have once driven it. I suppose if you order it there can be nothing against it. You

cannot do wrong in your own house after all."

He grinned. "We will fear my brother's comments on that. His greys are in the stable; can you handle them?"

"I can, but I have a notion I ought not. Are—his chestnuts in the stable, too?"

"Miss Tavernier," said Captain Audley solemnly, "Julian is the best of good fellows, and the kindest of brothers, but he has the most punishing left imagination! Frankly, I dare not!"

"I do not know what you mean by a punishing left, but you are very right. We must not take his chestnuts. I daresay he will not mind his greys being exercised."

"He will know nothing of the matter in any case. He has ridden over to Longhampton. The word is, en avant!"

The greys, which were soon brought round to the house by a reluctant groom, had not been out for several days, and were consequently very fresh. Captain Audley looked them over, and said: "We had better take Johnson along with us. Miss Tavernier, do you feel yourself to be equal to the task of driving them, or shall we send them away and have out the gig?"

"A gig! By no means! I have driven this team before, and know them to be beautifully mouthed. I will engage to drive you without mishap. We will take no groom."

"So be it!" said the captain recklessly. "I have one sound arm, after all."

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 34

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The greys, which were soon brought round to the house by a reluctant groom, had not been out for several days, and were consequently very fresh. Captain Audley looked them over, and said: "We had better take Johnson along with us. Miss Tavernier, do you feel yourself to be equal to the task of driving them, or shall we send them away and have out the gig?"

"A gig! By no means! I have driven this team before, and know them to be beautifully mouthed. I will engage to drive you without mishap. We will take no groom."

"So be it!" said the captain recklessly. "I have one sound arm, after all."

"He will know nothing of the matter in any case. He has ridden over to Longhampton. The word is, en avant!"

PIMPLES FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD



For years I was worried to death with unsightly freckles and abundant pimples and blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would turn my back on me.

Whenever I went out, I was actually dressed in a coat and found myself the most shabby girl; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every evening and morning I would try to remove these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had almost abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can therefore realize my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim: "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realizing that there must be thousands of women both young and old who are so-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover my outlay for postage, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of freckles, pimples, blackheads, and any other blemishes by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, astringents, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No dirt—no lathering—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth, young skin, as do the thousands of thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, to me, and I will send you, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of freckles, pimples, blackheads, and any other blemishes by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

FREE COUPON
Cut out this coupon if interested and post with 2d. stamp and name and address to: MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 44 Pitt Street, Sydney.

How to Lose FAT

Reduced Hips 8 Inches!



ABSOLUTELY SAFE — NO THYROID

It is impossible NOT to derive benefit from BonKora. It contains ONLY ingredients which are known to be directly beneficial to health. The complete absence of thyroid or any dangerous drugs, the elimination of all need for starvation methods, plus the acknowledged health-promoting qualities of BonKora, make it possible for you to REDUCE WEIGHT and IMPROVE HEALTH simultaneously.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS — 6/6 a Bottle.

MAIL THIS COUPON
SCHAFER AND COMPANY, Box No. 20072, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Please send me your FREE BOOKLET giving full details of BonKora Treatment.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 4/4, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

Her Photographs Show Now Heaviest Parts Reduce First

"I lost 23 lbs. in 6 weeks taking BonKora. I lost fat just where I wanted to. It seemed that the heaviest parts reduced first. I reduced my bust 5 inches, waist 6 inches, hips 8 inches. Now weigh 125 lbs."

"I used to hate to wear a bathing suit. Now I look well in one and I am sending a photo just taken in a bathing suit and one taken in a dress when I was stout, so you can see the difference."

"I feel fine, too. BonKora is evidently a good tonic as well as a weight reducer. I got rid of indigestion, gas, dizziness, constipation and nervousness. I sleep fine now. And instead of the old tired feeling, I am full of energy. I feel younger and look younger."

"I didn't starve either. I like to eat and with BonKora, I can eat plenty and still lose fat."

Myra H. H. Halliwell Jr.
(Full address on request)

Mr. Halliwell before taking BonKora. 23 pounds overweight. Fat not prominent in certain parts.

Mr. Halliwell after taking BonKora. Lost 23 pounds. Slender figure as well as slimmer.

New Easy, Pleasant, Reducing Treatment
The Safe, Harmless, Quick Way to Lose Fat
Eat Big Meals — Fat Goes Quick

Don't be fat any longer. Reason: Mrs. Halliwell did. Get BonKora, new safe, pleasant, Reducing Treatment. Your nearest chemist has it. Thousands of others whom we have never seen write letters as wonderful as Mrs. Halliwell has. Some say they had even tried other medicines in vain—or had exercised, basted or dieted without losing a pound. Then BonKora, the new, pleasant, Reducing Treatment, took off their fat. Some lost fat all over. Others who were only fat in certain parts, hips, waist, or bust, saw this fat go first. Then they stopped taking BonKora as they had lost all they wanted to lose.

Lost 70 Pounds in 14 Weeks
Some lost a pound a day. Others 3 to 5 lbs. a week. Mrs. Grace Moran, (full address on request), writes that she lost 70 pounds in 14 weeks—at the rate of 5 pounds a week. She reduced from 210 lbs. to 140 lbs. She says BonKora gave her new health too.

Safe, Harmless, Pleasant
BonKora is safe, harmless. Contains no dangerous drugs. In fact, this treatment builds health while reducing fat the quickest way. It takes off fat new "stage" way. Triple action; triple results. That's why it has reduced fat when other methods had failed. Take a little BonKora daily to keep body function properly; to remove heavy wastes and moisture from fatty tissues. EAT BIG MEALS of tasty foods you like in combination explained in BonKora package. But don't get too thin. When you reach normal, healthy weight stop reducing and hold your new slender figure. So don't let fat mar your beauty or injure your health. Start taking safe, harmless, quick-acting BonKora today.

Thousands Praise BonKora!
Genuine Gratitude for Prompt, Safe Relief from Burden of Fat

Every claim made for BonKora is based on the actual experience of thousands of men and women to whom it has proved a blessing and a boon. No other reducing treatment has won such a wealth of heartfelt, spontaneous testimony. This is inevitable because there is no other reducing treatment which acts as BonKora acts—bringing quick, sure escape from excess fat without the use of drugs, thyroid or starvation diets.



It's grease that keeps you chained to the sink. But lots of women have found a way to deal with grease, the bugbear of washing-up. They've found that Rinso has a way of its own with grease. Rinso breaks up the grease—surrounds and absorbs every particle. Wash-up in record time to-night the "no grease" way... the Rinso way!

RINSO

4.120.28

Secrets of Youthful Charm & Loveliness!

by Kathleen Court

A famous writer once said that if you had charm it didn't matter what else you lacked; and if you hadn't charm, nothing else you had mattered! Without facial loveliness in some degree it is difficult for a woman to be charming. It is easy to be charming if one's appearance does not make one feel self-conscious. Poise comes from knowing one looks attractive. The process gains force with its success; greater beauty develops at one makes the most of oneself... people soon exclaim when they see you—"Isn't she lovely?"

At one time, chemists and druggists stored you will be able to examine the famous range of Kathleen Court Aids to Loveliness. You will find the prices remarkably moderate, good, get simple and inexpensive Home Beauty Treatment.

★ A Simple Formula for Increasing Charm...

At night, cleanse the pores with my Liquefying Cleansing Cream. This dissolves blackheads, leaving them right out of the skin. Follow by washing with Paris Facial Treatment Soap and warm water. If the face and throat tissues are beginning to sag or droop, follow by the use of my Special Night Cream, leaving on during sleep. In the morning, wash with my Soap, dry gently, then pat the face with either my Astringent Skin Tonic, or my Golden Veil Beauty Lotion. Pat vigorously for a minute, then apply a thin film of Face-Balm Cream. Follow with Golden Veil, Rhinoplasty or Seventeen Face Powder, and add a touch of really thrilling colour with one of my modern Rouges and Lipsticks. Get by the way, if your eyebrows are uneven, or too high, touch them up with one of my English Eye-Brow Pencils. And you can make your hair invaluable by using Honeysuckle Shampoo and Honeysuckle Hair-Sol. Start today. You'll see you will love your reward...

kathleen court

324-326 Regent St., London; Australia House, Sydney; A.M.P. Building, Wellington, N.Z.; Clarendon Chambers, 100-101, Johannesburg.

LOST LOVER

Continued from Page 7

TO-MORROW, when the doctor came, she would ask him to relieve her; would go back to the work she loved best, the stuffy, poverty-stricken rooms with their peeling wallpaper and crying children packed three in a bed, their sick, much-enduring mothers, their laughter and fine courage which helped one to forget.

Her shoulders were stiffly squared, her eyes serene, her smile firm and genuine, by the time that she turned the black onyx handle of Lois King's door.

Only a few hours more and then—to-morrow.

"Doctor, do you think that it would be possible to relieve me?"

Marion had the words ready when he cut her short.

"You look rather pale, nurse? Not sickening yourself, are you?" He was a fat, bluff, kindly man who recognised good nursing and appreciated it. He looked quite anxious.

"No, I never get ill," said Marion lightly. "But—"

He broke in, cheerily.

"Thank goodness! I've had no fewer than three nurses down this morning and the deuce of a business getting anyone to take their place. I tell you, I hate this time of year—always the same thing, flu, measles, mumps—everything!"

He hurried off to visit another patient on the long and ever-growing list. So that was that...

Marion went back to Lois' room to help her choose a frame for Gideon's photograph.

"The travelling one, I think," decided Lois. "It's not too large and I may want to take it about with me when we get engaged!"

Marion cut the stiff mount carefully.

"Would you like it here, beside your bed?" she asked.

"Oh, no. Anywhere on my table, among the others," Lois curled round and flipped the pages of a catalogue.

"Do look at this, nurse. Don't you think that'd be lovely for a ring—that square-cut diamond?"

"Very nice," But Marion did not see the drawing; she was thinking of a long, shining ward, the stiff, fresh-faced sister whose sharp eyes missed nothing, and her grim: "If you've got feelings, you had better keep them there," pointing a large, blunt finger at the trembling probationer's clean shaven agon-bib.

"What are you dreaming about?"

She looked up to meet the intense curiosity in Lois' eyes. "Nothing."

"You were. You were staring at those flowers—and you looked almost human for a minute!" Lois made an impatient noise. "I believe you're in love with the doctor!"

Marion laughed outright. "Poor man!"

"Well, what were you thinking of?" Insisted Lois, her slanting eyes alive with mischief.

"I was wondering what you'd eat for lunch."

"You weren't. You were thinking of a man."

"Was I?"

"Yes! And now you're trying to be mysterious!"

"I'm trying to keep my temper," Marion told her, smiling, "with a patient who's behaving very badly. What will you have for lunch?"

"You haven't answered my question."

"If you don't tell me," Marion threatened, "I'll get you gruel!"

"Fish and grape fruit and a milk pudding," decided Lois promptly. "All the same, I believe you are in love!"

But as she shut the door, the twinkle died out of Marion's eyes; there were limits, even to her self-control.

Lois reached them two days later.

IT came by first post, when Marion was getting ready to wash her patient—a big, flat, x with French stamps and the narrow green label that belongs to Paquinoux.

"It's my dress. Oh, nurse, do let me get out for one minute to try it on! Please! I'm so terrified it won't fit!"

"You can try it on when you get up."

"But there won't be time, then, if it's wrong," argued Lois, dragging at the string. She seized a pair of rounded nursing scissors and sliced through it in three places, dragged the lid off, and tore out sheets of tissue paper, scattering them all across the bed.

"Oh, isn't it lovely?"

She held up the soft mass of silver frills, unsubstantial as a soap bubble and shot through with hints of green and blue and briar pink.

"Lovely," Marion, moving with the grace of firm, trained muscles, bent to fill her little basin at the fitted chromium taps. A slight sound made her turn.

The bowl dropped, clattering, sending a warm cascade of water down the open waste as Marion leaped. Her arms closed firmly round the tottering girl, lifted her, dumped her back into the bed.

"What do you think you're doing? How dare you come bouncing out of bed the minute that my back's turned?" She was really angry, her face flushed, her eyes hard. Authority outraged, intimidating; even Lois shrank under that angry look.

"I wanted to try my dress on!"

"You should have waited."

"I hate waiting!" Lois tossed her hair. Her eyes dwelt with silky malice on Marion's back as she turned back to the basin. Nurses were a nuisance! Marion whisked round upon her.

"Do you want to go to Gideon Fraser's party or not?"

"Of course I do!"

"Well, then!" Marion tucked the bath towel firmly in; her sponge swept gently round the girl's white shoulders.

Lois frowned. Her eyes peeped sideways at the scattered cheek, that was so close to her own, doubtfully.

"How do you know his name?" She thrust the question suddenly at the nurse.

Marion felt her breath catch. But she answered coolly, "Didn't you tell me?"

"No."

"You must have," She squeezed the sponge out, but her face was hidden.

"I'm sure I didn't!"

"Perhaps your mother did," Marion made a point of never lying, but now there was nothing else for it; after all, Lois had no right to ask. Intent on drying her patient, she did not notice the alert, curious glances which Lois kept darting towards her; but she thought with relief:

"Only a few more days now and she'll be up. Only a few more days and I'll be free."

But it was astonishing how much pain could be packed into a few days. There were the flowers.

THEY came each morning in a long cane basket, bedded in wet moss; carnations and roses and lilies of the valley, hothouse flowers sent up from Gideon's home. Lois seemed to take a perverse pleasure in calling Marion's attention to them.

"Aren't the colors wonderful?" He must have chosen them himself. With her eyes on Marion's profile, watching keenly. "He's got miles of glass down there. A lovely house—only he's got it stuffed with mouldy old antiques. I mean to change all that! Put them by my bed."

A dozen times in those few days Marion felt grateful to the sister who had taught her to control all display of emotion.

It was worse when Lois chose to make confidences, claim her sympathy.

Please turn to Page 44

HORT ROBINSON says: No sugar in used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Robin's Face Mail Vinegar...*

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.



From Actual Photo (Unouched)
Mrs. Helen Sagebrush, Bondi Road, age 57. Taken on July 12th, 1934.



From Actual Photo (Unouched)
Mrs. Helen Sagebrush, Bondi Road, age 57. Taken on July 12th, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces observable results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG. YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG. BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 2/6.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRAT, Radio House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

KE-PEG

PRESERVES EGGS PERFECTLY



KE-PEG is easy—you just rub it on—see straight from the jar.

KE-PEG is quick—1 dozen eggs can be treated in 2 minutes.

KE-PEG is economical—costs less than 1/- a dozen.

KE-PEG means only one handling of eggs—easy storage in box, basket, etc.

KE-PEG is non-liquid—no mess, no waste.

KE-PEG is perfect—keeps eggs like new—lasts up to 3 years later.

Refuse Substitutes

Remember there is only one KE-PEG. Obtainable All Grocers and Stores. GROCERY DISTRIBUTORS PET, LTD. Box 624 G.P.O., Melbourne.

No More Trying Days!

Now, at last, women do not have to suffer needlessly every month. MIDENE—the new discovery—takes away, like magic, all those nasty pains and aches.

MIDENE (pronounced MY-deen) gently soothes your nerves and eases your pain. It contains absolutely no harmful or habit-forming drugs. Don't let your sex handicap you—all you have to do is take one MIDENE tablet in a glass of water and pain and weariness will disappear.

A supply of MIDENE tablets sufficient to last two or three months costs 2/6. It is obtainable from your chemist, write to Box 1053-N, G.P.O., Brisbane, and enclose P.N. or stamps for 2/6. You'll recognise MIDENE by its shiny blue-enamelled container...*

Help Kidneys

• If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Cystitis, Urinary Infection, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, etc., try the new discovery, C. 2 x 1 x 1 (instructed).

Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days, or money back. At all chemists.

INDIGESTION RELIEVED AFTER THE FIRST DOSE

What wouldn't you give for a remedy like that—one that gave you immediate and welcome relief after just one dose? Think what it would mean to you—the end of those months, those years of suffering, no more stabbing agony, no more "bloated" sensations after meals, no more palpitation or heartburn!

Yes, there really is such a remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder. It is made to give instant relief from all stomach troubles, flatulence or heartburn, from mild to acute dyspepsia or gastritis. Its unfailing effect is due to its wonderful three-fold action.

First, it neutralises the excess acid that is causing the painful inflammation of the stomach walls, quickly relieving flatulence and palpitation.

Secondly, it spreads a soothing, healing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed membrane, and so gives the stomach its chance to regain its proper state of health, while allowing the ordinary process of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, to make sure of permanent relief, one ingredient partially digests the food and so takes a heavy load from the weakened stomach and intestines. Every case of indigestion, however severe, is instantly relieved and your pains vanish. Persevere and your indigestion goes for good.

We publish this letter because it is so obviously genuine, even without name; a convincing picture of gratitude for the sure effect of this new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Writing from Mossman, Sydney, N.S.W., Mr. ... says:— "If any person has suffered more intensely than I from inflamed, painful, distended stomach, acid eructation (gas) and from all

those discomforting and heart-breaking signs of a thoroughly disturbed digestion, then I feel profoundly sorry for that person. I bought your Powder because, for one reason, I had already bought everything else, and, for another reason, because the ingredients named on the canister appeared to offer something different—something with possibilities of affording relief. They did, very promptly, too, and that relief has been sustained. To-day I am well—really well; full of the joy of life and, for the first time in years, hungry for my meals."

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

Sold by all Chemists and stores, in sky-blue canister. 2/6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

September 14, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

37

WHAT Well-dressed Chairs Will Wear!

It is a story of gaiety... of rough and smooth-faced weaves; "chintzy" glazes... of frills and sleekest tailoring

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

IN order to have a really cheerful home, one fit to welcome the brightness of spring and the gaiety of summer sunshine, you must have harmonious coverings for your chairs and lounges. So I suggest that you make your home a present of a new set of coverings—and if you can't have them made, why not turn to and make them yourself?

MANY homemakers who are quite clever at making things rather eschew the idea of attempting loose covers, but I have seen some marvellous transformations made by the amateur.

The living-room in one home I know could compete favorably, as regards artistry and charm, with the most expensively-furnished room you might bring to notice.

This once again discounts the idea that only women of wealth can hope to make charming homes. I think I can truthfully say that I have seen more ugly rooms in the houses of the "very rich" than in those of people of moderate means—mainly because these women who have money to spend cannot resist the temptation to crowd their homes with costly but quite unnecessary "treasures."

Take heart, then, and instead of saying "I'm not one of those lucky ones, I can't even afford to refurnish a room," and leaving it at that, plan and plot to bring

sunshine into the home with these "sunbeams"—even a few at a time.

Make Them Yourself!

YOU may not be in a position to replace old shabby chairs with new ones. However, with the variety of lovely materials that may be bought quite cheaply, nowadays, you can give them new dresses made by your own hands. Then you might be encouraged in the discovery that you are really very clever, to try your hand at bringing further



HERE IN THIS simple but artistically furnished living room of Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star, you glimpse real home comfort. Note particularly the chair covers. The lounge on which the artist and his attractive little help-mate are sitting is covered with patterned linen; the chair in the foreground displays quilted chintz, while the one between the windows is covered in plain satin-faced fabric.

beauty into the home in other charming ways.

Protect the New as Well

BUT loose covers are not only meant to cover old and shabby furniture. They will protect new furniture if made to fit and look attractive.

There are, as I said, many, many fabrics which can be used for making loose covers... casement cloth, lovely flowered chintz, quilted chintz (a novel note for the coming season—instantly the attractive chair showing in the room pictured above) cretonnes, crash, brocades, cottage or folk weaves, shadow tissues.

Delightful and lasting printed linens, too, are popular for coverings. Designs to be obtained in printed linens are so varied that every taste can be satisfied in the choice offered. They are practically fadeless, hard-wear-

ing, and stand any amount of laundering.

A PARTICULARLY interesting point is that jazz styles seem to have passed entirely out of favor. Geometric designs still win approval, but in all the materials the tendency is towards smaller designs, smaller prints, floral, spots, curves, slightly raised designs, stripes, plaids, checks, and a combination of plain and printed.

Where and when possible, fabrics, carrying colorful garden designs, should be selected with a view to keeping their color even against the onslaughts of the Australian midsummer sun.

Fadeless for Preference

LOSS of color is a misfortune which may overtake perfectly good covers, spoiling the appearance of the room, and necessitating renewal long before the real end of their life is reached. So I would advise you to make a bee-line for the fabrics carrying a fadeless guarantee—at any rate for those chairs or lounges standing directly facing the light, or a specially sunny window.

And be wise in your choice of material, and get one with sufficient resistance to continual strain and pull. Loose covers are not held firmly in place like a tight upholstered chair-cover.—F.E.G.



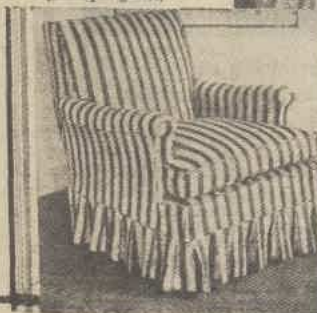
WITH CARE and patience loose covers may be made to fit as well as a faultlessly tailored suit of clothes, without wrinkles or bagginess, hard to distinguish them from a tacked-on upholstered cover.



IN MANY a home, a settee similar in its design to the above lies shabby and unused. Bring it out, and cover in glazed chintz with frilly finish. At left, you see smart modernity in stripes. In a room having plain walls and carpets, this design would be particularly effective. Curtains could match the covers.



HERE IS variety in cover and design. Detachable covered pads for dining or breakfast-room chairs (see below) are easily made, and quite spring-like.



CLEVER IDEAS

NON-SLIPPERY LINO: A little linseed oil well-rubbed into cork linoleum will fill up the pores and keep out the dust and dirt. This is especially useful in a nursery, as it does not make the linoleum the least bit slippery for small feet.

NO MILK: When you run out of milk you can provide a substitute by whipping the white of an egg with a pinch of salt and a small lump of butter. It is a good substitute for cream.

FOR GREASY HANDS: A little paraffin poured into your cupped hands and then rubbed well in will soon remove all traces of oily grease ingrained in the skin. It will save a lot of scrubbing with soap and water, and will not damage the skin in any way at all.

THE CLOTHES LINE: To clean a clothes line, wind it round a board and scrub well with warm soda. Leave it on the board until it is dry and there will be no tiresome tangles afterwards.

WOOLLEN JUMPERS: It is a good practice to stitch a piece of tape firmly inside the shoulder seam of your new jumper. This will prevent its stretching out of shape.

ON WASH-DAY: If clothes are folded on washing-day with the buttons on top, you will be able to avoid breaking them when putting them through the wringer.

MIRRORS: If mirrors are occasionally cleaned with a wad of tissue paper moistened with methylated spirit, they will not become fly-stained.

2 VITAL THINGS an ANTISEPTIC must do

To wash away surface germs is not enough. To be effective an antiseptic must penetrate—search out and kill germs imbedded in the membranes. Water solutions are useless because tissue is waterproof. Frothing solutions are impracticable for gargling. Test and compare such solutions with Listerine Antiseptic.

This well-tried antiseptic owes its amazing effectiveness to two things: It kills germs in fastest time recorded by science—(The Lancet); it has great penetrative powers.

Remember! When you need an antiseptic, your health—perhaps your life—demands the best. Play safe and use Listerine Antiseptic.

Non-Poisonous . . . soothing and healing . . . Safe

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



How Many Gardeners Know the Calceolaria?

Unusually picturesque as to form, brilliant in color, easy to grow, it brings decorative beauty to both garden and rooms. . .

Says the OLD GARDENER

In all walks of life, people are inclined to eschew the unusual—just because it is unusual, and not because it is unpleasant or unlovely. Especially is this so in the garden. People cling to old-time favorites quite religiously. They lack the initiative to shake themselves out of the rut. And yet we may depend upon the calceolarias to give the necessary jolt, so lovely and so brilliant are they. You will simply have to have them for your garden—especially when you learn how easy they are to grow.

THE calceolaria is a flower we do not see in many gardens. Too often do we find people hanging on to the old and well-known flowers, nervous of trying their hand at growing something out of the ordinary. But this is an unusual flower that is easy to grow, interesting, and particularly useful for decorative purposes.

There are over one hundred species, and most of these are distributed over various parts of America. A plant that does well in America will also grow well in many parts of Australia because the climatic conditions of both countries are similar.

Other species of calceolaria are found in Chili and Peru, and two species are natives of New Zealand.

The herbaceous calceolaria was considered very difficult to grow at one



SPRING HARVEST. . . Golden-headed marigolds, dusky pansies, violets, grape-hyacinths in an ordered profusion tumble from the basket, and proclaim the hand of an artist. A nonchalant bow dazes them for presentation. You'll note that the humble loganberry forms the background of green for these lovely spring blossoms.

and white (Cloth of Silver). Therefore we cannot select seeds for one uniform display.

SOW the seed as early in the summer as possible in a soil consisting of rich, porous loam, pressed firm into a box or seed pan.

The seed is very fine, like dust, and so great care must be taken in the handling of it. The slightest breeze would blow it away—therefore, sow indoors. A good idea is to mix it with a little sand before sowing.

Sprinkle the seed over the surface of pan or box. Press firmly into the soil with a piece of smooth, flat board, then cover very lightly with well-decayed manure rubbed fine and passed through a sieve.

Place over it a piece of glass. When watering, stand into a tub of water, not allowing the water to overflow into the box or pan. The water will come to the surface by capillary action, through the holes and drainage in the bottom of the box.

In about a week the seedlings will be up, and the glass must then be removed. If the glass is not removed they will be useless.

Pricking Out

WHEN the second leaves appear they can be pricked out into pots or flats, made specially for the purpose by punching holes in the bottom, and placing drainage in them. Boxes would do. Space the young plants about two inches apart whilst they are growing, and keep them well shaded and moist, but not too wet. In about six weeks they will be large enough to transplant into their permanent quarters.

If in cold climates, keep in pots in the bush-house or glasshouse, but along the coast, where frosts are scarce, they will be quite safe.

Choose Sheltered Beds

THE beds where the calceolarias are to be grown should have good loamy soil mixed with leaf-mould, sand, and well-decayed manure. Soil from the chimney is also most beneficial.

The bedding calceolarias can be treated with no more attention than one pays to pansies or any other annual or perennial. The only requirement is a sheltered position, cool, and good soil, as I have mentioned.

Propagation Easy

CALCEOLARIAS can be propagated from young shoots, which strike freely towards the end of summer—when the sun's heat is on the decline. The cuttings can be put into pots or sand-frames in sandy soil, and when they are struck they can be placed in boxes or pots and returned to the frame. Careful attention during the autumn and winter will give good, hardy, well-advanced plants for the following summer.

Choose from the following varieties: Golden Gem, Sparkler, Victoria, Invincible, General Havelock, and Burbridge. Try growing calceolarias this summer, and know how interesting they are!

SPECIAL OFFER

To Women's Weekly Readers
Mention the "Women's Weekly" when ordering the following set of Dahlias Flowered Zinnia Seed, and pay 4/- instead of 5/-. The seed should be sown now.
EXQUISITE, 100; GOLDEN STATE, 50; ORDESON MONARCH, 50; SEVEN, 50; VAL, ORVILLE, 50; and gold, POLAR BEAR, 50; DREAM, 50; CANARY BIRD, 50; PURPLE PIGEON, 50; YOUTH, 50; ELDORADO, 50; LUTHER, 50; deep pink, 50; and 50.
Each 6d. per set of 12 sets, for 6/-, post free. If "Women's Weekly" is mentioned.
CROUCH MIXED SEED, 6d. 1/-, and 2/- per set.
ANDERSON & CO., LTD.
Seed and Plant Merchants.
100-101 George Street and 100 Pitt Street, SYDNEY. Box 10088B, G.P.O.

WHAT A LOVELY BLOUSE—DO TRY IT ON

OH, I CAN'T IN THIS SHOP—MY UNDIES ARE A SIGHT

BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS BUYING NEW UNDIES—WHY DO THEY WEAR OUT SO QUICKLY?

WELL, WASHING RUINS THEM, MAKES THEM LOOK SO SHABBY AND SHRINKS MY WOOLLY ONES.

I'VE BEEN THINKING—DON'T YOU USE LUX FOR YOUR UNDIES? I USE IT AND MINE WASH AND WASH IT'S SO SAFE.

SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET? WELL, I'LL TRY IT.

WEEKS LATER

AREN'T THESE UNDIES A DREAM? NOT A BIT SHRUNKEN AND I'VE WASHED THEM HEAPS OF TIMES.

IT JUST SHOWS HOW MARVELLOUS LUX IS. DOESN'T IT?

Are you thinking of buying new undies?

Don't you love the new undies, delicate silk ones, dainty woollies? You can keep them like new, if you give them Lux-care. Just slip undies in foamy Lux-lather, no worry about shrinking, or fading colours. Lux is specially made for washing woollies. There's no soda in Lux. It won't harm delicate colours or fabrics.

LUX WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS

A LEVER PRODUCT

SAVORY WAYS with Cheap Cuts

Know how to turn the cheapest cuts of mutton and beef into the most tasty . . . nourishing and tempting dishes

STEWING is simmering in a small quantity of liquid. It is the most economical way of cooking meat for the following reasons:—

1. Cheapest cuts of meat may be used as the slow process of cooking renders the tough meat tender.
2. Any goodness extracted from the meat is retained in the gravy.
3. Time and labor are saved and very little gas is necessary to cook it.
4. No waste in nutriment, as solids and liquids are served together.
5. It may be reheated when required without spoiling.

There are two classes of stews made from raw meat:—(1) Brown stew made from red meat; (2) white stew made from white meats.

Meats suitable for brown stews are:—Salt, blade, and topside steak; ox-tail; ox-kidney; sheep kidneys; neck of beef; neck, leg, and shoulder chops.

Meats suitable for white stews:—Veal, tripe, rabbit, brains; poultry, neck of mutton, neck chops.

White stews are lighter and more easily digested than brown stews, but the latter are more savory.

Do not allow the stew to boil, as a stew boiled is a stew spoiled.

SHEEP'S TONGUES FINANCIERE
Four sheep's tongues, 1 pint brown sauce, macedoine of vegetables, a border of mashed potatoes, a little stock.

Wash the tongues, put into tepid stock and simmer gently until they are tender (at least 2 hours). Remove skin while they are hot. Trim down the roots and cut each tongue into slices, lengthwise. Heat the tongues in brown sauce, and dish them on a border of mashed potatoes with the macedoine of vegetables in the centre and sauce poured round.

FOR THE SAUCE: 1 pint brown sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped ruffie, 1 oz. butter.



MOTHERS!
Give your children their milk-quota in tempting fresh fruit Junkets!

If your children won't drink milk, give them their daily requirement in the form of Hansen's delicious fruit Junkets! The colour, fragrance and real fruit flavours of these dainty Junkets encourage young appetites. Easily and quickly made with Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence, they solve the sweet problem for busy mothers.

Order some Hansen's Essence for Making Fruit Junket to-day from your grocer—serve Fruit Junkets regularly to the family!

● If you prefer plain junkets, you can get Hansen's Junket Tablets at all grocers.

HANSEN'S
Essence for making
FRUIT JUNKETS
ORANGE—LEMON
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

HERE is no dish subject to such hard criticism as "stew." And yet, is there anything more appetising than the odor of a deliciously-cooked stew?

Any dish that can compare for tastiness—or one so thoroughly enjoyable—as the selfsame stew carefully prepared, well-cooked, and temptingly served?

Simmer mushrooms and truffle in butter for 10 minutes. Add brown sauce and stand by side of the fire for 20 minutes to absorb the flavor. Tummy and use.

FRICASSEE BRAINS

Three sets brains, small piece onion, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, 3 gills milk, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley.

Soak the brains in salted water, remove the skin, place in cold water, bring quickly to a boil; pour that water away, cover with fresh cold water, add the chopped onion and boil 12 minutes; make the white sauce, add the seasoning, parsley, and brains, which have been cut in half. Thoroughly reheat, serve on a hot dish.

Tripe may be done the same way as this.

STEWED OX TAIL

One ox tail, 2 onions, 3 pints stock or water, peppercorns, 2 carrots, 2



THE SAVORY ODOR of a good stew is not its only appetizing feature. All the goodness of vegetables and meat is retained. Thus there is no loss of flavor or of nourishment.

turnips, 1 oz. flour, chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Cut the tail into neat joints. Remove fat and wipe with a damp cloth. Place meat in a large saucepan. Add onions sliced and water, and allow to simmer very gently for two hours, then add prepared carrots and turnips, and cook for two hours longer. Remove meat and vegetables, and allow the gravy to become cold. Remove the fat. Reheat the gravy. Add the blended flour. Stir till it boils and thickens. Add the tail, vegetables, and seasonings, and simmer one hour. Serve on a hot dish, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

DEVONSHIRE STEW

1 ounce fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 lb. gravy beef, salt and pepper to taste, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 pint water.

Make the fat hot in a saucepan. Slice onions and fry in fat till brown. Add flour and allow to brown. Add vinegar, and gravy beef, cut in slices. Then add water. Stir till it boils. Add salt and pepper and simmer over a low gas for two hours. Serve very hot.

BEEF OLIVES

One and a half lbs. steak, 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon thyme, little butter, egg or milk, salt, pepper, 1 dessert-spoon plain flour, 1 dessert-spoon fat, 1 pt. water.

Cut the steak into squares about four inches, mix breadcrumbs, herbs, butter, salt, and pepper well together, bind with milk or beaten egg. Put portion of mixture on to each square of steak; roll up, and tie the firmly with string. Make the fat hot in a saucepan, and fry well. Pour away the fat, add water, and simmer for two hours. Blend the flour with a little cold water, stir into the gravy; boil well, take out the olives. Re-

move the string, place on a hot dish and pour the hot, strained gravy over.

HARICOT MUTTON

One and a half pounds neck chops, 1 carrot, 1 pint water, 1 oz. flour, salt, 1 onion, 1 turnip, 1 oz. dripping, chopped parsley, cayenne.

Make fat hot in a saucepan. Trim chops and fry till brown on both sides,



WHO DOESN'T love a good curry? How its savory odor whips up the appetite and adds zest to the meal! It has another big advantage—it can be prepared well in advance of any meal, and slowly reheated just before serving.

CURRIED CHOPS

One and a half pounds leg chops, 2 cups curry sauce, 1 oz. boiled rice, slices of lemon, fat.

Trim the chops. Melt the fat in a saucepan. Fry chops on both sides till brown. Strain away any fat. Add curry sauce. Allow to simmer gently till chops are tender. Make a border of hot rice on a hot dish. Pour curry into the centre. Garnish with slices of lemon, and serve at once.

SEA PIE

One pound steak, 1 sheep's kidney, 1 teaspoon flour, salt, cayenne, 1 pint water, small carrot, turnip, and onion, suet crust.

Cut steak and kidney into small pieces. Mix in flour, salt, and cayenne. Put into a saucepan, add water, and allow to simmer gently half an hour. Add the vegetables, which have been cut into blocks, salt and pepper. Simmer half an hour. Make the suet crust. Roll into a round the size of the lid of the saucepan. Place on top of the meat. Make a hole in the centre. Place lid on tightly, and simmer about one hour. Cut the pastry into four or eight. Put the meat on a hot dish, and place the pastry on top. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

STEWED STEAK

One pound lean steak, 1 onion, salt, cayenne, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour.

Cut meat into small pieces and coat with flour. Cut onion into dice, and fry in the fat till brown. Add the meat and allow to brown. Add the water and stir till it boils and thickens. Add salt and cayenne. Simmer from 2 to 2½ hours. Serve on a hot dish sprinkled with chopped parsley.

There are 47 delightful Rosella Jams and Jellies.

Good Advice
The best is Rosella

Mira Plum Jam

The favorite of them all!

Mira means wonderful, and this exclusive Rosella Jam is true to name. Wholesome and delicious, it retains all the goodness of special dark, red plums. Get a tin from your Grocer to-day. You will thoroughly enjoy

Solus Apricot, Orange Marmalade, and Raspberry, three more of these popular pure fruit Jams and Jellies.

Packed in gold-lined, hygienic cans.

Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS



ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER

Some secrets all women keep. One they pass on, because there is a kind of sympathy between all women as one point—that of never wanting to be "caught" by the world with a "soap and water" face or a shiny nose. So, one woman tells another that "Australian Rice" Face Powder WILL stay on; will prevent shiny nose; will look well for hours, in any kind of light and any kind of weather. So the sales of "Australian Rice" Face Powder remain at high-water mark. Popularity, to be maintained, must be deserved. And "Australian Rice" Face Powder reads no expert eye to detect that it is as good a face powder as one could find, in a box as small as one could wish, of a size larger than the usual 2½d. box of powder, yet selling at only 1/6d. If you've got money to burn, buy dresses and hats—more money won't buy you a better beauty powder than "Australian Rice" Face Powder. But be sure it is.

AUSTRALIAN RICE FACE POWDER

EVERY Recipe A WINNER

READERS' recipes this week are very helpful.

First Prize of £1 goes to Mrs. A. Waters, Tarcoola, 192 Wellington St., Launceston, Tas., for the following:—

CAPON A LA FRANCAISE.

(For 4 or 5 Persons).

One capon, 2 raw eggs, 1 lb. butter, 3 or 4 rashers of bacon, 1 lemon, 1 onion, 1 pint of stock, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoonful of rice (boiled), 1 gill of cream, or unsweetened condensed milk, salt, pepper, watercress, or a few leaves of lettuce heart.

Prepare and truss the capon as for roasting. Wipe it inside and out with a cloth, wrung out in hot water; rub the outside with cut lemon. Tie 2 or 3 rashers of very fat bacon round the breast and the rest of the bacon around the bird. Put it into a saucepan with the onion and stock, cover, and simmer very gently until the bird is cooked (about 1 hour). Boil the rice in about 1 pint of stock until the stock is absorbed, and the rice soft; add beaten

This Week's Prize-winners in Our Big Competition

Our weekly recipe competition offers housewives a thrilling opportunity to win a little pocket-money. To compete, all you have to do is select a good recipe, write it out, and send it in to our offices, marked "Best Recipe Competition." Then leave it to our good judgment whether you receive £1, 10/-, or one of our four 2/6 consolation prizes.

Other prizes are awarded as follows:—

CRYSTALLISED VIOLETS.

Fine blooms of the dark violets should be chosen, and each carefully examined to see it is free from dust and insects (wash flowers well).

Dissolve two sheets of gelatine in a quarter of a pint of boiling water. Leave until luke-warm. Dip each violet into this and set it in a cool place to dry. Boil 1 lb. of sugar in half a pint of water

If you know a delectable recipe, suitable for spring—be it cake, meat, savory—now is the time to send it along. Cash prizes are awarded each week.

until a thick syrup is obtained, and dip flowers one by one in the syrup, and spread on a wire sieve. Dust thickly with very fine castor sugar and leave to dry. Shake off the sugar that does not adhere to the violets and keep in a dry place. These are very nice for decorating cakes, and have a delicious flavor.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. J. R. Parker, Railway Station, Molong, N.S.W.

MELTON MOWBRAY PIE.

Two or 3 lb. of pork, a few hard-boiled eggs, salt, pepper, and marjoram.

Crust.

5oz. lard, 3oz. fresh butter. Put into a saucepan with 1 pint of boiling water. Stir until dissolved, then pour into 1 lb. flour. Knead into shape while warm otherwise it will crack if it gets too cold.

Filling.

Put layers of fat and lean pork, cut up about size of small nut, in dish, also eggs in rings and pack in alternate layers until dish is filled; put a lid on and decorate with trimmings of pastry. Put the ring and a pig's foot on to stew and when pie is cooked fill with the gravy which will jelly when cold. Bake in a fairly hot oven for a start, and slow down to medium and bake for about 1½ hours. This can be made into six or more pies.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Strackey Bay, West Coast, S.A.

PRUNE PUDDING.

Half-pound prunes, 1 lb. breadcrumbs, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, and sugar and a little vanilla to flavor.

Stone prunes, and grease well a basin with butter, stick the prunes all around inside of basin so that none of the basin is showing. Have the breadcrumbs ready. Beat up the egg with milk, sugar, vanilla and breadcrumbs, put in saucepan, and let the mixture come to the boil. Pour into the prune-lined basin, stick remainder of prunes on top, cover with greased paper, then with a cloth or lid, and steam for 1½ hours. When turned out, it will be all dark outside, and cream inside. Serve hot or cold, with a vanilla-flavored creamy custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. S. Blanch, Mt. Stirling (Glen Aplin), Qld.

ENOYIT PUDDING.

One cup of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, quarter of a cup of sugar, 1 cup of milk, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons butter (melted), and 1 cup of mashed bananas.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar into a bowl, add well-beaten egg and milk, melted butter, and, lastly, the bananas, which have been well-mashed with a fork. Mix all together, place in a greased earthenware dish, and bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot, with custard flavored with lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

PUFF PASTRY.

(This is the recipe of a Chinese cook. It will keep for months in an airtight tin.) One pound suet, 1 lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, juice of one lemon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg beaten, 2 tablespoons dripping, and a little cold water.

Mince suet three times. Rub dripping into sifted flour, salt, baking powder, add lemon juice, and enough water to mix into stiff dough. Roll out on floured board. Divide suet into three equal parts, spread one-third over pastry, and fold in two. Roll until suet is well worked in, taking care so that suet from you only. Then add more suet, and keep on in this manner until all suet is worked in. Roll out thinly, and cut half the mixture into plain round shapes, and the other with hole in centre. Place one on top of other and cook in a hot oven. When cold, place in tarts. This pastry is very good for sausage rolls.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Golda Mandengal, 21 James St., Limerick, N.S.W.

Soothe Raw Upset Stomach!

HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder gives fast, sure and COMPLETE benefit in even severe cases of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acidity, Fermentation, Ulceration, Palpitation, etc. Unrest stops at once. The stomach lining is soothed, healed, protected. Inflamed, ulcerated, internal surfaces return to normal. Bowels, too, (where 75% of digestion occurs) are aided by Harrison-Maclean Powder. Thus a proper, healthy remedial process is established. Prof. H. Maclean, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, who distinguishes through the truly remarkable formula upon which this remedy is based, belief alone does little good. A restoration to real stomach health is what you need. Take Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder and recover the digestion of a youngster. Nearest to you, any good Chemist, 2/6d. or direct from Harrison-Maclean Laboratories, Australia House, Sydney. (Add 2/- postage.) Beware of substitutes—get the White Package with Black and Red Printing. Pain-free digestion is assured when you take Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder.



"Here's our chief guest.
If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in
our great feast."
—Shakespeare.

HOST HOLBROOK says:

"Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce must not be forgotten, for without it no meal is complete.

It will give a zest to the soup, and add a piquant relish to every meat and savory dish."

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Two dark, obscure, mysterious and independent Centuries ago, but began to probe the mysteries of the unknown, to disclose the hidden truths of nature. Astonishing results were achieved—miracles, some declared them. The conditions which enslaved men and women—misfortune, disease and despair—were conquered. This wealth of knowledge was accumulated in vast temples and seats of learning available to all who sought it. This growing power and knowledge of the masses was a challenge to selfish and corrupt rulers. Alexandria was ordered burned, Tripoli destroyed. The rare knowledge was damned, sealed, and buried.

THIS FREE BOOK

Nothing in the creation that these strange laws of life, nature, and personal power have not nature revealed from the earth. Secret Brotherhoods were formed in secret copies of the ancient manuscripts or release them from beneath crumbling temple walls. The "Yogi" men of these ancient brotherhoods (not a religion), have preserved this knowledge that makes possible PERSONAL POWER and HAPPINESS. While for the FREE REVEALED BOOK. It tells how you may produce these age-old secret methods. Address: SCRIBE, I.W.L., Box 1000H, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

REMEDY FOR MICE! An easy way to clean out mice is to mix one heaped teaspoonful of "SQUILLITOX" Powder to four ounces of dedicated coconut and put in a mouse for mice to eat. Another way is to spread the "SQUILLITOX" Powder on bread and butter or dripping, and cut into small pieces. "SQUILLITOX" can also be mixed with melted dripping and put out in shallow tin dish, so the powder can be merely dusted on mice. "Squillitox" kills the mice, but is absolutely harmless and non-poisonous to humans and all domestic animals. "SQUILLITOX" can be obtained from most Chemists and Druggists at 1/6d tin. "Squillitox" of course, kills rats, too, and a 1/6d tin will make 100 rat-killing balls. If trustworthy locally send 1/6d in stamps to Box 2000EE, G.P.O., Sydney 2000.

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You can now lighten darkened, brownish blond hair 2 to 4 shades in one shampoo without bleaching.
You cannot shut your eyes to the fact that natural hair blondes are most fascinating to both men and women. It's their blond hair that makes them stand out. But when it turns brown and mousy it lets down your whole personality. It then looks that shabby colorless that makes the blondes so lovely—so desirable. Now you can bring back that lovely natural blond color—without using ordinary shampoos. See blond, that wonderful shampoo treatment, will not only lighten your darkened hair 2 to 4 shades lighter, but will give it that lustrous shining silken softness and beauty that is possessed only by natural, golden blond hair—without using irritating dyes, henna, or any other dye or injurious chemicals. Used by millions—makes every kind of permanent wave last longer. Try it yourself, or at your hairdresser's, and if you don't think it is the finest thing you've never just ask for your money back. Known abroad as "Blondine" and "Blondex". Made in England. Sole distributors: Pusey & Johnson, Ltd. P.O. Box 3899, S.S. Sydney.

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3 1/2 of 1 lb. tins

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Exclusive... Wild-Rose Trousseau SET for YOU

Transfer in an exquisite wild-rose design, silk nightdress already stamped with design, patterns, also material, available — the same as nightdress — for step-ins and slip...



PETROV sketches the nightgown length, and shows how the slip and step-ins will look. When ordering, note that postage is free to all States. Also be careful when ordering material to state color and quantity; when ordering patterns state size. You will find the various box numbers on our usual pattern page.

"DREAM-COME-TRUE" we might name this lovely wild-rose trousseau set—for every girl dreams of just such lovely wearing apparel, so exquisitely designed and expertly cut. Not only to the bride-to-be will this appeal, but to every woman lover of beauty.

FIRST, the lovely wild-rose transfer, 10 x 30, costing 1/-. It is arranged for a squarish neck and around the sleeve. It may be used for the four-gored slip and step-ins, and is already traced on the nightdress length. Design will take 2 skeins of embroidery cotton, and is equally delightful worked in white or in various colors.

The wild-rose design is traced ready for your facile embroidery on a glorious nightdress length, 29 x 51 inches. It is made in pale pink, pale blue, and white shiraz art silk material that washes and irons beautifully, nor does the white turn yellow. All you have to do is first to embroider it, then machine up the sides, and hem round the bottom—quite

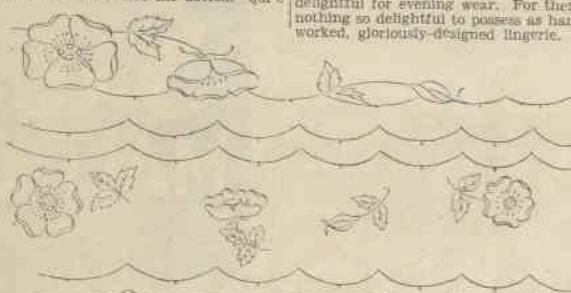
quickly done. Price of the nightdress length, stamped with design, 5/11.

Then we have exclusive paper patterns for sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, for tailored step-ins and fitting slip. Step-in pattern will cost 1/-, slip pattern, 9d.

Step-ins are cool and free, and pretty for your "box." These have braided top. With the embroidery round the neck and perhaps lace-trimming round the legs, you'll have an altogether delightful garment. Slip is four-gored, promising a glove-like fitting under your new spring frocks.

You may buy the material, exactly the same as that used in the nightdress, pink, blue, or white, for 1/9 a yard, so that you will have a really matching set. Material required for the step-ins, 11 yards. For the slip, 21 yards.

Consider making this exclusive, perfect little set for trousseau, for day—and delightful for evening wear. For there's nothing so delightful to possess as hand-worked, gloriously-designed lingerie.



SHOWING PORTION of our exclusive wild-rose transfer. Price 1/-.



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To Enjoy More Leisure

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YOU MUST COOK BY ELECTRICITY

30% REDUCTION

In Rates for all who Cook Electrically

To every home in which an Electric Range is fitted, and every 10 kilowatt-hours (units) of electricity will now be supplied at 7d. (seven-tenths of a penny) per unit instead of 10d.—a reduction of 30% which applies to ALL electricity used in such homes.

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Free installation.

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We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

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● "Got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, all right! Grandpa says it's kind of a hard climb. But not for athletic fellers like me! I'll get there!"



● "Oooh — going up! 'Course this stunt might bother some kids — but it's easy for me! No matter how hard I exercise, I never get chafed and uncomfortable, 'cause I use plenty of the best kind of baby powder — Johnson's!"



● "Where — right next to the man-in-the-moon! And I wasn't hardly half trying! My trainer certainly keeps me in championship condition with those Johnson Baby Powder rubs. And that reminds me — I've got a tip for all you Mothers . . ."



● "Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. Some of 'em feel gritty — but Johnson's is soft as silk!"

That is why Johnson's Baby Powder is the best your baby can have; it is softly soothing. For complete protection use Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream also.

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc, the Modern Toothbrush, Mace, etc.

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price — Now 9d. per tablet.



Tough grass seems tender when you've used "3-in-One" on the mower. As it lubricates, this oil keeps bearings cleaner and prevents rusting. Get a handy can or bottle and try it. Doors, locks, hinges, guns and household tools should be oiled with "3-in-One" regularly.

Sold by Ironmongers, Stationers, etc., in 1 oz., 3-oz., 8-oz. Bottles, and 1-lb. and 5-lb. Family Oil Cans.
R. W. CAMERON & CO., 24, Bond Street, Sydney.

"Sarawaki" Wedding

From Our London Office—By Air Mail.
THE wedding of Miss Elizabeth Brooke, otherwise Princess Pearl of Sarawak, to Harry Roy, the dance band leader, took place amid scenes of wild enthusiasm at Caxton Hall.

The marvellous demonstrations were led by Harry's band, who turned up in force and played all his most famous making tunes, including the serenade "Sarawaki," which the young man composed specially for his bride.

All his fans cheered wildly when, through the window, they saw Harry greet his new grandmother, Lady Escher, with a kiss; and when the bride arrived with her mother, the Rancee of Sarawak, their car was most terrifyingly mobbed.

This happened again when the young people emerged from London's most famous register office as man and wife, and took their places in the car, that was drawn for some distance by members of the band. The police had the greatest difficulty in restoring order.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roy are spending their honeymoon in the south of France.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Do Toys Foster the Spirit of War?

By MARY TRUBY KING

In my last article I dealt with the right kind of toys for children to play with, mentioning only their advantages from a health point of view.

There is undoubtedly another aspect to be considered when choosing toys, and a correspondent has raised this question.

THE child, when it is old enough to have a choice, displays its natural interests and tendencies in the playthings that it selects.

But do the toys given to children play any part in developing their character and outlook?

A Tasmanian reader has raised this question. She writes as follows:

"Following on your article about toys for babies and toddlers, I should like to have your opinion on toys for children. My son is very keen to own a pistol. His father says, 'Why not?' and would give him guns, soldiers, tanks, and all the array of warlike mechanical toys that are for sale these days. Does this not foster the spirit of war in our young?"

This is a difficult question. Naturally we hate war and the thought of bringing up our children as barbarians who cannot settle disputes except by the sacrifice of human life. But will the withholding of all warlike toys really help our children to a hatred of war?

The small boy referred to has a strong desire to own a pistol, as I suppose many of his "coppers" do. The desire to be on an equal footing with his friends is far greater in the average child than the urge to destroy. By denying the child a pistol will not the mother make him all the more keen to possess one?

Frustration of a keen desire usually means that the child will scheme and plan with great ingenuity to overcome the obstacles placed in his way.

ONE has to consider the child's sense of inferiority. If, at school, John and Billy and Michael sport a gun, the child will feel very inferior if he has to own up, "Mother won't let me." Give the child the toys his heart desires, and in all probability, when the novelty has worn off, he will turn his attentions with just as much enthusiasm to less warlike pursuits.

I am inclined to agree with the father, for, if the mother denies the child the longed-for pistol he will probably save up his pennies and go and buy one, unknown to his parents, and hide it somewhere.

And then what have you done? You have, albeit unknowingly, encouraged dishonesty by fostering a temptation.

When you have given the child the pistol, instruct him how to use it. It must never be pointed at any human being. Make this rule absolute.

Home-made Devices

THERE is no need in the planning of toys for children to go to the expense of buying any a Montessori outfit. Such outfits are all very well in the nursery school or kindergarten; but the individual child can obtain the same enjoyment and education through simple home-made devices.

A set of tins of different sizes, with lids to be fitted on, are of absorbing interest to the toddler. So are colored wooden beads to be threaded, and a box of odds and ends of wood bought for a few pence from the local carpenter. Such blocks should have their sharp edges sand-papered, and will then make fine constructional toys. There are also mother's discarded kitchen pots and pans which, together with a kerosene box and a little imagination, serve for the domestic game.

A bucket of water and half a dozen corks will keep a child absorbed manoeuvring his "fleet" for hours. A sand heap in the back yard is an endless source of joy, and all handless cups and broken-spouted teapots will do yeoman service here.

NEIGHBORS might combine one summer to buy a garden paddling pool—the kind made by tarpaulin fixed to a wooden frame. Pop the kiddies in their bathing suits and shady hats into this pool and you'll get ahead with the housework for hours without interruption! Upturned walnut shells make excellent boats with a match for a mast, and water-marbles can be played with a set of colored ring-pone balls.

For wet days, proper blunt scissors should be provided, and old "fashion" books and magazines given to the children for cutting up for the purpose of making scrap-books.

The best place for the children is the

floor, provided it is properly covered with carpet and rugs. There, the child can change its position as often as necessary, and has greater freedom than when sitting at a table.

For the budding artist, provide some sheets of white kitchen-shelf paper. It is not wise to confine the child's style to tiny scraps of paper. Colored plasticine can be fashioned into an exciting zoo.

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WW488A

WW489A

WW490A

WW491A

WW492A

WW493A

WW494A

WW495A

NEW CAPE SLEEVES.
WW488A.—With its new cape sleeves, touch of shirring, and nonchalant tie, this will make a cute addition to your wardrobe. Material for 36-inch bust: 31 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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WW489A.—This frock, with contrast coat cut away to show soft bow beneath, is smart and new. Material for 36-inch bust: 34 yards, 36 inches wide. Coat: 17 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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WW490A.—If you want a simple, yet modish, style choose this frock with its dressy three-piece sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: 41 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

EVEN A CAPE FOR HER!
WW491A.—This trim little style—dress and cape—is for the lass aged 10 or 12. Material for 12 years: 24 yards, 36 inches wide. Cape: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

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WW492A.—Beffrilled, and shirred, this is one of our choicest wee frocks for a little girl aged two and four. Material for four years: 11 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

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WW496A.—This is a becoming and a modish jumper blouse. Material for 36-inch bust: 31 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

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This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 10 STAMPS to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

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BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 309, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 101X, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mathur and Co. Pty. Ltd., 105-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the Pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

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THREE delightful up-to-the-minute styles may be made with this week's free three-in-one pattern. Pattern is for 36-inch bust. Material for long-sleeved frock: 34 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. Short-sleeved frock: 24 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide.



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Dear Pauline,
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I have pleasure in congratulating you on your wonderful 'ASPRO.' I have tried all kinds of medicine for the last two years, but have had no relief for my Head and Nerves till I tried 'ASPRO' tablets. I can truly say that 'ASPRO' is the only medicine that has relieved me.

Yours truly,
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LOST LOVER

Continued from Page 36

"DID I tell you he'd been in love?" Marion was busy straightening the creamy rug and inlaid apple-wood, the gay green and peach chintz covers, or she might have seen the shrewd, side-long look. "Anyway, he was. Some poor little cabaret dancer, I believe, and that's so odd, for Gideon is so grand. But, of course, it was years ago, and he was quite young. Men change when they grow older, don't they?"

Marion looked up. Her eyes met Lois' intent gaze, fairly gentle and serene.

"I think we all do." She picked up her basin and went out; but Lois' eyes followed the tall blue figure through the door, puzzled. There were moments when Marion wished that the girl was really ill, in need of careful nursing. It would have been easier then to be kind than it was in this trivial routine of medicine, meals, and flowers, of taking messages.

The telephone.

She ought to have been prepared for that, but she was not.

It was on the eighth day; Lois had got up for the first time. Marion had tucked her in a deep chair by the fire.

"There! All right like that?" She reached without thinking for the tinkling instrument, held the receiver to her ear. "Hallo? (I'll get you your hot milk in a minute.) Hallo? This is Sloan 87623 extension, speaking. A trunk call?" The switch clicked.

"Lois? Is that you?" "Oh!" Taken by surprise, there was no time to hide her face. She went white, gasped.

"I had your letter, my dear, this morning." A deep, very tender note in his voice, a tone he kept for the few special people whom he trusted. Not the voice of the casual, quiet, rather bored Gideon who faced the world, but of that other, shy, idealistic, sensitive. Those few words told Marion more than all Lois' confidences. She tugged the receiver from her ear. "For you!" She thrust it into the girl's hands. Hurried towards the door. Her cheeks were burning. She dared not look back.

Lois, listening to the voice over the wire, stared thoughtfully after her, frowning. That little gasp? Nurse Westwell was so calm as a rule. Was it possible, after all? Her eyes grew narrow, hard.

"I SHALL be quite all right now," she told Marion sweetly, as she sipped the hot milk. "Why don't you go out for an hour?"

Marion looked at the window. The milky October sunlight flooded the square; a pleasant, fresh wind tossed the ragged leaves. It would be rather good to get out now, before the sunlight vanished. To walk until sheer physical exercise dragged thought.

"Thanks. I think I will, if you are really all right? Or shall I send your maid up?"

"No. I'll just dawdle." Lois cuddled down into the chair. But when the door had shut she sat bolt upright, listening intently.

It seemed an age before she heard the light step coming down the passage, going down the stairs.

The front door banged slightly. Lois threw off the eiderdown and stood up. Her knees were still weak, but she ran, stumbling, towards the window.

The neat figure in its long cloak was just crossing the square.

Lois opened her door. She peered into the passage, listened again. She did not want to be seen.

But the maids were all downstairs at this hour. She fled down the passage to Marion's room and shut the door.

Surely, surely if her wild guess was right there must be something here to prove it!

But at the first glance Marion's scanty possessions, daintily set out, seemed to deny that. Brush, comb and looking-glass, unmarked, of ivory; powder in a white, washable box; a handful of small yellow tulips in a vase; no photographs except one of a woman, middle-aged, with a lock of dark grey hair fastened inside the corner of the frame. A few religious books beside the bed.

Lois turned feverishly to the cupboards, to the drawers.

Underclothes, French linen, beautifully hand-made but unrevealing, had lavender between the folds. The nurse's blue dresses, the aprons, the caps and stockings could tell nothing. She bit her lips and sighed.

A writing-case?

There was one, and unlocked, with letters in it. Lois pulled them out, reading them hastily. Letters from nurses, a dirty half-sheet scrawled with gratitude from some poor patient—that was all.

She had turned towards the door, defeated, when she saw the small blue book.

It lay beside the bed, among the black ones with gold crosses, its shining polished calf gleaming brightly against their sombre sides. A thin book of

poetry, with no name inside. An anthology of verse, with here and there a pencil mark to draw attention to some special line.

Lois flipped the pages over contemptuously—and stopped.

"I never read this without thinking of you." Bold sloping letters, firm and full of character, unmistakable, they leaped to Lois' eyes. Gideon's.

She read the verse.

"When you dance, I could wish you a wave of the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that."

There was a hint of mockery and triumph in her eyes as she put back the book.

Two minutes later she was back in her own room, curled up in the chair, thinking.

Presently, she took up the telephone.

Lois had no idea, as she watched Lois' maid unpacking the big box of model dresses, that they concerned her at all.

"No, don't go away, nurse! I want you to help!" Lois had had a beauty treatment that morning. It had not tired her, decided Marion. She was looking radiant.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked. But her mind was on Gideon thought that to-morrow she would be free. Free to walk out of this house, never to see Lois again; free to keep herself in the hard, difficult, exhausting sort of ease which gave her temporary release.

"I want you to help me choose—" In gratitude for that approaching freedom, Marion tried hard to take a genuine interest.

"Put the first on again," she begged at last. "It has got a tiny bit of bright blue in the weave that brings out the color of your eyes."

"It's good," agreed Lois, whirling before the glass. "But horribly expensive! Never mind. This once, perhaps it's worth it."

She did not say worth what. She went on rather quickly.

"She must take it in just here, though. It makes my waist look big. Telephone to her, nurse. The number is on the box. Tell her she must send at once, get it done to-day. You're awfully good at making people do things."

Marion, catching sight of Lois' smile, wondered what the joke was as she sat urging the dressmaker to hurry, using a half-forgotten gift of wheedling to get her way.

She wondered, too, at the new outburst of affection which Lois showed all that last day, all the next morning.

"Oh, but you can't go before lunch! Please do stay and lunch with me. I haven't been downstairs to meals yet, and I still feel fearfully wobbly."

Marion hesitated. She wanted desperately to get away, out of reach of that shrill, sweet voice, out of sight of Lois' smiling, eager youth.

And just because she wanted to go dreadfully, she nodded.

"All right. If you want me to, but I must go after lunch."

"Of course!" Lois flitted away to put on her new dress, fresh from the dressmaker.

Going down the stairs, she put her arm round Marion's waist, affectionately.

They went into the drawing-room side by side.

It was like being hit, suddenly, between the eyes.

"Gideon, this is Nurse Westwell; who has pulled me through the agonies of 'flu'!"

Lois did not need the high note of triumph in the girl's voice.

Two faces. One sparkling, lovely, vivid. The other—

She saw him drag his eyes reluctantly from Lois, turn them casually upon herself. Saw his face change, become deadly white.

And then, for the first time in her life, her nerve and pride broke utterly. She turned and ran.

Flew through the door and up the stairs, three at a time, with no idea at all except to get away from Gideon.

She heard Lois cry out. Heard the leaping feet behind her as she gained the half-landing. Then two strong arms closed about her, held her fast.

"Why are you running away from me? Why did you hide from me? Why wouldn't you answer my letters?" Marion— His lips against her ear. He swung her round, facing him. "Oh, my dear, don't you know how desperately I've wanted you?"

Lois was standing, looking up the stairs. They did not see her. There were only two people left in all the world.

Marion's fingers went to her scarred face.

Gideon laughed aloud. "You—silly child! As if anything could spoil the one I love! The soul of you! Look into your own eyes!" He turned her towards the hanging-glass upon the wall.

Two faces there—alight with wonder and with happiness.

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EASY and cheap to make, yes—but with your own exquisite handwork these adorable trifles are lifted to the front rank of Christmas gifts, the kind of gifts all women love to receive, and which it is impossible to purchase. They are made as a labor of love, and never come on to the market—they are treasured for ever as mementoes and for their beauty and fragrance.

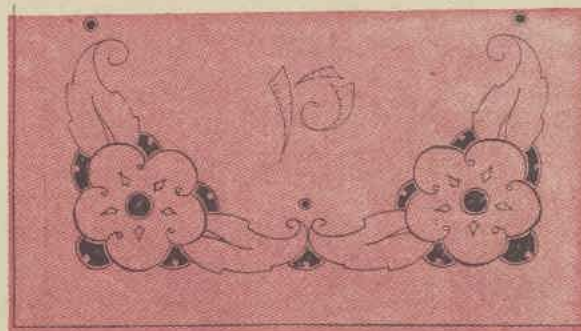
HERE are three small sachet sets, comprising a case for handkerchiefs, ties, or ribbons, a powder-puff case, and a comb case. . . . Ideal for the girl who is going on a holiday, and just as perfect for her dressing-table when she returns. There is one with peach blossom, one with a water-lily and leaf, and one with a small conventional cutwork flower.

Then there is a pyjama case, measuring about 12 inches wide

tional design. In pink, green, or sage Doreen linen. State clearly color and design required. Price, 1/6 per set of three.

The same Sachet Sets also obtainable in cream or white linen. Price, 1/9 per set of three.

Group of three wildflower kerchiefs in finest white, pastel-yellow, blue, or green linen. Each measures close on 11 x 11 inches, and features tiny hemstitched hems. One corner carries traced design. Choose between boronia,



HERE, on your right, you see Bertha Maxwell's enchanting group of three wildflower handkerchiefs, traced with sweet brown boronia, wattle, and gumnuts.

MEASURING close on 11 x 11 inches, these kerchiefs feature dainty hemstitched hems in finest white, pastel-yellow, blue, or green linen. Price 1/- each.

brodery shows nicely, turn inside out, and stitch together on the machine. Neaten the seams inside by overcasting so that they are not bulky, and trim away any awkward corners. The powder-puff cases may be scalloped together part of the way so that they are then sewn together as well. Leave a sufficient opening, and work these two parts singly.

The Pyjama Case

MAKE this up in the same way. The design is stamped on one end, and is worked in the usual manner of cutwork so often described on these pages. The edges of this case are left cut plainly.

Make a neat little hem to suit your own idea of size, and sew it invisibly at the back, or fasten it down with a thread to match the embroidery, making dots or knots on the right side.

The Handkerchiefs

THESE are all ready stamped on good linen, with the daintiest little hems imaginable. Just an hour or so will finish the three with satin stitches and a few knots or dots. The boronia is reddish-brown outside the petals, and greenish-yellow inside the flowers. The large open flower should have a trace of brown round the outside, then filled with the yellow. The centre bit is dark brown. The leaves are deep green.

The wattle can be worked in tiny dots in golden-yellow, with light green leaves. The gumnuts and their leaves should be worked in all green, or brown nuts and green leaves. Work their little tops as open eyelets, and satin-stitch or outline the bowl of each nut.

Press all well when finished. Add a sprig of lavender to the sachets, or a few dried rose petals.

ABOVE: Showing one end of pyjama case, which measures 12 x 18 inches. Obtainable in pink, green, or sage-blue linen for 1/6. White or cream linen, 1/9.

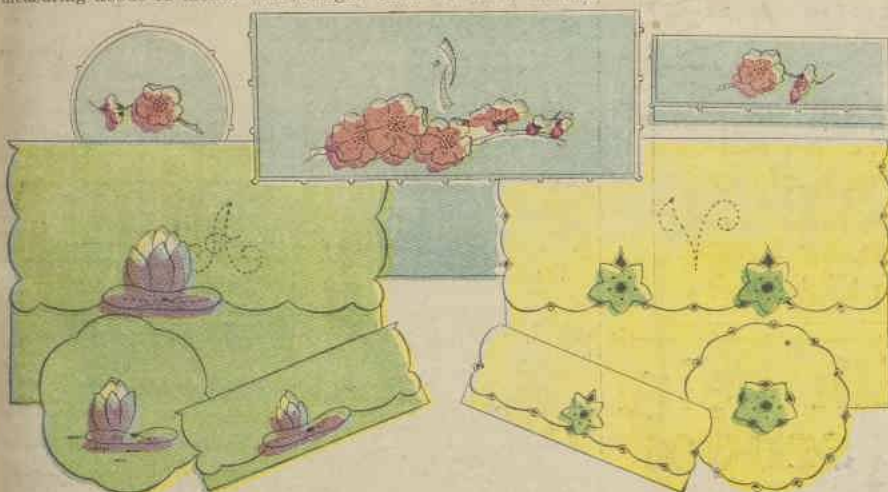
each leaf. Add any initial you wish to this set.

The Cutwork Flowers

THIS design offers scope for good stitchery of a very lasting nature, and can be carried out in all one tone, either a contrast to the linen or to match it.

Buttonhole the scallops, add small bars and picots between each scallop. Work each flower in buttonholing very well, add the tiny open bit at the top, and make it all very firm and true. Add an initial from either alphabet.

Making up the sachets is quite easy. Do the work on their ends first, then fold them together so that the em-



GROUP SHOWING exquisite sachet sets, each set comprising handkerchief, sachet, powder-puff case, and small comb case. You may choose between water-lily or cutwork flower design, stamped on pink, green, or sage Doreen linen. Price per set of three, 1/6. In heavy cream or white linen, price 1/9 the set.

by 18 inches long, for folding over into the case with an overlapping piece. On this piece, at one end, is stamped the quaint little cut design shown here, with room again for an initial.

And then here are the three little hankies which you can make in an hour for your friend overseas, your friend in the city, or for yourself: The dear little brown boronia, whose scent fills all the city streets as I write and makes even the horses kick up their heels for joy in the spring, the tiny sprig of golden wattle now passing by with the colder days that are gone, and the ever-friendly gumnuts.

These are their prices and materials:

Sachet Sets, each set comprising handkerchief, sachet, powder-puff case, and small comb case. Choose between peach blossom, water-lily, or cutwork conven-

wattle, or gumnuts. Price, 1/- each.

Pyjama case, measuring 12 x 18 inches, stamped with quaint

fully stamped ready to work, and there is almost nothing to do to some of them except to add your own stitching.

Don't Waste Time on

Inferior Needlework

"**U**SEFUL" and "beautiful" are the two watchwords of our needlework pages. . . . Time and stitchery are too precious to waste. They should be applied to those things which are a joy to handle, to use, to look at, and which are strong and useful enough to perform some service in the working of the home. There is no higher type of home-making than the combination of beauty and utility within our own four walls. Small needleworked pieces of linen for various purposes have ever played a prominent part in grace, the home with that touch of leisure and loveliness for which the interior decorator is ever striving.

How to Embroider Sachets

The Peach Blossom

RUN two lines of padding round the edge, and buttonhole well, adding little picot points where they appear. Then outline or satin-stitch the flowers, stems, and buds. Colors of flowers are pink in various tones, with brown stems; or you may make them scarlet, like the pyrus japonica which is blooming so well this year.

Add a Chinese initial from one of the lovely alphabet transfers which appeared on August 31—fruit blossoms always have just a suggestion of Chinese decoration when they are used as in this design.

The Water-lily

BUTTONHOLE the scallops over two running threads, using a shade to match either the leaves or the flowers, preferably the green of the leaves to keep the balance of color well arranged. The flowers are pink, white, blue, or mauve, as you please. Satin-stitch them smoothly, and make the green calyx to match the leaves.

Where the leaves form part of the edge, they must be buttonholed, and this stitch can quite well be carried on round

cutwork design, as illustrated. In lovely pink, green, or sage-blue Doreen linen. Price, 1/6.

Pyjama case, in cream or white linen. Price, 1/9.

There Are No Transfers

WE are able to offer you all these lovely pieces for so small a sum that transfers are not needed. They cost nearly as much as these prices we quote, and then you have the labor of assembling and stamping them. These small linens are beauti-





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Keeps them FIT AND WELL

Milk, Nature's own tonic food, supplies all the necessary body-building elements to supplement the school lunch.

Milk keeps children fit and well, able to resist disease and ill-health.

Milk is an insurance, it builds healthy children to-day for the battle of life to-morrow.

Drink and Use More MILK

Quoted by the Milk Board

ILLUSION

Continued from Page 6

"WHAT is your answer, Joan? Duty—or cowardice?"

She turned on him, her words wild and broken.

"It's not fair! Oh, it's not fair! To spoil all my life, to give myself to that man, to lose everything that is beautiful and worth while—"

"Joan!" Only once had she heard quite that tone in Prince Henry's voice, and that was when he had dismissed the envoy of Kaiser Wilhelm on the outbreak of war. "Are you a child or a fool that you talk of fairness or unfairness? This is life we face, not nursery protection. The women of your House have never been cowards. Are you to be the first?"

Joan's slender neck stiffened, her hands which had clutched her father's breast fell to her side; for a moment while the flash of fury lit her eyes it was easy to see she was his daughter. Then the anger at his question died out, and in its place came a stony determination.

"Please inform Prince Nikolai that I shall be ready to receive him when he wishes," she said, and her voice was clear and steady and expressionless. With the slightest of curtsies she backed away, opened the door, and went straight out of the room.

An hour and a half later a little group was gathered on the terrace facing the South Gardens. Tea was there and the footmen had withdrawn; Princess Henry, handsome and white-haired, was pouring out tea. There were present her husband, Captain Altenburg, a gentleman-in-waiting, one of her own ladies-in-waiting, Baroness Stantala, Prince Nikolai's equerry, one or two other officers, and a little distance apart, Joan and Nikolai of Carantia.

Joan was in white, a soft slip of a frock of white crepe-de-chino; her head bare, the only color a string of jade about her neck; and Nikolai was in uniform.

He was a tall man, although there was not an ounce of fat on him, with tremendous chest and shoulders, powerful arms, one shoulder higher than the other; his head was a fine shape, but he carried it badly, having formed a habit—probably to ease his shoulder—of thrusting it a little forward. His face was clean-shaven and, like his body, powerful, and his lines were harsh and deep.

He had bowed heavily over Joan's cold hand, but he had not kissed it—she had been grateful for that—and he had not shown by one look or tone that he regarded her as his prey. For that was what she was, she told herself—his prey; since her father had forced her to this sacrifice as surely as if they had been parent and child of five hundred years ago. She could no longer be whipped or starved or imprisoned into submission, but her position had not materially altered; conscience, tradition, the high ideal of duty which her father had with all his faults, never failed to follow—these were forces as powerful as chains in a prison wall.

"THE women of our House have never been cowards. Are you to be the first?"

She moved restlessly, hearing that contemptuous question again, and Nikolai got up from his chair, looked at her as if he sensed her discomfort, and spoke in a voice that was agreeable and quiet.

"I wonder if you would show me the gardens? Your mother tells me they are very lovely."

"Of course!" Joan said rather too quickly—since the moment must come it had better come soon—"If you don't mind the sun. This is the prettiest way, along the terrace and through the rose garden." She was aware in every nerve of the discreet glances that followed them, and thought with bitter amusement what her prospective bridegroom must look like—what her mother was thinking, what Nikolai himself must think of the girl so eager for a crown that she would marry him—him! A little shiver went through her despite her scorn and her determination. He walked with a curious heavy, lurching movement; no grace, no youth. . . . His voice startled her, his words still more.

"Princess—ma'am, I speak quite plainly? As I feel? As I know you must feel?"

She checked her step, then went on again; only her breath quickened a little and her face hardened. "I hope you do not know how I feel," she said, and instantly furious with herself for such a betrayal, stopped and looked him in the face.

"Please say what you wish," she said, very quietly. "Shall we sit down? These chairs are in the shade."

He bent his head in agreement, drew her chair a little further under the trees, and stood beside her, looking down, his gaze deep and sad and very clear.

"Princess—Joan"—he hesitated so long between the title and the name

that the name sounded like a curse—"you know why I have come. What I want. One thing you do not know, and that is this: I love you. No—wait!" For she had half-started from her chair in indignant protest. "I know we have only met once—that I am ugly, completely unattractive. But it is true. I loved you from that first moment when we met, and no other woman ever has or ever will mean anything to me. Your father has put the matter of our possible marriage forward in such a way that you feel it is your duty—the honor of your name—to marry me? Isn't that so?"

Joan, a surge of varying emotions in her mind nodded.

"Yes. He has. But—"

"But you would give half your life to escape? Do you suppose I don't know? Do you think I harbor any illusions about myself, Joan?"

The pain in his voice, and something more—its dignity—made Joan look at him for the first time as another human being who might possibly be suffering as she herself suffered. She saw then that whatever his body, his face despite its harsh lines, was not ugly. There was strength in it, position, character. She made no attempt to disguise the searching quality of her look, and he bore it steadily, though his close-shut lips were rather white. In comparison with the faces of the other men who had desired to marry her this man need not fear, and Joan felt the iron grip loosening that had held her heart so fast these last hours.

"If you will be patient with me—"

The words were half a question, and Nikolai made a little gesture.

"I will be patient. Is that my answer?"

Joan nodded. Despite that softening, she could not bring herself to any illusion of happiness; and her father's unusual gaiety, her mother's scarcely-hidden relief, the general air of approval and gaiety which surrounded her during the rest of the afternoon, only suffered to accentuate rather than destroy the dreariness of the future.

Please turn to Page 49

ANTS IN THE KITCHEN! The Ant nuisance in kitchens can be quickly stopped by a sprinkling of "X-ANT". This remedy kills the ants in a matter of seconds, and keeps others away for quite long periods. A 1/2 tin will keep the average kitchen free from the ant-pest for months. "X-ANT" is non-poisonous, and can be used among foodstuffs with perfect safety. That is why take shops use it so much. "X-ANT" is obtainable at all chemists and stores at 1/2d tin. If undesirable kindly send 1/2d in stamps to Mrs. JOHNSON, O.P.O., Sydney, and it will be sent to you post free.***

Acid Stomach inflicts untold misery



"Why am I always weak, nervous, dependant?"

There are countless women, men too, who for years have not known what it is to feel really fit and well. They drag wearily through life all unconscious of the fact that a chronically sour acid stomach is capable of souring one's entire existence. You can easily detect an acid stomach by the following symptoms: Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstrung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. If that is how you feel, don't resort to pick-me-ups but take 'Bisurated' Magnesia to sweeten your stomach. This will correct the excessive acidity of your gastric juice and overcome the chronic sourness of your stomach. With the "main spring" of your system in healthy working order your distressing symptoms will promptly vanish and you will soon be enjoying normal health and spirits. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from any chemist and start on the road to good health by taking a dose after your next meal—this effect will be a revelation to you. In 'Bisurated' Magnesia you have the supreme remedy for stomach troubles, with over 20 years' reputation for unfailing efficacy.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bisurated' Trade Mark **BISMAG**

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

FATAL Enemies of LOVELINESS

Spots and blemishes . . . never,
never neglect them!

By EVELYN

SOMEHOW or other, during early spring, many of us suffer from stray spots, blemishes, and a skin more inclined to muddiness than clear transparency. Powder and rouge, no matter how skilfully applied, simply fail to hide the trouble or troubles. No use being acutely unhappy or developing inferiority complexes about it all. Face them!

WE are probably reaping the delinquencies practised in winter. Richer, heat-producing foods have been consumed, and liver salads and greenstuffs; the skin has become sluggish—has not done a thorough job in throwing off impurities, storing them up instead; beauty routine has possibly been relegated to the to-morrow instead of "to-night."

This is an excellent time, however, to commence on a good-for-your-skin diet, even if you suffer from a skin with only a tendency to pimples.

Make good resolutions to eat lots of salads, green, cooked vegetables, plenty of fruit, a glass of orange juice at least once a day (not diluted juice), plenty of milk and eggs, lots of water between meals. For these are real complexion aids.

Local treatment for stray spots is helpful. They should be dabbed with a little diluted eau-de-cologne—half a teaspoonful of eau-de-cologne and the same quantity of hot water—and then smothered with boracic acid powder, dusted over before applying face powder. This milk and sulphur lotion is also beneficial.

Mix together a tablespoonful of flowers of sulphur with half a pint of milk. Let it stand for an hour or two. Without disturbing the sulphur (which must remain at the bottom of the glass) rub the milk lightly into the skin, or dab it on with a piece of soft linen. It can be made at night, used as a cleansing lotion, and again in the morning before applying the normal make-up.

This is considered to be marvellous for the complexion. The face should be washed twice a day with fairly hot water and soap, lathering freely.

Use the best medicated soap money can buy. Rinse with lukewarm water to which

a teaspoonful of eau-de-cologne has been added. Dry gently by dabbing the face with a soft Turkish towel.

One of the finest astringents to use (note this, you who have a tendency to acne) is a mixture of a dessertspoonful of boracic solution, a tablespoonful of witch-hazel, and a teaspoonful of eau-de-cologne.

The boracic solution or lotion is made by dissolving a teaspoonful of boracic acid powder in half a pint of boiling water. Bottle when cold.

You could also dab this lotion on the spots night and morning in lieu of the eau-de-cologne. Never, never squeeze the spots, otherwise ugly scars are liable to result after inflammation has died down.

Clearing the Muddy Skin

DULL, muddy-looking complexions may be cheered beautifully by the regular use of a mixture made from a cup of almond meal, a pinch of sulphur, and a teaspoonful of grated Castile soap.

Keep this in an airtight jar. Before going to bed at night (after cleansing the face in warm water) take a heaping teaspoon of this mixture, add sufficient warm water to make a lather, and apply the following way:

Dip a warm-water-moistened pad into the lather and rub it over face and neck, with the hands work it well in, kneading vigorously, using upward and outward movements.

Then rinse the face thoroughly in cold water, and finally close the pores with a mild astringent—a few drops of simple tincture of benzoin in the final rinsing water will suffice.

After a week you will note a decided improvement. Continue the treatment on alternate nights after the first week, and then twice weekly until you find your skin back to normal.



SHE HAS what most of us long for, a perfect complexion—fascinating Betty Furness, M.-G.-M. player. A skin of milk and roses . . . soft, smooth, and finely textured. In order to keep it so, she pays due regard to beauty care, to her health. She eats the right food, exercises out-of-doors, and never, never slips off to bed without thoroughly cleansing her skin. That would be fatal!

COMPARE THE PRICE
ACTUAL SIZE 13oz. BOTTLE
3/-



Win Admiration!

**BUILD UP STRONG, HEALTHY
NERVES... HAVE NEW, RICH BLOOD
COURAGING THROUGH YOUR VEINS...
BE WELL!**

Are you a victim of mineral-starved nerves? This may seem a strange question, but if you want to win popularity—magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a sparkle in your eye and a happy colour in your cheeks—pull yourself up to a health level where you'll glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line. Thousands of women right this minute are going about—nervy, listless, tired, run-down, "headachy," feeling half-sick—never knowing what it is to be really well. They hardly dream that the cause of their troubles is a deficiency of minerals. Yet scientists now know this to be the case.

MINERAL DEFICIENCY CAUSE OF NERVOUS DEBILITY

Food minerals are the basic elements of which our body is composed, and nerves become depleted of these elements due to the strain and stress of modern living. When this happens the nerve tissues are starved and the nerve cells become poisoned. But thousands of men, women, and children have regained sparkling, clear-eyed health and youthful vitality by taking BIDOMAK. BIDOMAK is a biochemic food supplement containing in concentrated form these important mineral elements essential for the proper nourishment of the nerve cells. BIDOMAK works by increasing the supply of red and white corpuscles in the blood stream. The vigorous white corpuscles eat up and remove the poisonous wastes; the red corpuscles and blood plasma bring food and revitalising oxygen to each nerve cell.



WEAKNESS, NERVOUS DEBILITY

Dear Sir—
I can confidently recommend your Bidomak to anyone suffering from weakness and nervous debility, or in a run-down condition of health after flu. Its effects, even after the first few doses, are really magical. The many friends in whom I have recommended it are equally enthusiastic about it.
Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) A.G.
(Original of above letter in our files.)

Bidomak

FOR NERVES BRAIN AND "THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"

DOUGLAS DRUG CO., 52 CARRINGTON STREET, SYDNEY (S. C. Pank, Manager) . . . ADELAIDE . . . PERTH

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I would like to learn something about the thyroid, and the effect on one's health if it does not function properly.

NOT only is the thyroid gland one of the most important structures in the body, it is also one of the best known to laymen. Perhaps the reason for this is the fact that, situated as it is in the front of the neck at its base, its enlargement is so readily noticed and so often commented upon.

The thyroid is one of the system of glands called the "endocrine" glands. Each one of these secretes a powerful chemical substance that does not flow into the bloodstream by means of a special duct, as is the case with other glands, the salivary, for instance, but the lymph stream, an adjunct of the bloodstream, takes up such chemical agents as it passes through and bathes the tissues of the gland.

The name of this secretion is "thyroxine."

If it is secreted in excess or in amounts less than normal, the mind, the nervous system, and even the body itself may become seriously affected. Even when the gland functions normally some disease may develop.

When too much thyroid is secreted by the gland, the condition is called "hyperthyroidism." Usually the gland is enlarged when over-secretion takes place, although this is not an invariable rule.

On the other hand a thyroid gland may be markedly enlarged to two or three times its normal size—and yet the supply of thyroid secretion may be normal.

In hyperthyroid conditions—to varying degree, depending upon the amount of increase—the symptoms are as follows: Rapid heart, sometimes irregular, sometimes with definite palpitation. A moist skin, and tendency to perspiration. Tremor of the fingers. Loss of weight, headaches, general nervousness, and prostration.

In cases of too little thyroid secretion, an opposite picture is presented. There is general sluggishness in movement and thinking, a dry skin, itching of the skin, a slow heart, and increase in weight.

Nowadays much can be done in the treatment of abnormal thyroid states. In severe cases of too much thyroid secretion, operative interference may be indicated, although with the use of the X-Ray and the administration of other endocrine glands that have a counter-acting influence on the thyroid, remarkable results are often achieved.

BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

AFTER suffering defeat at the hands of invading Yaca Indians, the warriors of Amaru are rescued by Brick Bradford and their chief, Manco, who, capturing the plane of Gable Zane, villainous white aviator, turn the tables on the invaders. Meanwhile June Salisbury, disguised as a Yaca, is with Princess Cuycha. Both love Brick. Zane, in a mad fit of greed, has slain the Yaca chief, Inca Hasta. Read on—

Panel 1: HASTA, THE YACA CHIEF, IS SLAIN - IN THE TREASURE HOUSE - AND ZANE IS BEING WOUNDED IN THE KING'S PALACE.

Panel 2: THE PALACE? WHY JUNE AND CUYCHA ARE THERE?

Panel 3: HALF-CREATED WITH TERROR OF THE YACA WARRIORS, HIS SLAYING HASTA THEIR CHIEF SAVED ZANE. CONSIDERS IN A ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE NOT KNOWING BRICK HAS CONQUERED THE YACAS WITH ZANE'S OWN PLANE.

Panel 4: I DON'T WANT TO DIE - I'M CAUGHT! I'LL KILL YOU - NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

Panel 5: VOICES! THEY'RE AFTER ME! NO! THEY'RE GIRLS VOICES! I MUST SEE - I MUST - I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

Panel 6: SWEET STRANGER - WHY CHASE ME? LET ME DECIDE BETWEEN US!

Panel 7: BEAUTIFUL! THAT PRINCESS I KNOW! I KNOW! I'LL KIDNAP HER - THEY'VE GOT TO LET ME GO WHEN - HER LIFE IF THEY TAKE MINE!

Panel 8: OUT OF MY WAY, JUNE! ZANE! NO! NO! CACTA!

Panel 9: STAND BACK YOU DIRTY DWARF OR I'LL SHOOT!

Panel 10: YOU BLASTED FOOL - TAKE THAT!

Panel 11: TO THE ROOF! SO I CAN SHOW THEM I HAVE THE KING'S DAUGHTER!

Panel 12: CARE NOT FOR CACTA LITTLE - I'LL PROTECT OUR PRINCESS!

Panel 13: COME ON, MANCO - TO THE PALACE - THOSE GIRLS ARE MY LOVE!

Panel 14: THE PALACE! SOMEONE ON THE ROOF HOLDING A GUN!

Panel 15: IT'S ZANE AND HE'S HOLDING CUYCHA!

Panel 16: YES, BRICK BRADFORD, IT'S ZANE! HE! AND IT'S GOLD AND FREEDOM FOR ME - OR THIS GIRL FALLS AT YOUR FEET!

Panel 17: LOVELY COUSIN CUYCHA! THAT DEAR PLAN TO KIDNAP HER TO MEAN DEATH UNLESS YOU LET ME GO - FREE!

Panel 18: WAIT, MANCO!

Panel 19: WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Panel 20: STAY HERE! I'VE PLINY TO SETTLE WITH THAT BOY! KEEP TALKING TO HIM! HE WON'T NOTICE MY GUN!

To be Continued!

Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PALE—
A short while ago I lost my dog—a nice little chap who appeared to be in the best of health, but who died suddenly. By his death I have lost a good friend, one who always stood by me whenever I was in trouble. I can't live without a dog, so I have decided to get another, quite a puppy, and we will have a real companion.

Have you ever had a dog, Pale? If you have, a dog is a real friend. I have treated him as a property, and he has treated me as a friend. I have a dog named Gonnie, and he is a real friend. I have a dog named Gonnie, and he is a real friend. I have a dog named Gonnie, and he is a real friend.

A very delightful letter came this week from NEVILLE THOMPSON (Willing, Anne, Gloucester), and Neville wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter.

Gonnie
From Your Pal,
GONNIE.

The Chicory Industry

BY MAVIS CARTHEW

AS very few people know anything about chicory and how it is grown, I thought I would write about the chicory industry in New Zealand. The ground is ploughed, and the chicory seed is put in with a drill some time in September. It has to be weeded as soon as the weeds start to grow. It is left to grow until about the middle of June, and then it is ready to dig. The chicory root resembles a parsnip, but is much longer, and the leaves of the chicory are different to a parsnip. You dig the chicory, then the leaves are cut off, and the roots are packed in boxes. The boxes are then loaded up in a cart and taken to a large wooden trough, where it is all washed with a high water hose. After it is washed thoroughly, it is put into bags, and after being examined down very tightly, the bags are then ready to be sent to the chicory kiln at Auckland, or to the railway station, and sent to Adelaide, where it is dried and packed. The chicory is then ready for use in coffee.

Two Prize Cards to MAVIS CARTHEW, Rensselaire, N.S.W.

Things I Love

By ALMA GAVENLOCK

I LOVE the running brooks,
I love the crystal dewdrops
That glitter on the grass.

I love the tiny pink clouds,
That travel o'er the sky;
I love the pure white lilies
That in the valleys lie.

I love the tiny shadows,
That come at twilight;
These things for us so kindly—
Nature does provide.

Prize of 5/- to ALMA GAVENLOCK, Wyoming Road, Narara, for this original verse.

FUN FOR ALL

SMALL BOY: Father, can I have a penny for a poor man?
Father: Certainly, my boy. Where is he?
SMALL BOY: At the end of the road, selling ice-creams.

Prize Card to J. SIMON, 9 Martin St., Hamilton, N.S.W.

HOW long have you to stay in prison for, my man?
"Three months."
"What is the charge?"
"No charge. Everything is free!"

Prize Card to DOROTHY WILKIN, Edinburgh (N.S.).

FATHER: How are you getting on with your French, Robbie?
Robbie: Fine, Dad. I can say "Please," and "Thank you," in French.
Father: Well, that's more than you have learnt to day in English.

Prize Card to R. PHILLIPS, 107 James St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

HELLO, Smith, old man, haven't seen you for some time.
"I've been in bed some weeks."
"Oh, that's too bad. Why, I suppose?"
"Yes, and crashed!"

Prize Card to PEARL PLAIN, Lithgow, Lithgow, N.S.W.

Prize Card to JOAN ANNE, 306 Rensselaire St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

JOHN (looking at a picture): Is that picture of me intended to be a picture of a sunset, or a sunrise?
Bill: It must be a sunset. I know the sunset, and the never got up in time to see a sunrise.

Prize Card to MICHAEL TEHAN, Large, via West Maitland, N.S.W.

Just Chatter

Have you seen BONNIE SINCLAIR, of Cook's Hill, Newcastle, in her "Shirley Temple" truck and blouse.

—Bathurst Photo.

CARMEL O'MEARA, of Lalbert (Vic.), writes nice verse; LESLIE BONES, of Enkiville (N.S.W.), is fond of jokes; BEVERLEY SCOTT, of Ingleburn, writes an interesting letter.

JACK MESSON, of Cootley, is fond of fishing; E. SHARGO, of Broken Hill (N.S.W.), always reads about Mandrake; MARGARET WRIGHT, of Millwood, Adelaide, has a dog called Sancho.

HEATHER McWHIRTER, of Coober-berrie, in thirteen years of age; JOAN GOODHEW, is very fond of riding; MARIE IVES, of Liverpool (N.S.W.), recently visited Mt. Victoria.

JOYCE WILLMOTT, of McGregor Estate, Stanthorpe (Qld.), would like to correspond with some Pale; JOHN SHAIER, of Waverley (N.S.W.), is fond of riddles; WILEEN DINAN, of Neutral Bay (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pale.

KEN OAKLEY, of Puntia (Vic.), writes an interesting letter; MAVIS ELLIS, of Boree Creek, does nice paintings; RICHARD THOMAS, of Mittagong, always enjoys reading our section.

MARGARET BAILEY, of Castlemaine (Vic.), has a lovely dog for her pet; MAIRIE CONNELLY, of Brisbane, will visit Sydney next month; JACK MANNING, of Clovelly (N.S.W.), in fourteen years of age.

BEST PAINTINGS

Prize of 5/- for the best painting (August 30) goes to RUTH EVAN, 28 Enchman, Rosedale Avenue, Manly, N.S.W.

Prize Cards are awarded for the best-drawn to JILL ROBERTS, 88 Hawthorne St., New South Wales; and to WILLIE CHARLES, 100/100, Heath St., Turvey Park, Waverley, N.S.W.; and to INA ROSEKLEFF, Frankston P.O., Frankston, Vic.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

"We must get everything ready to-night," said Wunderlust to Fred. "If we are to start at six o'clock to-morrow morning for the mountains."

"I think everything is," said Fred, smiling. "I cleaned your car to-day, too, so it would look especially nice for to-morrow."

"That's very good of you, Fred," smiled back Wunderlust. "But I don't want you hurrying yourself. That car is a big enough job for any man to clean, let alone a boy of your size."

"Will we take a gridiron with us and grill some chops on the way?" asked Fred, changing the subject.

"Of course," replied Wunderlust. "If you'd like to do that."

"Oh, how lovely," said Fred. "We'll have a lovely day in the mountains." And, in so saying, Fred went off in search of a gridiron.

He returned, some minutes later, and Wunderlust could not help but notice a disappointed look on his face.

"Can't find the gridiron," he said sadly. "I've looked everywhere for it, but it's nowhere."

"Well, don't worry about that," said Wunderlust. "I'll still get it for you."

"Can we go now?" asked Fred eagerly.

"We don't want to leave it too late, the shops might be closed."

"But I'm so sorry," said Fred. "I've lost the gridiron. I'll get it for you."

"Don't worry about that," said Wunderlust. "I'll still get it for you."

"Can we go now?" asked Fred eagerly.

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A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER
with three perfect specimens of lovely children.



MRS. Brixton Simmons, of Anzac Parade, Kensington, is the mother of three lovely children. She is so youthful, bright and active that she attracts the compliments her friends pay her to her regular role of taking NUJOL. Here is her latest NUJOL story, word for word:—

"I have brought up my three lovely children and myself, too, on NUJOL. It all happened when I was a girl at school, aged about twelve years, always sickly, no energy, ending in a big appendix operation. I was too weak for anything, and tried NUJOL in desperation.

"Since then I have never looked sick! Always healthy, full of vitality, in my thirties now, and always full of 'go'. My two sons and one daughter, brought up on NUJOL, are perfect specimens of Australian children. Extra good-looking, and always out with their vivacious Mother, whom everyone says is lively enough to be their sister. Thanks to NUJOL! Our life-story."

YOU, too, can share in such "Jote de vie". Help nature rid your system of sluggish, harmful waste matter. NUJOL supplies the necessary stimulation... a lubricating oil that helps nature to keep the system functioning normally and keep it ticking over as regularly as a clockwork. Remember that NUJOL is the safest, and that doctors recommend it freely; it is not absorbed into the system, but merely lubricates.

NUJOL is now obtainable from any chemist in two forms—plain, and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavoured and often preferred by children.

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Maybe children and the strain of homework and worry have impaired your digestion, made you listless and easily tired. Or perhaps you sleep badly and wake unrefreshed. From any or all of these causes can arise the depressing condition commonly known as "nerves."

For over 50 years Doctors have been recommending the fine old tonic-wine Wincarnis, as a maker of new blood to nourish tissues and nerves.

Wincarnis will bring you new energy and zest for life. It will help you to sleep soundly and to enjoy your meals. With the very first glass you'll feel better. Buy a bottle from your chemist to-day—4/3 pps., 7/3 qts.

Over 20,000 Recommendations from Medical men.

WINCARNIS
must do you good!



ILLUSION

Continued from Page 46

THE State dinner-party—how sure Henry XXII of Rathi had been!—the music, the people, the lights and flowers and laughter; what it would have meant if she had been marrying a lover—a man whose presence filled her with delight, whose life she longed to share! It was very late before Nikolai had a few minutes alone with her, and she had seen the carefully-disguised pity in the younger faces at the sight of her future bridegroom, the pity and the distaste. Something both in the pity and the distaste angered her. After all, Nikolai was no weakling, no dissipated, back-sneering puppet of a prince. He was a man; he had lived hard and bravely as a man should—what right had these officers and charming girls to pity him?

She did not understand her own feeling, but perhaps it colored her voice as he came up to her and she asked him to take her on to the terrace. As they stood by the balustrade, its ancient stones still warm from the long day's sun, he laid his hand suddenly over hers. Her impulse was to draw it away, but her will checked that impulse. He was to be her husband... she would have greater intimacy to bear, nay, to return, than the touch of his hand, so she stood quite motionless, unaware that he had felt that first instinctive withdrawal and understood it only too well. She had been right, however, in her estimate of him; Nikolai of Carania was no weakling. He had certain things to say, and he meant to say them, and after one moment's silence he began to speak.

"Joan—the wedding should be soon. Four weeks... your father was speaking to me."

She had herself in control now, and spoke almost indifferently.

"As soon as that?"

"That will be the second week in September. If it is too late the weather will break and neither your people nor mine—ours, Joan—will see what they long for, in comfort. It means a great deal—to see the pageantry in comfort."

Amazed at so simple a remark, she forgot her role of indifference, and stared at him.

"You'd let a little thing like that count?"

"Is it so little? Dull, hard lives—monotony—and then the splendor and excitement of a Royal wedding. The street decorations, the bands, the uniforms, the procession. The people will stand for hours. If it is dry underneath, not too cold, bright, think what a romance and a day's delight it will be! If it is wet or snowy, it means soaked feet, spoiled clothes—perhaps the only decent clothes—weariness, closed carriages, blankness, disappointment! The children will be wet and chilled, the mothers anxious—their rare holiday spoiled."

"HOW do you come to think of wet shoes and tired mothers afraid for their children?"

"I've known what anxiety and weariness mean. I've known what wind and cold and misery mean... one learns things when one is like I am."

"You!" She was looking at him, puzzled, wondering. "How can you know? Why should you—your—?" She stumbled, caught herself up fiercely. "How has it been different for you than for any other man of your rank?"

He sat down on the edge of the balustrade, releasing her hand, and now their eyes were on a level. She could see in the light from the ball-room windows behind her that his were smiling a little.

"Do you want to know? It's very uninteresting. Only when I realised what monarchy must mean if monarchy is to remain, I made up my mind to learn something of the lives of my people. The rich didn't matter, because they were like my own, more or less; but the poor... they were different. Why should they be loyal to me and my House if I never knew anything of their lives? Why should they care for me if I didn't care for them? So I went right away. It was given out that I was recovering from a riding accident—luckily I'd had one and the Press knew it—and for two months I lived first in the slums of Stresse, the big manufacturing city in the North, then in a poor hut in the country. I pretended to be penniless and willing to work. I must have been a nuisance, but the people were splendid. Only my personal secretary, the Prime Minister, and the doctor supposed to be in charge knew the truth."

"And you weren't known?"

"No. If a deception is good enough it is generally successful. And I learned a little of what I was seeking. That's

all. It's rather uninteresting, I'm afraid."

"The music floating out on the warm night air brought with it the sound of voices, low laughter, and the scent of a myriad flowers. For a moment Joan was quite silent, then she spoke slowly: "And you're marrying me for the same reason? Because your people want you to?"

He got up with the slow, awkward movement that was characteristic of him, and stood looking away from her over the shadowy, fragrant gardens, his face hard.

"No," he said. "I am asking you to marry me because I love you. The other is there. If you refuse me—and there is still time—I must for my country's peace find a wife. It sounds blunt, doesn't it? But it's true. You and I both know we don't belong to ourselves—our lives aren't our own—so I must marry. But I shall never love anyone again—and no one will ever love me. That I do not expect from you or from another."

Almost involuntarily Joan spoke.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" He turned round, looking at her, and for the first time she heard the throb of fierce emotion in his voice. "You can ask that? You who have shrunk from me every time I touched you? Oh, I know you've tried not to, tried to hide it, to force yourself into indifference! If I hadn't loved you perhaps you might have succeeded in your desire. But love can't be deceived—not in those things. Joan, dear—think well. I'm just what you see. I've nothing to offer that matters... only don't let yourself be afraid. I could bear anything else... there's still time. I'll arrange things so that your father will never blame you. Think, Joan!"

His voice was deep and sincere; after the first few words he had conquered himself and could speak quietly, but there was an undercurrent in it that stirred her strangely, a note that crept under her armor and her dread. Facing him she saw the power of his figure, not its ungainliness, the meaning of his face, not its harsh lines...

Drawing a step nearer, it was she who this time laid her hand on his.

"I have thought, Nikolai," she said gently, "and—I do not wish to change my mind. I will try to be a good wife to you."

He stood quite still for a moment, then he bowed over her hand and kissed it.

"I love you!" he said very simply. "I will devote my life to you."

Joan smiled as he raised his head.

"If you don't want to go back to the others, let us talk a little," she said. "Tell me more about your people—and what will be expected of me."

The light that came into his eyes at her words, touched her; it was curious what a magnetism there was about him when once she could forget his deformity and clumsy movements... when an hour later they returned to the terrace she realised that in all her life she had never been more interested or more charitably treated. And when, twenty-four hours later, Nikolai departed for Carania and they were left alone for a moment to make their adieux, she did not shrink when he drew her into his arms and kissed her; instead, she trembled and caught her breath when the memory of that kiss returned to her during the days that followed.

ON the fourteenth of September, Joan, in company with her parents, travelled to Carania for her marriage, and, on a day of cloudless beauty, arrived at the ancient capital built on the wooded slopes, on either side of the river with the great Gothic cathedral crowning the southern summit and the palace the northern.

From the great central Place before the cathedral the view down the sweep of the Nikolai-strasse—named after the great crusading king of the fourteenth century—the view across the old town to the curving river, the splendid boulevards and squares and houses of the new, with the background of flaming autumn woods and blue mountains beyond, was beautiful beyond all words. Joan caught her breath as the open carriage turned from the tortuous little streets about the cathedral into the Place by its western front, and saw the loveliness of her new land's capital.

Across the river, up the splendid new avenue with its wide pavements, its four rows of chestnut and lime trees, its restaurants, expensive houses, and splendid public buildings, they drove, to the great square before the Palace, and there, with a retinue in of horses, a crash of bands, and the ringing cheers of the people, the journey was ended, and Joan came to her future home.

Please turn to Page 50

HUGH HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

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She's not worried about getting old



No one would ever guess she was over forty. With her fresh complexion, clear eyes and bounding health she seems more like a girl in her twenties. She knows the secret of keeping and looking well. She eats two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN twice daily.

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If you never knew a washing-day could be so easy it's because you've been rubbing with lazy soap suds. But PERSIL suds are active and go bubbling through and through the clothes chasing up every particle of dirt.

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THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE PERSIL WAY

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Don't make the mistake of giving even a 14-year old boy strong medicine meant for adults.



Here is the proper treatment for the child who has grown sluggish

once a month is too often to give any child a cathartic strong enough for adults.

Use a liquid laxative containing senna (a natural laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does not harm or upset a child's system.

Give that headachy, bilious child a little of this gentle laxative when constipated, and a little less if done is repeated until bowels seem to be moving regularly and thoroughly without need of help.

Get the true California Syrup of Figs containing senna and cascara, which will not weaken the bowels or irritate the kidneys. You'll soon have full evidence that it safely relieves constipation in children.

THE "LIQUID TEST." First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suited to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.

Boys and girls who have reached their "teens" are not ready to be given powerful drugs! It is not wise to give laxatives of adult strength to a child, just because you give them less frequently or in less amounts. Many stomach upsets and bowel troubles of growing children can be traced to this single mistake.

For safer relief of constipation in children, do this: Stop all use of mineral drugs, whether they are salts, pills, tablets or "candy" form. Even

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonald House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

ILLUSION

Continued from Page 49

At one part of the drive Joan had seen the people less enthusiastic, had noticed sullen faces, less noise, more curiosity—she gathered it was the quarter given over chiefly to the watermen who were numerous and very poor. Nikolai had told her of his intention to clear away the worst houses and present to the Mayor a cheque for building and a royal charter granting to the whole wretched district two square miles of his own splendid park on the other bank.

"It is my wedding gift to you," he said to Joan, very softly. "There is money to rebuild—it is my own private fortune. I can spend it as I will."

With a quickening of her pulses she turned to him.

"Nikolai, that is the most wonderful gift I have ever had!" she said. "Will you not let me thank you—with all my heart?"

There was trouble afoot amongst the watermen, however; with the perversity of ignorance, they clung to their hovels, fiercely resenting the order to move to the temporary homes erected on the city's outskirts, and the Chief of Police and General Rovasky, in charge of the arrangements for the wedding, had taken special precautions to ensure there should be no untoward demonstration.

As is the case with some natures, Joan's powers of perception were heightened by emotion, and from the moment when, by her father's side, she entered the cathedral she did not miss one iota of all that went on about her, even though she was stirred to the depths of her being by the solemn beauty of the service, the majesty of the cathedral with the sunlight striking colored fire from the great rose window in the south transept, the glorious music—above all, the presence of the man by her side. One moment Nikolai of Carania; the next, her husband!

Out into the sunlight, amidst cheering thousands, the clanging of pealing bells, the crash of military bands, the salute of guns from the northern forts, and Nikolai at her side, his face very white, his eyes gleaming, his hand for ever at the salute while his people shouted their acclamations.

Nearing the river bridge, there was a detour purposely undertaken, and once again Joan noticed a change in the public demeanor; the escort drew in closer, the cheering was more spasmodic, and suddenly, out from some hidden alley, pushing between two of the police keeping back the crowd she saw a man dart and lift his hand.

Shouts, shrieks, plunging horses... the echo of the report still in her ears... it was over in a second, and Nikolai was on his feet in the carriage, his great body a shield between her and the struggling crowd and General Rovasky, his face scarlet with rage, shouting his commands.

The situation was perilous indeed. The bridge, narrow even for ordinary traffic, was now a seething mob that struggled and pushed on the verge of panic; across Joan's brain flashed the ironic memory of Nikolai's words:

"The street decorations, the bands, the uniforms, the procession... the splendor and excitement of a Royal wedding," and at the same instant she saw poised for one startling second on the parapet the figure of a man who threw up his arms in a gesture of wild despair, then jumped to a death more momentous than men's justice would mete. And in that same instant Nikolai had also seen—recognised—the Communist leader... a wild, unhappy man, misguided rather than wilfully criminal, who had led the revolt against removal, who had brooded over the sorrows and tragedies of life till he was half-demented.

The soldiers parted, as did the crowd, automatically before their sovereign.

From all who saw there was a gasp, a cry, followed by the deadly hush of breathless anxiety, for Nikolai, casting away his great plumed helmet, had sprung to the parapet, even as the would-be murderer had done, and was cleaving the water thirty feet below with powerful strokes.

Down on the wharf, only kept from danger of the river by the fixed bayonets of the troops, the crowd that had rushed madly down after the mounted troops swayed and cheered and sobbed with relief and admiration as the two drenched figures were dragged from the water. Nikolai, even his colossal strength nearly gone from him, so swift had been the current, so hampering his uniform and high boots, humping his feet and hands, and heaved heavily for a moment against the two men who had been first on the spot to aid him. In his great arms he held his would-be murderer, the white, worn

face with its unkempt beard fallen back against his breast, and when a dozen hands would have taken him Nikolai shook his head.

"No! It belongs to me! Where is his home... Lead the way someone!"

"Sire!"

"Your Majesty!"

"Sir—I beg—"

Nikolai paid no heed to the shocked protests of his officers; despite his lameness he carried the helpless man as easily as he would have carried a child, the water dripping from the white uniform, along the jetties up one street to a shabby, ancient square, and there the man shuddered, choked, and opened his eyes.

THE fierce sun struck down on the hot, white stones, laying his burden on the ground Nikolai spoke shortly.

"Wine! Quick!" With his arm under the man's head, he took the wine held out and began giving it, sip by sip, the crowd, awe-struck, breathlessly watching. Realisation came swiftly with the warmth and the rough, strong wine, and Nikolai, chafing his hands, wise in the knowledge of life and death, knew the danger was past.

The astounded crowd, pressing nearer, heard his voice clear, kindly, even laughing a little, and strained to listen.

"... so you see I am not easy to kill... neither are you. If we both live we may help more of our fellows than if either of us die... What is your opinion, my friend?"

The answer was inaudible, but there was little need for words. As Nikolai rose to his feet he said to one of his amazed and silent aides-de-camp:

"Take him up to the palace and have him looked after... I want to talk with him presently... Joan!"

The name broke from him with a cry that those who heard never forgot, for there, her lace veil and train crumpled anyhow over her arm, her face white as the satin, was Joan, Joan who flung out her hands to him, who bent her cheeks down against his breast half-sobbing, half-laughing in her relief, Joan who was uttering over and over again unbelievable words.

"Nikolai—oh, my dear, my dear! You're safe—oh, thank God you're safe!"

And for the second time on that most amazing day Nikolai of Carania's arms carried a burden along the narrow street... a burden that lay crushed against his shoulder, heedless of his drenched clothes and the lovely white satin and lace of her wedding gown and veil, heedless of the wildly cheering troops, lost for a moment to strict discipline, the populace half-demented with relief and admiration, heedless of everything save that he was safe and she loved him... her husband Nikolai of Carania!

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DELIGHTED at WINNING Our Golf Title

Interesting Chat With
Mrs. J. B. Walker

By Our Special Representative

"I would rather be Australian women's golf champion than anything else in the world," said the new champion, Mrs. J. B. Walker, to a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly in Melbourne.

The interview took place in a hairdresser's salon, which is about the only place where the visiting British golfers have a chance to sit still for any length of time.

THE whole team were there, occupying a row of cubicles side by side, and calling out cheery comments from time to time.

Mrs. Walker speaks with a slight Scotch accent, in which there is a hint of pretty Irish brogue. Though of Irish birth, she married a Scotchman, and lives at Troon, a seaport about 30 miles from Glasgow.

"I've played in Britain, Ireland, America, and Canada," went on Mrs. Walker, "but I have never played in a championship where I felt so much at home. Mrs. Morphet was their very own champion, but I never once felt that the gallery resented my win."

She likes our caddies, too.

"Do you know that even when we were down, and I played a poor stroke, Stan Sloan never once so much as looked disgruntled. I wish I could take him with me, but I'm having him photographed with the cup instead."

Mrs. Walker has a wholesome respect for caddies, and she is picturing the joy of the two at Troon who always caddy for her and Mrs. Greenlees. She can hear them saying, "Look what we've done," all they read the papers.

These two members of the team are great friends, and Mrs. Walker was eagerly expecting a cable from Mrs. Greenlees' two children, Geoffrey, who is at Harrow, and Joan.

Cables from Everywhere

"I've had them from everybody I know, from last year's Scottish champion, Mrs. Andrew Holmes, the Irish champion, and from crowds of people I have never heard of. One wire just said 'Thank you.' So I suppose somebody had a bet on me."

"Even my husband sent the first cable he has ever sent me. He didn't even send one to Canada when I won the championship for the longest drive in the team, with Diana Fitzwick and Molly Gossley playing."

Mrs. Walker lives at the Marine Hotel, Troon, within ten minutes of eight splendid courses, and overlooking the course where Cecily Leach and Joyce Wethered played the most famous women's match in golf history in 1925.

"No, I didn't see it," she laughs. "I was having my first golf lesson."

A remark from Mrs. Greenlees in the next cubicle caused the new champion to giggle.

Medical Test for Touring Women Cricketers

The Australian Women's Cricket Council has decreed that all members of the Australian team selected to tour England in 1937 must submit themselves to two medical examinations prior to their departure from Australia.

THE first examination is scheduled for shortly after the team is selected, and the second just a few weeks prior to the team's sailing.

FIFTEEN players and a manager will be selected to represent Australia on this tour of England.

It has been the accepted ruling over a number of years that before a team of sportswomen leaves these shores they must first obtain medical certificates of fitness.

The desirability of this examination is obvious. Sports are played for health reasons, and the physique of players should be of a certain calibre if they are to benefit by the strenuous exercise involved.

Medical practitioners have for a long time now advocated the periodical examination of all children and adults. There is little doubt that the sporting fraternity would endorse and welcome such a procedure.

Fortunately, there have been very few instances of a player taking the time or entering the sporting arena and having to forfeit because of illness.



From Left to Right—BRITISH GOLFERS, Pam Barton, Mrs. Greenlees, Jessie Anderson, and Mrs. Hodson (manager) look at Champion Cup while the winner (Mrs. Walker) smiles.

"We are great friends," she smiled. "Mrs. Greenlees is captain of Troon Ladies' Golf Club, and her home is one of the most delightful places in Troon."

Played Carmen in Films

ASKED how she came to take up golf, Mrs. Walker said: "Well, I suppose you can blame the films."

She played in films at Teddington studio in silent days, and when she was playing Carmen, which turned out to be both her first and last leading role, the leading man introduced her to a yarn merchant from Glasgow.

They were married, and if he hadn't suggested that she take up golf to fill in her time, Australia might never have seen her.

"No, I don't diet," says the new champion. "I never get up very early in the morning, either. But I do practise for an hour morning and evening every day when I am home."

She had not quite decided whether she would take the cup back with her or leave it here in safe keeping, and have a copy made to show Scotland and Ireland what it looks like.

"I would so like to arrive home with that cup under my arm, but I'm terrified that something will happen to it."

"No, I don't know if I will be able to come out again next year, to defend my title, but I'll have a jolly good try."

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Here is Taken No. 26 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Silver Jubilee Book" and "Illustrated Family Doctor" book offer. Cut out now and paste it at once on your voucher before you forget it.

TOKEN
20

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BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET

5/- DEPOSIT 2/6 WEEKLY

Special Offer

In Polished Oak, this 4ft. 6in. Breakfast-Room Cabinet is a new model at a moderate price. It is fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, shelves, etc. and the beautiful doors are particularly attractive. Do not miss this bargain at This Week's Cash Price 85/-. (Or on Easy Terms.)

OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT

Warehouse values are indeed demonstrated in this Polished Walnut Bedroom Suite, 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe (with bay-centre door), 3ft. 6in. Dressing-table, Kneehole Dressing Table and Double Leuchboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The Dressing Table has extra large fire-piece mirror, artistically shaped. The suite has hand-panels and cabinet legs throughout. This Week's Cash Price is £16/19/- (Bedstead Extra). If more convenient you may buy on Easy Terms.

20/- DEPOSIT 4/6 WEEKLY

Once again we offer a modern Dining-Room Set at a remarkable price. Artistically designed in Two-tone the 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has usual drawers and cupboards; 5ft. Rectangular Table has four turned legs, and the four Chairs (two only illustrated) have lift-out-seats and shaped backs for comfort. This attractive Suite is really wonderful value at the Introductory Cash Price, £9/10/- (Or on Easy Terms.)

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Usual	£4/18/6	£5/19/6	£5/19/6	£7/19/6
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Usual	£7/19/6	£8/19/6	£10/10/-	£11/10/-
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Sold Separately.

CHAPTER I



HERE were a few brown leaves driving in rustling retreat before the south-west wind that swept the Downs from seaward, and the blossoms in the gardens were drooping, their petals straying with the leaves. Ralph Langham, coming away from the kennels, saw Helen on the long terrace that ran the length of the red-brick, ivy-clad facade, and paused for a moment to watch her.

She was very beautiful. He knew he would always think that of her even though she had failed so lamentably to conform to his standards. Like all his breed, he admired the tall, slim, dark woman who knew how to wear clothes, who walked and carried herself like a thoroughbred, and who, revealing herself without stint to one man, and one man only, made of herself a secret, elusive, undiscoverable, to all others.

But . . . she was too confoundingly intelligent. He had an idea that he had said that to Blake last night, after the whisky had gone round rather freely. Too confoundingly intelligent . . . A woman should never have the power of making a man feel mentally inferior, and of doing it with a little smile, without words, with an amused glance . . . perhaps a scornful glance. Made a fellow so doped, uncomfortable, and in his own home, too, the home his people had run for generations.

Blake had agreed with him. Good fellow, Blake, first-class chap. Rode finely, cruck shot. Didn't waste his time reading books and things. Got round. Fast, orn, good horses, polo. Liked a jolly good musical show with lots of pretty girls in it. Stout fellow.

Ralph Langham walked across the lawns and up the steps to meet his wife.

"Hello," he said. "I've had a letter this morning from your friend, West. Do you know that he's fencing his land, and says we're not to cross it? He's ruined the best run in all this country."

Helen looked him over slowly. He was tall, lean, his face slightly reddened with drink, slightly tanned by the open air. He was a good figure in his riding kit, and his narrow head was well set on a pair of cleanly-cut shoulders. His blue eyes were now morosely angry.

"I suppose," she said, "that he has a perfect right to fence his land and forbid trespass."

He nodded. "I knew you'd support him. Rather a friend of yours, isn't he?"

She flushed quickly and in the manner he remembered had appealed to him when first he met her, but which now merely increased his annoyance.

"I like him," she said quietly. "Don't you?"

His shoulders lifted slightly. "Infernal milkop . . ."

"That's silly, Ralph. Just because he doesn't approve of hunting, you can't argue that he's unmanly. A lot of people are opposed to it. I am, myself, though I come from a hunting county."

"Oh, of course. Mr. James West disapproves, so Mrs. Helen Langham does likewise."

She looked at him steadily for a moment or two, and his eyes became a little furtive.

"I don't think you realised what you were saying then, Ralph."

He moved vaguely, irritatedly, did not reply immediately, and then flared up.

"Well, you abandon your friendship with West. I won't have it. And don't start telling me that he's a fine man and fought in the war with distinction. You've said it before, and I know it by heart. Your admiration for him is so manifest that you have no need to explain it in so many words."

Her lips were quivering slightly, her hands edging restlessly at her frock. Her eyes

derstand your father arrives this afternoon. I shall be over at Blake's place." He strode on, round the angle of the house, out of her sight.

She stayed for a little while on the terrace looking across the park. Somewhere in the great house behind her she could hear Margaret, Ralph's unmarried sister, singing the latest product of "Tin Pan Alley."

MARGARET, Helen knew, had ideas that had she not been born rich, and a Langham at that, with all the great Langham traditions to maintain, she would have "gone on the stage" and have been an enormous success. Helen would have found her amusing had she not been gifted with a particularly vicious tongue.

She felt that morning as she had often felt when a summer storm was brewing—anticipatory in a restless, slightly frightened fashion. The breach between Ralph and herself was widening, and, do what she could, it continued to grow.

She had to struggle hard with her pride before she decided that the next day she would call on Jim West and tell him that it might be advisable for their friendship to cease.

She knew she was making a sacrifice in arriving at this decision. West was a bachelor of quite moderate means who owned a twenty-acre estate just over the hills. They had met at some county function and had discovered a mutual interest in the antiquity of the Downs.

He was a quiet sort of fellow, and it was only by chance that Helen discovered he had won a high decoration for gallantry during the war, had fought on two fronts, and had seen three years of actual fighting service.

It would be rather a break parting with him, because he was such a good pal, but if the parting would in any way assist to improve her relations with Ralph she felt that it would be justified. At any rate, according to her outlook, if Ralph definitely forbade her to associate with West, and was prepared to carry his ban to a point, she must obey.

She wondered why her father was coming down to Red Roofs. His visits to Sussex were few and far between. There had been a quality in the phrasing of his letter which had vaguely disturbed her; but perhaps she was generally disturbed, awed, frightened.

Perhaps, without seeing clearly, she perceived something of what the days ahead held for her.

By JOHN RUTHVEN

were charged with an appeal which Ralph Langham could not see.

At last she said: "I shall choose my friends exactly where I wish . . . as you do."

She knew that a faltering, pitiful defiance fashioned the words for her. She knew that within her heart she reached desperately towards the happiness which, slowly crumbling, had once marked her union with Ralph. In those first days he had had his code—a rather crude code, perhaps, but a code that, within certain loose limits, operated satisfactorily. Now the limits had expanded considerably.

"You will?" His voice had lifted slightly.

He stood and looked at her for a long moment, then turned and walked away. Over his shoulder, as he went, he called: "I un-

THAT afternoon her father arrived, and she saw him alone in the cool shadowed room in the west wing which was particularly her own.

Colonel Arbuthnot was nearly always referred to by ladies of uncertain age, who had not the pleasure of his close friendship, as "that handsome man," and Helen, receiving the light paternal kiss he usually bestowed upon her, would have been ready that afternoon to endorse the description.

Tall and slim, with fine white hair close cut about an aristocratic head, with a clipped white moustache breaking the bronze of his cheeks, with a dancing light in his quick, blue eyes, Tony Arbuthnot always dressed with the greatest care, and was always the squire of dames.

He drew a chair forward for Helen and seated himself, pulling up his creased blue trousers carefully, flicking a speck of dust from his double-breasted blue jacket with its black silk ribbon and pendant monochrome.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I've left Piccadilly to see you, and you should appreciate it. Smoke?" He extended a gold cigarette-case, and Helen helped herself. "Where's Ralph?" he asked, as he held a lighted match towards her.

"He's out. Over at Major Blake's place. I'm afraid he won't be back. That is, unless you're staying to dinner. We thought you weren't."

"I'm not," Tony Arbuthnot leaned back. "Blake, eh? Is Ralph very friendly with Blake, Helen?"

"Quite. Why?"

"Oh—nothing. Swiftish, you know. But maybe there's nothing wrong with him."

"No." Helen glanced out of the window and Tony Arbuthnot studied her for a moment or two.

"Everything's all right, I suppose?" he asked suddenly.

"Why, yes. Of course."

"I'm glad."

There was another short silence.

At last Helen asked: "Why have you come down, father?"

"I?" There was a hint of his normal, jovial carelessness in his voice. "To see you, my dear. Can't a lone widower visit his only child if he wishes?"

"Of course. And I'm glad. But..." She looked him straight in the eyes and spoke solemnly. "You've been up to something, haven't you?"

He fidgeted for a moment as though he were the child and she the accusing parent. "What could I be up to?" he asked.

"Goodness knows," laughed Helen. "But ever since I can remember things properly you have been up to something; so what is it this time? Let me see, on the last occasion it was the little widow in St. John's Wood, wasn't it? And breach of promise, and all that kind of thing. By the way, what did happen to her after all? You treated her very badly, you know. I'm sure you encouraged her."

"She married a gentleman from America and went across the Atlantic with him, and all was forgiven and forgotten between us, she having secured a second husband. I have always felt since that we did only what was right and proper in settling the American debt handsomely. But now there's nothing."

He added the sentence in a voice that was suddenly slightly tired.

Helen ceased to laugh. "There is," she said quietly. "And you came down here to tell me, and now you haven't the pluck, or feel that you can't. Which means that it may be serious. Is it serious, father?"

He stubbed out his hardy-smoked cigarette and lit another abstractedly. She saw that his hands were shaking a little.

"Well, it's probably serious. Your father's an absolute nuisance to you. Has been all his life. I was a nuisance to your mother, bless her."

He looked up and spoke very faintly. "I'm afraid I've come a bit of a nuisance, Helen. Sure to at the finish. The best chaser in the world pecks at last if you continue to run him."

"Father! What do you mean? What have you done?"

He got up and walked to the window.

"Perhaps I'd better be frank," he said.

She saw that his cheeks were a little pale.

"It's rather difficult. I've really come to warn you, to prepare you, Helen. You see, you belong to the Langhams now, and they're stickers for the family name, and all that; though they... But still, they are. And they hate me. I know it. They hate me because they know I'm contemptuous of them both."

He spoke rather swiftly and very nervously, and his eyes did not meet Helen's once. She, standing before him, was aware of gigantic catastrophe. Something terrible had happened. This carefree man who had seemed over to grow up had suddenly become a man loaded with care, and old.

Whatever he might have done, there was something pitiful about him, as there is something pitiful about a young lad who mistakes his road and rebels against everything, who, even in his worst wickedness, is only a boy with some indefinite stirring inside him which he cannot control... the imp of the perverse.

"Father. What have you done?" She kept her voice steady by an effort.

He looked straight at her.

"I've pinched five thousand pounds."

CHAPTER 3

HIS words seemed to hang

in the silence as smoke hangs on a windless hilltop. He eyed her anxiously, not because he feared her condemnation so much—though he feared that tremendously—but because he did not wish her to crumple under the force of the statement.

He saw her eyes flinch, terrified, and then grow calm once more, and he took a deep breath. It was characteristic of Tony Arbuthnot that even when the tatters of his reputation lay like a torn banner at his feet he should tell himself that his daughter had breed, that she was... his daughter...

"But I don't understand. How could you do that?"

"You mean... method?" He smiled crookedly. "Oh, I didn't bust a bank, or anything. But well—you know what I am. I always looked at money through a telescope—the magnifying end of it. Billy Saunders died about three years ago. You remember him? Perhaps you'll remember his daughter. Pretty kid. She's twenty-one in three weeks' time. There. Now you'll understand. Billy left about ten thousand—nothing..."

"He and I were always matey, and I was the sole executor. It was that Stock Exchange boom. I mean, everybody seemed to be making wads of cash, and doing it without working. Rotten silly sort of story, really. I mean—for a man like me, pretty upish in the world's affairs. But I let myself in. Margins, calls on shares, and the rest. Did a bit of underwriting on issues that dropped, with companies that have wound up. Lost my own cash. Met margin calls with Billy's. Always thought I'd get it back."

"But what's the use of going into the whole affair? There's about five thousand short on the estate, and in three weeks' time I've got to render an account of my stewardship. I saved two thousand. It was seven at one time. I met a Jew chap—awfully decent fellow—who told me to cut everything and get out. I did it. Marvelous, the financial perception those fellows have got! I wish I had it."

Again there was silence in the room. At last Helen asked: "What will happen?"

His very elegant shoulders lifted slightly. "I suppose they'll nab me. They can't help it. You see, I've thought the thing out. Helen reflected that his financial considerations were pitiful in their futility. They had always been so.

"Kitty Saunders isn't a bad sort of kid, and if I had only to deal with her I could

go to her, tell her absolutely straight what had happened, and give her my personal guarantee that until I could repay the money she would receive six per cent. per annum on the five thousand. And I'd pay her back in time. After all, you can always do a job of some kind, can't you?"

"I suppose so," said Helen, and tried to make her voice confident.

"But, she's engaged to a chap. I don't like him, but she would have him. He's a business Johnny and pretty tough. You know—the sort that weighs everything in terms of L.S.D. I've never done that myself, and I'm not used to the kind that do."

"Well... there you are... When that fellow knows that I've absolutely stolen—because that's the only word for it—half Kitty's patrimony I shall be for it. Public Prosecutor, and all the rest of it. He's the chap they put after you, isn't he?"

"But don't you think that he might listen to your suggestion?" asked Helen, rather desperately.

TONY ARBUTHNOT smiled. The smile was very wan. "My dear, am I, to a pukka business man, sound security for five thousand pounds? I'm not. I know it. I believe that, given time, I'd rake up the cash from somewhere, and pay interest in the meanwhile. But these business fellows don't look at it that way. When they ask for security they expect bits of paper with the Government seal on them."

"Of course, I might have gone around trying to raise the wind. Sammy Treverne might lend me a bit. But it meant telling everything, and... well, I'm just a coward over it. Sammy was at school with me, fagged for me, and it's rather difficult to tell your tag that you're a thief."

"I suppose so," said Helen slowly; and refrained from pointing out that Sammy must ultimately know the truth unless a miracle happened.

She asked: "But what are we going to do?"

For just one moment there showed in Tony Arbuthnot a depth of feeling with which Helen had never credited him. He looked at her for a space. His hand lifted slightly and then fell. His voice was very changed, very low, when at last he answered her.

"It has been worth a great deal to hear you say that word *we*, my dear. But it is I who have to do something. I ought not to have told you. Now look here. I've got three weeks. In that time I'm sure to be able to fix up something. Five thousand isn't a lot. I mean, look at the men I know who lose that amount at Deauville across the tables. It's nothing."

"Oh, father..." She swayed slightly, her lips trembling, her hand clutching a chair back. The full weight of his confession was suddenly upon her and she saw right ahead into the bleak future.

"My dear. Don't cry. I couldn't... Well, you mustn't, you know." He was helpless in face of her emotion. As she strove to steady herself, he added: "I must get off. I had to come down and tell you. You'll hear from me. I've got three weeks."

She shook her head. "You've always been the same."

Her voice held no reproach. "But this time the Micawber theory won't operate. I don't know what we shall do. They mustn't arrest you. They mustn't."

"No." He touched his clipped moustache thoughtfully. "I've been telling myself that. But you know a fellow can't bolt. And a gunshot doesn't wipe it out... does it? I mean I don't care. I'm a useless old devil, anyhow. But there's you to think of. I've just thought of you all the time, Helen."

"A gunshot..." Her eyes widened slowly with understanding. She stepped close to him, quickly, and put her hands on his shoulders. "Promise me," she said, in a strangled voice. "Promise me. You won't... whatever happens... You mustn't leave here before you promise. I couldn't

just wait . . . wondering . . . fearing."

It was then that Tony Arbuthnot put his arms round his daughter and held her close for the first time since she had reached womanhood. For those few moments he slipped his cloak of apparent indifference, abandoned his attitude of careless camaraderie, and while she cried against his shoulder his face was drawn and beaten.

Yet when she drew back from him he managed to smile and hold himself very erect.

"Of course, I promise. It was a sort of . . . what-d'you-call-'em . . . figure of speech. You know . . . just talk. I shouldn't do any such thing. Word of honor. I'll get out of it. You're not to upset yourself."

"Lord bless me, I've got out of worse scrapes than this. I'll have that five thousand in no time. I always got out of everything. When old Branger got the brigade in that mess by High Wood I brought my battalion out with hardly any losses, and that was a bigger job than raising five thousand. You just wait. And now I really must go."

He was walking towards the door. She followed him and walking with him from the house to where waited the taxicab which had brought him up from the station.

"I'll get through," he said softly, as he held her hand. "I always did." But she knew that he did not believe it any more than she believed it.

In her room she stood looking out of the window. She stood very still, and for a little while it seemed that her brain shared her body's immobility, as though it were stunned.

Five thousand pounds . . . To some of the men she met it was nothing. They spoke of money contemptuously—rich men who had served the god of gold slavishly until they secured control of him, and who now were able to treat with arrogance that which they had once eagerly wooed.

But to her—to her father—five thousand pounds was as unattainable as a poet's dream of paradise. It seemed so little. It was so easily said. Her imagination, if let loose, could so swiftly conceive the repayment of it, the scene where it was laid on a desk, and all was well.

For a moment or two she felt like somebody fragile and hesitant who stands in the path of a plodding, remorseless monster, transfixed, unable to move, unable to stay the inevitable advance of the thing that would crush her.

Her will struggled, made itself heard. The money must be secured—somehow, by somebody . . . by herself, her father . . . somebody. It must be secured; and within three weeks.

NEARLY an hour passed before Helen could think of anything save her father's peril, and, in fact, it was not until—unable to stay longer in her room alone—she went downstairs and out into the park that she thought of Jim West and Ralph's command that she should not again see him.

She tried, not altogether with success, to consider her friendship with him carefully, but found that her thoughts of him were shot with thoughts of her father, of the sum of money that must be found, of Major Blake, who was Ralph's boon companion; of everything and anything connected with her life at Red Roofs.

She knew, in the misery that the day had brought to her, that latterly she had been lying falsely. She had not been so much making the best of a bad job, but had deliberately been deceiving herself.

Ralph and she were utterly divorced in thought, feeling, and character. She was bitterly aware of it now. The crisis in her father's affairs had brought it home to her with overwhelming strength. For to whom should she have turned first and last in this matter if not to her husband? And

asking herself this, she knew that her husband and his sister were the last people in the world she would wish to know anything about her father's shame.

Now . . . Jim West . . . She felt suddenly disloyal, for she knew that she would have gone to West and talked the whole thing over with him, not with the idea of begging his material assistance, but to ask for his advice, for the sake of knowing that he shared the secret and the burden with her.

But, of course, it was impossible. What she refused to disclose to Ralph she must not reveal to Jim West.

She went into the house and asked for his telephone number, telling herself that in the morning she would call on him and break her friendship with him. It would be best. It might help with Ralph. At any rate, if Ralph disapproved of him, she must not seek him. He came through.

"Oh, Jim. I just rang up to see if you'll be about, say, at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. I'd like to have a talk with you."

"Hello, Helen! Yes, rather. Any time you like. I'll be in all the morning, or I'll . . . I'll be in all the morning."

She knew that he had been about to volunteer to run over to Red Roofs, and wondered why he had checked himself.

He added: "Is it anything important?"

"Well, perhaps. I can't tell you on the telephone."

There was a short silence; then: "I had your—er—Ralph in here just now—with Blake. They called. They were passing."

"Yes?" She spoke very quietly.

"I would have come over to-morrow. There would be no need for you to drag along. But I'm afraid it's now impossible. I hope you understand."

"There wasn't a row?"

"Well—I wouldn't have one. I'm glad you're coming over because I want to see you so very badly. It was about that hunting business at first, you know. And then . . . something was said about my not seeing you. . . . Is that why you're coming?"

"Yes . . . Jim. I'm ever so sorry. Did Ralph say it in front of Major Blake?"

"He had lost his temper you know. People say all sorts of silly things. . . ."

Does this finish it? There was a quick, anxious note in West's voice, and Helen found herself responding to it.

"I think so. But wait until to-morrow. I'll see you. You will wait, won't you?"

"Of course. When you like. I'll wait."

She hung up the receiver. She was trembling.

"I'll wait. . . ." She had not been able to see him as he said the words; she had been separated from him by three miles of hills; but there had been something in his voice. . . .

"I'll wait. . . ." She knew that he would wait for ever.

CHAPTER 3

RALPH LANGHAM arrived just in time for dinner.

He said to Helen—meeting her as he went into his room: "I've got Tommy Blake downstairs, and a fellow he has staying overnight with him. They're feeding with us. Go down and look after them. Jew chap—the other fellow. Forgotten his name. Awful sort of beast, but Blake seems keen on him for some reason or other. Where's Watkins? I want my bath right away."

"Ralph." She checked his progress towards his room. "I understand you've been seeing Jim West since you've been out."

He stared at her. "Oh? Perfect lines of communication, eh? Intelligence service working top hole. He rang you up as I left him, I suppose?"

"No. I rang him up."

"And why . . . ?" with a hint of a snarl.

"Because I wanted to see him to-morrow

morning." Helen kept herself desperately calm. "He told me that you had discussed my friendship with him—in front of Major Blake."

Ralph laughed shortly. "And why not? Blake knows. Everybody in the damned county knows. And, anyhow, what does he want to come sneaking and snivelling to you for, directly I've left him?"

"I've told you he didn't. I telephoned him. And . . . well, he didn't sneak and snivel, as you put it." She paused. "Ralph, I've come to a decision."

"Really? What is it?"

"I'm not going to give up one of my best friends because he has interfered with your hunting. That's what it amounts to, you know. No, please. Let me finish. Before this trouble about fencing arose, you were very content indeed for Jim West to entertain me occasionally, so that you were free to go off with . . . well, with Major Blake and . . . his friends. . . ."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"You know the kind of friends Major Blake has, as well as I do. That being so, I shall continue my friendship."

He leaned forward slightly, his breathing quickened. She stood and looked at him so calmly that he wanted to knock her down.

At last he panted: "I'll horsewhip him."

She laughed. The laugh reminded him, somehow, of her father's laugh. "I shouldn't, Ralph. Two can use a horse-whip, you know."

HE went past her and slammed his door.

She found Blake, Margaret, and the other man in the lounge-room, which overlooked the southern terrace. Blake came to greet her, an easily built, good-looking fellow, with blue-black smooth hair and curiously light grey eyes. She knew those eyes were admiring her. They always did so, and there was a quality in their admiration which was always offensive.

"Hello, Mrs. Langham. I don't think I've seen you for several weeks." Helen was aware that Margaret was watching them. She knew that Margaret was jealous of the attention Blake always devoted to her. Margaret felt possessive towards Blake. He was so handsome, and Margaret liked very handsome men. Helen felt a little tired—tired of everything, of the folk before her. Blake was introducing his friend.

"I want you to meet Mr. Moss—Arnold Moss. Good pal of mine. Moss—Mrs. Langham. Arnie's a jeweller and says he's very interested in the Langham emeralds."

Moss was bowing slightly, stiffly, uncomfortably. He was short, rather inclined towards stoutness. His black hair was thin on the top of his egg-shaped head. His skin was lightly olive in tint, his eyes small, very dark, steady. As she looked into them Helen thought she saw a great and secret wisdom, the wisdom that his race had accumulated through countless generations of oppression.

He murmured a few stereotyped words of greeting, then went on:

"Major Blake thinks of my business more than I do. The Langham emeralds. . . . I have heard of them, of course. All the dealers in gems have heard of them. I should admire them if I saw them. But this is just a visit of courtesy. They are very valuable, eh?"

"I believe so," said Helen. "I'm really not an expert. But, of course, they are. Immensely valuable."

"Ah, and very beautiful. Emeralds are the most beautiful of all the precious stones. And on a dark woman. . . ." He smiled.

Margaret said: "Who wants a cocktail? Tommy. You're a good hand with a shaker. Come along. I'm gasping."

"You live in London, Mr. Moss?" Helen said as the other two moved away.

"Yes. In a little street behind Picca-

dily." He named the street. "I have to live there. It is my business." His eyes twinkled. "With my people business is always business, Mrs. Langham. Always making money. That is what all the world says. I am a terrible fellow in business. Hard as nails. Major Blake says so."

"En? What's that?" Blake looked across the reclining cocktail shaker. "Sure thing, Mrs. Langham. Don't you do any deals with Moss. Cent. per cent. and don't forget it. Where are your glasses, Margaret?"

He began to pour out the mixture he had concocted and went on speaking as he did so. "But he's a first-class jeweller, Mrs. Langham. And rich. My word, if you had as much money as Moss has got . . . well . . . nobody knows how much he's got. And holds secrets, too, eh? Secrets worth more money than ever."

Moss laughed. "Ah. I never talk of the intimacies of my business, Major Blake. Never. Thank you, Mrs. Langham. Really, you know, I drink but little; but on an occasion like this . . ." He winked his little black eyes at Helen across the rim of his glass.

Helen decided that she liked him. There was a reserve of strength about him, a quiet capability, which amounted almost to distinction.

In a few minutes Ralph came in and swallowed a cocktail. Blake said to him: "Moss wants to see the emeralds."

Ralph looked at the Jew sourly. "Does he? What for?"

Moss broke in quickly. "It was Major Blake who suggested it, Mr. Langham. For myself—this is just a little break."

"Oh, I see." Ralph deliberately turned his back on him and talked to Blake. Helen felt hot; but Moss smiled quietly, and Helen felt glad that at that moment they were told that dinner was served.

MARGARET, when Blake was about, had little time for anybody else, and the result was that Helen alone entertained the little Jew; or perhaps it was he who entertained her.

She found that he had the happy gift for telling stories against himself. He had travelled tremendously, and observed much. She gradually forgot the trait of Ralph's studied insolence towards him as she listened to him.

"Precious stones," he said, "are very difficult. I can claim to be an expert; but even I am sometimes cheated. They are so clever—these makers of paste and false stones. I myself can turn out what looks like a diamond necklace of incredible worth and only another expert could detect the sham. Oh, yes. You have to be very careful—what Major Blake calls hard as nails. It is rather a pity. Because gems are so beautiful when a master deals with them."

"Now I have at my house a little piece of work that came from the hands of Benvenuto Cellini. If ever you are in London and care to call I shall be only too pleased to show it to you. It is exquisite—a miracle in gold and gems. I look at it sometimes and I say to myself, 'Arnold Moss, if ever you can do anything like that you shall be a proud man that day,' and I know that I never shall. But these emeralds of yours. Might I see them?"

Helen knew that a discussion of his art—for art it was where Moss was concerned—had aroused his enthusiasm. It was not the dealer in precious stones asking to see an article of great worth that he might appraise its value, but an artist wishing to admire a masterpiece.

"Certainly," she said. "Ralph, I'm going to show Mr. Moss the emeralds. I'll bring them down here, shall I?"

He looked at her. She looked at him. She saw the negative check on his lips. "All right. If he's so anxious."

She fetched the necklace herself, for only she and Ralph knew the secret of the com-

bination of the safe where the emeralds were kept.

The talk of the table checked as she opened the long, flat box. Margaret eyed her with some envy. It had always been rather a sore point with Margaret that Helen, as Ralph's wife, should be the owner of the Langham emeralds.

Arnold Moss picked the necklace up reverently. It hung from his fingers in descending masses of deep green fire. He looped the fingers of his hand in it and extended it, while they watched him.

"Beautiful," he said. "Most beautiful. See! These large stones. . . . They are at least six carats. The middle one is more, and nearly flawless. Did you know that emeralds are hardly ever without flaw? Mrs. Langham, I should be very proud of this if I possessed it. It is a precious and beautiful thing."

Blake leaned forward. "What's it worth, Moss? Don't exaggerate. Pretend I'm trying to pawn it with you."

Moss smiled. "This is not business. This is just admiration, appreciation. Oh . . . many thousands of pounds, perhaps. But why value it in money?"

Helen, standing erect and seemingly unconcerned at Moss' shoulder, was nevertheless thinking with lightning-like speed. The gems were flashing, entwined in the white fingers of Arnold Moss.

Many thousands of pounds. . . .

"LET'S have a look at the emeralds," said Blake. "I've seen Mrs. Langham wear them, but have never had the pleasure of handling them." He stretched out his hand and Moss gave them to him across the table.

It seemed that Moss parted with the gems a little reluctantly. His eyes followed them as Blake held them up to the light.

Helen observed these movements, heard Blake's words, as though she were a distantly-removed spectator of a scene in which she had no particular interest. Words like deliberate footfalls were in her brain.

Many thousands of pounds . . . Five thousand pounds . . .

The Langham emeralds . . . It was said that they had a sinister history, that centuries ago they had come into the family through stained hands. Now an expert valued them as worth more than her father's honor!

"Put 'em away, Helen, for heaven's sake. Blake, why do you want to waste your time examining a lot of gew-gaws! I'll give you a game of snooker. Shilling points."

Ralph's voice aroused Helen to the realities of her surroundings. She heard Margaret say: "I thought we were going to play bridge. You're not going to shut yourself away in the billiard-room, are you Tommy?"

Blake rolled his tongue into his cheek and picked up his liqueur. "Dunno. Ralph says I owe him his revenge."

"That means you want to?" Margaret sounded cross.

Blake handed the necklace across to Helen, who leaned over Moss' shoulder to take it. For a second her hand rested on his sleeve with a light friendly pressure. Then she took the flat case under her arm.

—Moss hastening across the room to hold the door open for her. The others began to haggle about the rival attraction of bridge or snooker as an evening's diversion.

When Helen came downstairs she found Moss alone.

"They have all gone into the billiard-room, Mrs. Langham," he said. "I believe it is a match. I am no player myself."

"Well, let's sit and talk in the drawing-room," suggested Helen. "I don't like billiards either."

For a moment his eyes dwelt shrewdly on her face, and she knew that he had learnt more that evening than any spoken words had conveyed to him. He followed her into the drawing-room.

It was an hour and a half later that Moss

broke off their talk to remark that he must go. Helen moved as if to summon the others, but he stopped her, saying that he did not wish to interrupt their game if she could have him run back to Blake's.

The matter was quickly arranged, and, a few minutes later, Helen said good-bye to him, watching him depart with a strange feeling that in him should she ever want one, she had a friend.

Then, knowing that her absence would not be noted, she herself retired.

CHAPTER 4

HELEN slept very badly. An hour or two after reaching her room she heard Ralph came upstairs. He stumbled a little and she knew that he had got drunk. It was an ominous habit which was growing on him.

Never would she forget the first time she had seen him doing it—seated by a fireplace in which the fire had long since died, smoking, pouring out brandy in stiff doses, drinking deliberately, steadily, not even reading . . . just drinking . . .

She lay in the darkness, her eyes wide open, and it seemed that the emeralds still flashed and dripped like green fire across the white fingers of Arnold Moss.

She recalled her talk with Moss. ". . . I myself can turn out what looks like a diamond necklace of incredible worth, and only another expert could detect the sham . . ."

Moss could make false gems that all the ordinary world might think were real. Moss bought real gems for large sums of money. Moss was a man who could obviously be trusted in delicate and secret matters, a man of unlimited discretion, kindly too, a gentleman . . .

Under the ceaseless beating of these thoughts her brain at last sank in tired fashion to restless sleep.

She went out the next morning and drove to West's place before Ralph was about. She knew that two or three days earlier she would not have dreamed of doing this. She would have told Ralph where she was going. But the small crack in the edifice of her life had suddenly widened into a cleavage that threatened to wreck that edifice entirely, and . . . she did not care.

She knew this very truly as her little car carried her along.

She found West superintending the erection of part of the tall fence which had brought matters between him and Ralph Langham to a crisis, and he came hurrying towards her as her car pulled up.

For the first time since she had known him, Helen found her heart beating a little faster at his approach. Things had changed all that much during the past few days. He wore no hat. He was not particularly handsome, though his body was athletic and strong. The wind had blown his brown hair all awry. He smiled at her and opened the car door.

"There's the fence," he said, waving his hand. "What do you think of it?"

"It looks high enough, anyhow: a concrete expression of your determination, eh?"

"Perhaps. I'll confess that I added a foot out of sheer cussedness after hearing all the protests. Silly, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. But we're all silly . . . sometimes . . ."

He looked at her quickly, and then said, rather awkwardly: "Yes . . ."

They were silent for a moment or two. At last Helen said: "I wanted to have a talk with you, Jim. No. I don't want to go inside. Let's walk up the hill."

They left the car, and climbed to the summit of the nearby hill. Across the wide, bare sweep of the dip, they could see past Chantonbury's black clump to where the sea gleamed silver in the sun-drenched distance. They were alone.

The workmen engaged on the fencing were hidden by a fold in the slope below them. The hills were very quiet and only the wind wandered on them.

HELEN seated herself leaning back on her hands, and West sat down beside her, hugging his knees. "Lovely up here," he said.

"Yes, Jim. It's about Ralph. He says I'm not to see you any more."

His features seemed to tighten. He did not look round at her. At last he said quietly: "I see. I'm sorry, Helen. I didn't realise . . ."

He broke off and added, swiftly: "What a perfectly rotten thing to say!"

She said: "But I've made up my mind that I'm going to see you. Why shouldn't I?"

He turned and looked at her. She met his eyes and smiled. The smile was flickering and wistful. He put out his hand as though he would lay it on hers, and then withdrew it.

"I liked you saying that, Helen. But don't make a mess of things for my sake, will you?"

She shook her head slowly. "I'm not making the mess, as you put it. Heaven knows . . ."

"Helen . . ." He leaned towards her. "Are things so rotten as all that?"

"Pretty sticky, Jim." She was occupied with thought for a little while, then exclaimed: "Why can't things just go on . . . right? You know—I used to dream dreams, and now they've all got broken up." She smiled quickly. "I'm not a bit modern."

"I don't know what it means," said West bluntly. "I hope I'll never be fool enough to understand it, either."

"It's all so absurd," she went on after a pause. "Ralph didn't have the chatter until you told him the hunt couldn't cross your land. What did Blake do while this went on?"

"Oh—he sort of whistled and looked out of the window. Pretty rotten sort of situation for him."

"Oh, I don't think he cares. You and I were suffering the humiliation. I wonder why Ralph did it. These days he doesn't seem to think. He just . . . goes on . . ."

"Well, he was annoyed you know. It started about the land, and it would probably have ended there but that he suddenly thought of you. That's all. By that time he'd lost his wool completely, and really didn't know what he was saying."

"He knew," said Helen quietly. "Behind all that Jim, he's very cool and perceptive. I know him. He meant it, too."

"I'm afraid he did . . ." reluctantly.

They sat and looked towards the sea. Then Helen stretched her arms and took a deep breath.

"I'll have to be getting back. I wanted to see you—just to tell you. You won't go away, will you?" There was the hint of a little break in her voice.

"Why, of course not. But Helen, you're frightfully upset, aren't you?"

"I don't know. I just feel beaten. There are other things. Not Ralph. Silly, isn't it? Let's go down to the car."

"What other things?" He helped her to her feet, and she clung for a moment to his powerful fingers.

"I can't tell you. There, now, I'm being awfully tragic, and if I keep on being tragic I shall cry; and then what shall we do?"

He nearly said: "If you cry I'll pick you up and hold you." But, instead, he kept silent and began to assist her down the slope. They did not speak till they reached the car. Helen climbed into it.

"So long, old boy," she said quietly. "I'll see you again . . . soon . . ."

"Rather."

They smiled at each other. The car started forward and West watched it until it was out of sight. Then he went across to the workmen.

"I've decided not to have the fence, after all," he said. "Pull it down."

He went indoors and wrote to Ralph

Langham to tell him that his land was open to the hunt, as it had been the previous season.

CHAPTER 3

WHEN Helen got back she found that Ralph had already left for his appointment with Blake, and that Margaret, also, was out. A letter had been delivered during her absence. It was from her father.

The letter was mainly gossip, typically jaunty. He had obviously felt impelled to write to her immediately on his return to London, and as obviously wished that he had never made his journey to Sussex and his confession to her.

Everything was going to be all right. He felt sure of that. The prospect of criminal proceedings against him was so ludicrous that to have thought of it for a moment was indulging in madness. And so on, and so forth.

In the letter there was not one sentence, one word, indicative of ways and means. It was frothy optimism, founded upon desperation. Something must happen. Something must turn up. But what . . . how . . . when? Those were questions Tony Arbuthnot did not attempt to answer.

Helen burnt the letter. For a little while fear swamped her. She sat and trembled and could not think. She was like a little child who has been told that a policeman has taken her father—terrified, imagining grotesquely.

She went to the safe and took out the necklace and looked at it. It was worth many thousands of pounds. It would be worth five thousand pounds. That was certain.

The money was nothing. Five thousand pounds meant nothing at all to her. The extreme value of the beautiful necklace meant nothing at all to her. Her brain, awakening from its stupor, was supplying her with facile arguments.

But . . . her father's happiness . . . his good name in the face of the world . . . against this string of green stones dug out of the earth, passed on in the remote past from one tainted hand to another. . . . Her husband . . . Margaret . . . the Langhams . . . Her thoughts were racing, changing, tumultuous.

This necklace . . . in their family . . . hundreds of years . . . nominally hers, but really only a trust for the future wives of Langhams.

There would be no wives of Langhams in the future.

The knowledge was like the beat of a bell in her head. Ralph was the last of his line; and Ralph would have no children . . . by her. She knew that now. She knew it with her breast ice-cold. The man who sat drinking alone . . . drinking . . . sullen . . . dull-eyed . . . would never father her children, if ever children came to her.

Her hands were moving as though a being within herself commanded them. They broke the catch of the necklace. She put the necklace back into the safe.

Now she was amazingly calm, so calm that she felt as though all the world was dead round about her, and silent in death; as though she moved through something that was inert, no longer real.

When Ralph came in for lunch she said: "I'm going to London to-morrow, to take the necklace. I had a look at it just now. The fastening is broken."

He swore, and went to the safe. "Who did that?" he asked, trying to fit the fastening together. "That fool, Moss, I suppose. Don't forget, you'll want it in three weeks' time. I want to see you wear it at the County Ball, mind. You'd better take it to Laroche's, and tell them they made a rotten job of it last time, or it wouldn't have given way."

He tossed the case into the safe and

slammed the door, giving the knob of the combination a twist with his strong fingers.

"Seen West?"

"Yes. I went over this morning."

"H'm. He's not putting up his fence after all. I thought he'd come to heel."

"Why do you say that? He told me . . ."

"I don't care what he told you, my dear. He's doing it. I saw the men at it, and pulled up and asked them. They said they'd got his orders to pull it all down again. Where's Margaret? I want to have a talk to her."

"I don't know where she is, except that she's out. What did you want to see her about?"

He did not answer immediately, but helped himself to a drink.

"Does it matter? It's between me and her. However, you might as well know. She was strolling round with Blake last night in the garden after you went off. I won't have it."

Helen laughed. "Don't be silly. Why, Margaret's a woman. Strolling round the garden . . . I've never heard of such nonsense."

"No. You wouldn't. But I know Blake. That's the best of being all gentlemen together." He grinned across the rim of his glass, and then added savagely: "Margaret's going to hear something from me when I see her. And what are you standing there thinking about?"

"Nothing. I feel too tired to think."

"Tired? I can tell where your thoughts are running. You're wondering why West suddenly changed his mind. Well, so am I. You didn't ask him, I suppose?"

"I certainly did not," she replied evenly. He laughed and walked out.

CHAPTER 4

HELEN came out of the telephone-box at Victoria repeating Arnold Moss' instructions to her and wondering what Arnold Moss might be thinking as he hung up the receiver at his end.

She knew that she had betrayed her agitation by her tone, and she detected a little quickening interest in his voice, a slight hesitance as he had pondered her request to see him privately during that evening.

It seemed that he lived in the house behind Piccadilly. It also seemed that behind the house were some mews, and in the high wall on one side of the mews was a little door marked 97. If she opened that door at exactly nine o'clock that evening, when it was dark, she would find herself in a quiet walled garden of small size.

On the other side of the garden were the french windows of Arnold Moss' study, and in the study Moss would be awaiting her. It would be impossible for anybody to know that she had visited him. He had assured her that the fact of her calling on him would be treated by him with the utmost discretion.

The train had delivered her at Victoria at 4.17. She had more than four and a half hours to waste before she visited Moss, and after some consideration she went into a tea-shop, took tea and cakes, and made her way in a taxicab to the Pantheon.

She came out of the picture house with an hour to spare, and tried to take a meal, but without any signal success. She felt sick with excitement, throbbing with it. The minutes passed indolently. She walked from the restaurant to the home of Arnold Moss.

Everything was as he had said. She found the mews and came as he had directed to the door marked 97. As she pushed it open she felt that she trod the threshold of a strange and terrible world where all the secret things of life dwelt darkly.

She closed and latched the door after her.

Whether Moss had an electrical warning bell connected with that door, or whether—expecting her at that moment—he de-

cided to welcome her, she did not know; but as she crossed the little square of grass one wing of the curtained windows opened and Moss stepped out.

He said nothing until he had admitted her and closed the window after him. Then: "Well, Mrs. Langham, this is a most delicious surprise." He eyed her keenly. "I have had my coffee served in here, and ordered two cups to be put on the tray. Let me offer you some. And I have some very fine old brandy. Bisquit Dubouche 1811. A small glass. . . . But yes, you must. It will do you good." He brought a chair forward for her and poured out coffee and brandy.

His manner was easy, kind. It soothed her, as though he caressed her gently. She began to feel more secure than she had felt since her father made his confession. She knew she could trust Arnold Moss as a desperate swordsman might trust a fine sword . . . to the hilt.

The room was very peaceful, not too brightly lit. She caught the rich gleam of colored feathers in the bookcase opposite to where she sat.

Moss held out a box of cigarettes and in the one she selected. He seated himself on the other side of the table.

"And now, what is the trouble?" he smiled.

She could indulge in no verbiage. She must come to the point at once.

"I want five thousand pounds, and I've brought the emeralds with me."

"I see." He took the packet she extended to him and with very deliberate care opened it. He lifted the emeralds from their velvet bed and swung them in the light. "The catch is broken," he said.

"Yes. I did that. It was an excuse to bring them to London. Only I know about this, Mr. Moss. Nobody else in the world knows—save you. Nobody else must know."

H E put the emeralds down carefully, and looked at her through the lazy drift of the tobacco smoke.

"Why do you want this money, Mrs. Langham? You must forgive what seems impertinence on my part. I'm not asking out of idle curiosity. But sometimes—his white hands flashed—"men and women, and particularly women, are inclined to exaggerate any difficulty into which they have fallen. You see, this is rather a serious thing that you contemplate doing. If there is any other way . . . I mean we might discuss it."

She leaned back. At last she spoke. "That's one of the kindest things I've ever had said to me. But there is no other way, Mr. Moss. That necklace is the only security I can offer. Further, I don't know when I can pay the money back. It may be many years before I can do so. And this is a business deal."

He looked as though he intended to deny her last statement, but after a moment's thought refrained.

"All right. What do you want me to do?" "This. You told me, when you were at my house, that you could make false stones so exactly like the real thing that only an expert could detect the difference. Now it is obviously impossible for me to pawn these gems and leave them pawned for years. I must have something to show."

"I want five thousand pounds and a sham necklace exactly like that one, and I want the money and the sham for an unlimited period, provided an agreed rate of interest is maintained on the loan. Further, I want the sham within three weeks from now. Can it be done?"

Moss smiled. "You've been reading a lot, Mrs. Langham. What you suggest has been done many times in fiction and, curiously enough, many times in fact. You're creating no precedent. Now let me think."

He sat back and smoked slowly, while she watched him.

"I can make the other necklace," he said.

"Yes. I can do that. I shall have to work hard, but I can do it. I shall make it myself. Nobody else shall see it. I have a workshop in this house."

She could imagine that the workshop was often used, that many strange secrets were fashioned therein. Moss was still thinking.

"I will arrange the loan," he said at last. "The security is ample. But it is a question of time. You will understand that I cannot agree to an unlimited period. I want you to appreciate my position. I can never sell the necklace as a whole. Split, it loses some of its value. The stones, if I dispose of them, must be got rid of singly, for if I sell the Langham necklace I sell your secret . . . our secret."

"Now I will lend you this money for one year. The interest I shall want will be ten per cent. per annum. The interest will be payable quarterly—four instalments of one hundred and twenty-five pounds. At the end of the year, if you are unable to redeem the necklace, we will talk again and come to another arrangement."

He smiled. "You see, we talk business, and so I am just a business man. As a matter of fact, the interest is very low."

"I know," agreed Helen. "I realise that in these matters you are entitled to charge more. Of course, I accept. When can I have the money?"

"Now." Moss got to his feet and walked to a corner of the room. Turning in her chair, Helen saw him at the circular door of a small and powerful wall safe. He opened the door as she turned, and looked across at her.

"It's in this safe," he smiled, "that I keep all my secrets. You, of course, know that I deal in other matters much like your own. I have a safe in the front of the place which is what I call my business safe. That is a safe where all the ordinary valuables of my affairs are placed. But in this one are my secrets."

"Your emeralds will rest in it until that extremely happy day when you bring me my money and the sham necklace and take the real ones home with you. I hope that day dawns before the end of a year. Now let me see. Five thousand pounds. I'll give you fifty one-hundred-pound notes. Cheques are very unsuitable vehicles for such payments as these."

He was counting notes from a thick wad. Watching him, Helen began to appreciate the magnitude of the man's affairs. He was counting off five thousand pounds as though he dispensed a small sum from petty cash. He must always, she reflected, keep a comparatively huge sum in ready money against such deals as this. She wondered what he knew. She wondered what trouble, sorrow, suffering, he could cause by speaking a few words.

"Aren't you afraid of burglars?" she asked.

His shoulders lifted. "No. The place is well protected. Everything is insured. I naturally do very heavy insurance deals, and with one company only. I have done business with them for many years, and they pay me the compliment of relying on my integrity. In the event of there being a robbery here, I should have to supply them with a list of the articles stolen, and their value as shown in my books. It is an unwritten understanding between us that the contents of this safe are covered in that fashion also."

He laughed slyly. "There are rather romantic undercurrents even in prosaic business, eh?"

"I think all dealers in gems must have a sense of the romantic, unless, of course, they are utterly devoid of imagination."

"Ah, in business imagination is a dangerous thing. There! there's the money, Mrs. Langham. We want no papers signed. I hold the gems, and you know the terms. Now let me see. Will you call here at the same time, eighteen days from now—that is, on the seventh of next month? I shall have the other necklace ready for you. By

the way, please count those notes before you put them into your bag."

With trembling fingers she counted the notes, folded them into a thick wad, and thrust them into her handbag.

Moss extended his hand and Helen took it and thanked him. He was smiling, bland, courteous. Any queries, any curiosity that might be shutting behind his face were not apparent to her. He walked with her across the grass and quietly opened the little door marked 97.

A T the door to which he had escorted her, and before he bade her good-bye, Moss said: "When you come next time ring me as before, though I shall be expecting you. But a telephone call often saves a great deal of trouble."

He paused.

"By the way, suppose I wished to get into touch with you . . . hurriedly? I mean . . . one never knows. Emergencies arise. Precedence is not one of our gifts, though we talk a lot about it. Could I ring your house?"

The door marked 97 was open. Helen could see the dark mews. It seemed as though somebody must lurk there, and be listening to Moss' quiet voice. She was now agitated, anxious to get away. The money talked largely under her arm in her bag.

Moss must not ring her at home. Suppose she were out and Ralph answered. He would want to know why Arnold Moss telephoned her. Most certainly Moss must not ring her at home.

And yet . . . She gave herself no time for serious consideration of the question. She accepted the first alternative that offered itself.

"Ring Mr. James West," she said; and gave West's number. "You need only tell him your name and that you wish me to ring you up as soon as possible. He'll see that I get the message."

The door closed quietly. She was alone in the darkness and the silence of the mews. She stood for a moment or two and then turned away.

Arnold Moss walked quietly and thoughtfully back into his room and did a thing which was contrary to usual cautious procedure in such delicate matters.

He made a note of Jim West's name and address and telephone number on a pad on his desk, and he left it there.

Beside the name and address he put the initials H. L. with a pencilled ring round them.

Helen walked swiftly through the mews, and now that the deal was effected and the money in her possession the abnormal calm which had overlain her emotions all through the evening broke completely and loosed a turmoil of doubts and fears.

"The unexpected happens as often as the expected. . . ."

Of course, Arnold Moss was playing with words. That was all. But suppose he happened to be right. Suppose . . . something happened . . . something. . . .

But what could happen? The cleverest Jeweller in London, perhaps in Europe, guaranteed to produce a replica of the Langham necklace so that nobody save an expert could detect the difference.

A very rich man had lent her five thousand pounds at a fair and reasonable rate of interest, a man so rich that so long as he received his interest she could be fairly well assured that he would not unduly press her for the return of the capital.

She would have a necklace to show the world, to wear at the County Ball. Her father would stand from under the shadow of imprisonment.

Nothing could happen. It was all so clear cut and perceptibly safe. Whichever way she looked at it she could see no flaw in it. And yet . . . her fear grew as she fled down the mews.

She turned towards Piccadilly. The sight of a telephone box near the corner gave her an idea, and, ensuring that she had the

necessary coins in her bag, she went into the box and rang up her home.

Ralph was out. The caller—who answered the telephone—did not know when he would be back. He had gone out earlier in the evening. She left a message for him. She was staying that night in London with her father.

CHAPTER 7

TONY ARBUTHNOT had a flat near St. James'. A taxi carried Helen round to it, and she lugged her handbag tightly all the way. She was trembling and she felt awed by what she had done. Her father's man answered her ringing.

Colonel Arbuthnot was out. At one of his clubs, the man suggested deferentially. "But I thought he'd resigned his clubs," said Helen in an unguarded moment.

The man's brows lifted slightly. It was obvious that he regarded such a happening as inconceivable as the blotting out of the sun. He was very polite. He ignored the question. He suggested that Mrs. Langham would wait he would endeavor to get the colonel on the telephone.

Helen heard him ring up two or three clubs before he succeeded, and then heard him tell her father that she had arrived and wished to see him urgently.

He came back into the room. "The colonel asks if you will wait, madam. And would you like any refreshment?"

"No, thanks. You were going to bed, weren't you?"

"Yes, madam, but . . ."

"I'll let the colonel in. Don't sit up."

"Thank you, madam." He silently effaced himself. Helen waited. She wished her father would hurry. The flat was very quiet, and she was impatient in a fretful, anxious fashion.

Tony Arbuthnot arrived at last. She heard him whistling as he turned his key, and she went to meet him in the hall.

"Hello, my dear." He loosened his coat from before his white shirt-front, doffed it, and then turned and held out his hands. "Fancy you calling at this hour! I'd just won a rubber when Allway rang up."

He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her and walked with her into the room. She closed the door.

"Anything wrong?" he asked quickly, as she did so.

"Father! I thought you'd resigned your clubs and were economising?"

He stroked his chin. "Well, you know. . . . Dash it. . . . I mean, after all, a fellow's got to do something. Here! Don't start henpecking me directly we meet. Have a drink. I'm having a whisky and soda. What'll you have?" He splashed out his drink.

"Nothing, thanks."

He looked across his shoulder, and then lifted his glass and tilted the whisky and soda in the light.

"H'm. The cold hard gaze of reproach, eh? Now listen to me, my dear. I've thought this thing right out, and it's going to be all right. Cherio. Sure you won't have anything?"

"I don't want anything. What have you thought out?"

He put his glass down and lit a cigarette. "Oh . . . the whole bag of tricks. I mean . . . after all . . . five thousand. . . . I can't crush a man. I'll go and see that dance fellow who's engaged to Saunders' girl, and put it straight to him. It's the only thing I can do."

"I know that. But what do you think he'll do?"

"What can he do? Let's forget him till the time comes. I never did believe in wading out unarmed to meet the fellow who's after you with a gun. It's always better to lie doggo and hope he trips up somewhere."

"Did you ever think of going and finding

a gun for yourself somewhere?" asked Helen.

"Eh?" He cocked his eyes sharply at her, and then laughed. "That's a good one, anyhow! You're peeved, aren't you?"

"No, father. I'm just sick at heart. The last time you talked to me you were in a state of despair. Now I find you playing a game of make-believe. Nothing will happen to you. This man will listen to your cool story of the theft of £5000 of his fiancée's money, and either forgive you or put you on the back. . . . Isn't it too tragically absurd for anything? Can you wonder that I'm almost ready to sit down and cry?"

"You mustn't do that." He spoke swiftly, and then looked at the tip of his cigarette. "Maybe you're right. But you view things differently from me. You're a stickler in these matters. I'm a stickler in other ways, but not these. After all, when you're shot to pieces and they can't fix you up, you might as well die grinning."

"And what, in the meantime, does that girl do about her five thousand pounds?"

"Eh?"

"Well, your dying grinning doesn't meet the debt you owe her. It might afford you some selfish satisfaction—the grand gesture and all the rest of it—but her loss remains."

Now he was a little furtive, like a big boy caught in some trick. "H'm. No. Funny thing—honor, Helen."

HELEN

felt merciless. Her father irritated her with careless optimism. He had always been the same. Hitherto he had had that amazing luck which often waits upon the improvident, and she knew that he could not believe that such luck would desert him.

Had it deserted him? Feeling the handbag pressing against her side, she knew that it had not. Whatever else happened, Tony Arbuthnot's luck had run true to form.

He was now fidgeting a little and not looking at her. He swallowed his drink and remained quiet.

She said quietly: "Well, one part of your difficulty is overcome, at any rate. I've got the money for you—here . . ."

He spun round swiftly and stared at her. "Great Scot, Helen! You're not serious, are you? You've got the whole five thousand?"

She nodded, and, walking to the table, opened her handbag. "Yes. The whole five thousand. Here it is, in hundred-pound notes."

Colonel Arbuthnot stepped forward and leaned on the edge of the table and looked down at the notes. His breathing was a little quickened and his nostrils had flared slightly.

"That's a lot of money, Helen." He spoke tonelessly. "A devil of a lot of money."

"It's just the amount necessary, father."

"Where did you get it?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"From Langham?"

"No."

He looked relieved. "Then where?"

"I say I won't tell you. It's borrowed."

The rate of interest is 10 per cent, and you're to remit it to me quarterly for me to pay. You must do that without fail."

"Pshaw! Five hundred a year. That's stiffish, isn't it? I mean . . . the bank rate's down . . . Six per cent. would have been ample. Any bank would lend you . . ."

He seemed suddenly to understand that on the table lay five thousand pounds, and that that sum automatically purchased his freedom. He leaned forward and rapidly ran through the notes.

"Fifty . . . hundreds . . . five thousand . . ."

By gad! I was right! I've got nothing to worry about. Billy Shea was asking me if I'd go to Gatwick with him next week and I turned him down. I thought it was unwise. I'll be able to go. My dear, you've made a new man of your father to-night."

She shook her head. "No, I've not. I've

only seen a few glimpses of the old one. Well, father? About the interest on this money . . ."

"Confound the interest! Let's worry about that when it's due. Now listen. They're showing a fine cabaret at the Palatial in Piccadilly. It's only a step or two from here. How would you like to go? We've got plenty of time. A nice bite of supper and a bottle, and maybe, I'll drag a dance out of myself. Just to celebrate . . ."

"What?"

"Eh? Oh—why, to celebrate this." He waved his hand largely across the littered notes. "To celebrate the famous get-out-from-under act."

"But you still owe the money. The difference between this debt and the other is only that, for the time being at any rate, you can't be imprisoned for it. Do you realise that we've got to find that five thousand pounds one day? I've got it for exactly a year."

He shook his head slowly. "You're deteriorating, Helen. You're becoming a dull dog. Why are you so serious about everything to-night? Why don't you laugh?"

"Because I can't see the joke—only the hard facts, which you resolutely refuse to see. Listen, father. I've been able to arrange for a postponement of the day of reckoning. That's all it is. A postponement. I've gained breathing space for you and for myself. But it's only breathing space. We're still right up against it. Your income from all sources is about a thousand. Isn't it?"

"Round that, and dashed hard to make ends meet on it too."

"Well, I want you to leave here and leave London. I want you to live on four pounds a week. That leaves five hundred for the first year's interest and three hundred towards the redemption of the debt. If I can show the man who lent this money that the debt is being reduced he'll undoubtedly extend credit. And I'll try to earn some money myself to supplement the payment. I might be able to. Women do earn money in these days."

Tony Arbuthnot stepped back a pace. "You're mad," he said. "Absolutely mad. I can't live on four pounds a week."

"Thousands do. Why not you? You've contracted a debt. It's up to you to pay it, and you can only pay your debts by making sacrifices."

Tony Arbuthnot stroked his hand across his hair. "I'll have to think it over. Springing it on me like this. Awful shock. I mean—upsetting the whole of my life. Four pounds a week . . . I never heard of such a thing."

"That's my ultimatum, father, anyhow. Four pounds a week until we're clear. Won't you feel some satisfaction in doing it?"

"I'm hanged if I shall. I shall hate it like poison. Here, while we're arguing all this, I was forgetting. Where are you sleeping to-night? You can't get back now."

"I'll stay here. I had intended going back, but realised that it was too late, so I rang up. I suppose you can lend some pyjamas?"

"Rather." He looked at her quizzically.

"Let's get 'em."

CHAPTER 8

HELEN

did not advise Ralph what time she was arriving at the station, but she sent a telegram to Jim West and asked him to meet her. He was there when the train pulled in, and he took her out through the barrier to his car. She felt a little nervous, and wondered how she could tell him that she had used his house as an address of convenience.

"No," she said. "I don't want you to drive me home, Jim. I think it would be inadvisable. But I wanted to see you as soon as possible, and ask you to do something for me."

"Of course. What is it?"

"Well . . . There's a man . . . His name's Moss—Arnold Moss. I've done some busi-

ness with him. It's private business. I know I can rely on you not to breathe a word to anybody."

"Yes." He was watching her with some curiosity.

"I had to give an address, you see. I mean, it's quite possible that he might never wish to communicate with me, but the emergency might arise. And . . . it was only between him and me . . . I gave your telephone number and address." She added this suddenly.

"I see. And what do you want me to do, old girl?"

"If he—Moss . . . rings through ever, just answer him and contrive to let me have his message, whatever it may be. I should want it pretty quickly, because he wouldn't ring unless the matter were desperately urgent. You don't mind, do you?"

"You know I don't. If it's going to help you in any way you can depend on me. But you're upset. You're not in any difficulties with this fellow, are you?"

"No. Far from that. He's awfully nice."

"Oh."

They were silent. Helen thought she had better go. She wished she had thought of some other expedient in regard to Moss' possible communications. She realised that her request must sound very strange, and that it opened up a very wide field for speculation, with one thing very clear in it—that her dealings with Moss were obviously to be concealed from Ralph.

It may have been this that precipitated her decision; or it may have been a growing knowledge that the burden she had dejectedly shouldered was rather too heavy for her; or again it might have been just uncontrolled impulse, an impulse she afterwards regretted.

She said: "I'm going to tell you the truth, Jim. I mean about Moss." And she told him everything. For some time after she had finished he made no comment.

"Isn't that pretty dangerous?" he asked at last.

"It was the only thing I could think of. It all seemed to point that way. Blake bringing Moss to our house. Moss seeing the necklace and valuing it at thousands of pounds, and telling me he could make false stones like real ones. It was as though a finger pointed the way out."

"I could have raked up the cash and lent it you, you know."

She shook her head. "You couldn't afford to, Jim. I couldn't have pledged the necklace with you, and you'd have no security for a sum of money that you can't afford to lose. It's more than possible that I shall never repay it, but if I don't Moss has got his security and I'll just have to face the music. That's all. Ralph can get his necklace back for five thousand, you know, and I must just take the kicks at the last. I couldn't transfer the kicks to you, could I? Because that's what it would mean if I took your money."

"I suppose so. But I don't like it. I wish you'd talked to me first."

"I couldn't. I should never have talked to you at all if I hadn't given your name and address on the spur of the moment. I had to do this thing off my own bat, you know, Jim."

"Ye-es . . ." He took her hand and retained it. "Helen, I want you to make me a promise. If anything goes wrong anywhere, or any more difficulties arise, will you tell me about them? You won't be putting anything on me. You'll just make me glad if you do."

Her eyes were warm on him. Her fingers closed over his for a moment of pressure.

"I will."

Jim West smiled. "That's a promise," he reminded her.

"Of course it is," said Helen, with something shaky in her smile. "I'll tell you everything—whatever happens."

She drew her hand from his, conscious of the color that lifted from her throat to her cheeks. There was some tumult within her. She felt as though she trod a shaky

footway blindly. In the silence her thoughts were fevered.

"I'll have to get along," she said at last.

"Do you mind calling that taxi for me?"

He lifted his hand, and a car came over to them. Helen got into it and it drove off. She turned and looked through the little rear window. Jim was standing where she had left him. He lifted his hand as he saw her face framed in the small square. She waved in return and thought: "Isn't it wonderful to feel like a kid?" The car brought her home.

CHAPTER 9

THERE came no word from Moss. Day after day passed and Jim West did not send through any emergency call on behalf of the jeweller.

At first Helen found herself daily growing more afraid, waiting for a summons to the telephone, waiting for a spoken phrase which would sum up disaster. But none came.

Moss was at work on the replica, and Moss would keep his word as to time. She believed implicitly that he was a man who kept his word in even the smallest things. He was a proud man. When he broke his word he injured something of himself.

The gulf between Ralph and herself had now become so wide that she knew nothing would ever bridge it. He had cut her out of his life almost completely, and was drinking very heavily. It was as though he had stepped across some indefinable border of alcoholism, a line which marked the difference between occasional drunkenness and a besetting vice which was almost a disease.

She spoke to Margaret about it. Margaret shrugged her shoulders.

"It's a Langham failing, you know. It jumps a generation sometimes, but they've always been men for the bottle. I don't mind Ralph getting tight, but I hate this brandy business he's going in for. And he gets into such filthy tempers."

"But can't anything be done?"

"What can we do? He's not the only man who's graduated through fine wines to spirits, is he? He will drink it in the morning. Rotten, isn't it?"

"Terrible."

"If you like that word—yes. Of course, they have homes for them, you know. But he's not bad enough yet."

"Margaret! Why are you talking so calmly about it?"

"Why shouldn't I? He's been a perfect beast to me this last week. If he chooses to curse me as though I were some animal, he can't expect me in return to go running round gnashing my teeth and tearing my hair on his account. Let the brute drink. If he wants to, I'm not going to worry about him."

"What does Major Blake say?"

"Margaret's cheeks colored swiftly and then lost their color."

"How should I know?"

"Well—I thought . . . I mean you see a good deal of Major Blake, and . . ."

"I don't. Are you joining Ralph in trying to prevent me from being friendly with him?"

"Why, no. I had no idea . . ."

"How, don't get any ideas, please."

"What's the matter, Margaret? I haven't said anything to hurt you, have I? I had no intention of doing so."

Margaret turned away.

"Perhaps you hadn't. But I'd like you to understand that I do not know Tommy Blake's opinion of Ralph, and I'm never likely to know."

She walked from the room.

Helen thought: "She doesn't like discussing Blake at all. I wonder what's happening."

She found herself thinking a good deal of Margaret for the rest of that day. Margaret was a strange and elusive personality. While she normally presented to the world a cold and rather

hard exterior, Helen conceived that she might easily be weak and malleable given certain circumstances.

She was the kind who might be unbending to all save one, and with that one she might break.

Helen did not like Margaret, for there was nothing about her which encouraged the affection of another woman. She was essentially a man's woman. She liked the company of men only. She was bored in the society of her own sex. She was possessive of men in that she demanded much attention and many of those courtesies which are a social observance and often nothing more. Her inherent selfishness showed in this.

She fed avidly on masculine admiration. She was a woman who, Helen conceived, would grow old pitifully and with protest. She had had many flirtations, no affairs, and no lovers. Behind her apparent coldness there might lurk some dark and furtive thing, something which might nudge her into adventurous and dangerous paths, paths into which love alone would never lead her; for all Margaret's love was given to herself.

And Major Blake . . .

Helen had a quick vision of his handsome, sleek head, his sleepy eyes, his easy manner.

If Margaret wanted a guide, she had one ready to hand. If she were rapacious for adventure, in her cold fashion, there was a master adventurer to assist her.

Helen recalled some words Margaret had once flung at her in her careless, cynical fashion.

"We're a rotten lot, we Langhams. We've run our race too long."

She wondered if the race were nearly ended.

MOSS kept his word. On the eighteenth day, and to time, Helen presented herself once more at the little door marked 97, and found herself again in the sedately lighted room facing Arnold Moss.

"Now," he smiled, spreading his white hands. "Which is which? Which is the genuine and which the false? Choose."

She leaned forward and examined them. He had mended the catch on the real necklace. She picked one of them up and examined it closely. She picked up the other and held them side by side.

"I can't tell. It's wonderful. Do you know?"

She had a sudden fear that he might have inextricably mixed them.

"Oh yes. I can tell. Well, there you are! Our little matter is safely adjusted. You take this necklace and I keep this one and you shall see me put it into my safe. And who is to say that I do not put some almost valueless paste into the safe and that you carry away many thousands of pounds' worth of emeralds?"

He cocked his head to one side and chuckled, obviously very proud of himself. The thought crossed her mind that without making any boast about it he had probably exerted himself tremendously on her behalf. She could find no words to thank him. She could only look at him with eyes shining with gratitude, which he seemed to understand, for he patted her hand and told her not to worry any more.

She showed Ralph the necklace when she got back, telling him that the catch was repaired. He grunted, scanned it, and gave it back to her. She felt indescribably relieved, as though it had passed some crucial test, and put it into the safe with a renewed feeling of thankfulness.

The matter was ended. There now remained nothing but a contrivance of ways and means for the funding of the debt. Moss held the real necklace. She had something to like the real to show to the world that she need fear only the closest, most expert, scrutiny.

She felt so relieved that she laughed at

herself, thinking that some streak of her father's character was showing in herself. Helen went to the County Ball wearing the spurious gems. This was the first occasion since she had put them into the safe that she was acutely and terribly conscious of their falsity.

She felt like a fraud. She knew that all the women in the room would at once admire the gems and envy her their possession. She knew they would be eyed with polite interest and spoken of as "the famous Langham emeralds, you know."

She met Jim soon after she arrived, and saw his glance move from her face to her throat.

"You look topping," he said. "You ought always to wear black."

"You're looking at the necklace," she whispered. "Jim, I'm afraid to-night."

"Why? It's marvellous! I remember the real thing from last year, and I couldn't tell that this isn't the real thing. Why are you afraid?"

"I don't know. I just am. I suppose it's bringing the thing out of the safe and showing it to everybody."

"Let's dance."

He was not a good dancer, and had not that gift of merging himself and his partner into the spirit of a waltz so that they floated to the stars and temporarily forgot the world.

He sometimes missed his step. Sometimes he was a beat behind the music. He kept apologising, and she wished that he would not be so considerate of her feelings.

In the semi-darkness, with the kaleidoscope lights flickering across the great partitioned room, she clung close to him, clung close . . . because she was afraid.

She would have liked to forget her fear while she was with Jim, but he kept on blundering, and saying, "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?" With all her strength she fought against an underlying sense of approaching calamity.

HELEN was glad when the dance finished and Jim suggested that they should go to the buffet. The buffet was crowded. The dance-room was crowded. The corridors round about were crowded, and so was the conservatory.

"I hate these crushes," whispered Jim. Helen nodded. She hated them, too. The County Ball was the chief function of the winter months, taking precedence, even, over the Hunt Ball.

A great many people attended it because they were desperately anxious to achieve the pitiful social distinction it was supposed to bestow, just as those same folk attended the Hunt Ball, while a very few were present because it was one of the wearisome social duties their position thrust upon them.

Ralph was in the buffet with Tommy Blake. They were talking to two girls. The buffet was set in a long room overlooking the park. A magnum of champagne was on the table Ralph and Tommy had managed to secure and hold against all comers.

Ralph lifted his hand. He smiled and looked specially friendly. With a slight sinking at her heart, Helen realised that he had already had too much to drink and was in that transitory stage—so short with him—when, before his temper was loosed, he was friendly with all the world.

"You'll have to stand against the wall, I'm afraid," said Jim. "There isn't a seat anywhere. They call this pleasure. I wonder what it's like on the hills? What would you like? An ice? Or a glass of champagne?"

"Champagne, thanks."

Helen fought past a noble lord, a young man whose sole claim to eminence was that he had a titled and extremely able father, a crush of youths and girls all talking very loudly and excitedly, a solid mass of

middle-aged folk of all kinds and conditions, and reached the wall near one of the tall and open windows.

The night air stole gently in and touched her cheeks with timid caresses. After a little while Jim got through the crowd, carrying two glasses of champagne.

"Well, the battle's over and the spoils are to the victor," he said. "Cheerio. My word! I wanted that. I ought to have asked them for a bottle. Isn't it splendid that one can't possibly be expected to attend more than two of these crams each year. I mean to say . . . one a month. . . ."

Jim paused. "Not worrying now?"

Helen shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I am a bit. I know it's absolutely ridiculous, but I can't help it. I'm afraid I'm not of the stuff of intriguers."

"Well, try to forget it—just for this occasion. By the way, I never asked you how your father got on."

They could talk quite confidently, for the babble around them absolutely precluded the possibility of anybody overhearing them.

Helen smiled.

"You need never ask how my father is getting on. You can always guess that he is getting on. He's a marvellous man. I had a lovely letter from him after—well, a week after the affair was settled. He had arranged to go to Gatwick races with a friend, and he felt that he must write and point out to me that when a man's luck is in it runs straight and true."

"It seems that he went through the card and won over four hundred pounds. Isn't that just like him? Believing in streaks of luck, piling all his winnings from one race on to the next, and so on. He'll never be different. He's got the great, grand gift of being happy-go-lucky to the last."

"What's he going to do with the four hundred?"

"I'm trying to get it, but I know it's a bad try. My father and four hundred pounds are a combination that I couldn't possibly defeat. I sent him a letter suggesting that he used it for the purpose of redemption. I had a wire from him. The wire said: 'Thinking it over. Too busy to write.' That meant too busy spending the money. By the time his thoughts have got going there won't be any four hundred."

Jim laughed. "I'd almost sooner have him that way than any other."

"So would I—if he didn't get himself into such frightful holes. Hello, Ralph!"

RALPH had come up, inclining his head curtly. "Evening, West. When are you going to have a dance with me, Helen?"

"When you like. The next?"

"I can't the next. I've booked the Glanister girl. Well, West, I didn't think I'd see you here. I thought these crushes weren't your pidgin."

"They're not, really. But I suppose an invitation is an invitation."

"Oh, of course. Have you seen Margaret, Helen?"

"Not since we arrived. Why?"

"Well, Tommy had a dance with her and then found Mary Glanister, and we haven't seen Margaret since."

Helen wondered if Ralph connected Margaret's self-effacement with Tommy Blake's encounter with Mary Glanister.

As she thought this he added: "She's behaving like a damned schoolgirl in a huff, and I won't have it."

He was Helen realised, rapidly approaching the aggressive stage.

He looked round. "These shows are deteriorating. How do some of these people get their invitations? The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. . . . By Jove!"

Helen looked supplicatingly at West. He took her glass and said: "Might as well get rid of these." He turned away towards a table.

Helen spoke quietly. "Ralph, do be careful, won't you?"

"Of what?"

"Well—here . . . Don't drink too much."

He stared at her for a long moment. Then laughed and turned away. West returned.

"What shall we do?" he asked.

"I don't know. I don't care what I do. Jim. I just feel like that." A semi-mirthless laugh checked her talk. "I'm almost feeling abandoned. You know . . . the desperate woman seeking diversion anywhere and anyhow."

"You look very beautiful," said Jim quietly. "The most beautiful woman here."

She did not answer immediately. Her color heightened. They both felt awkward.

At last: "That's nice of you, Jim, because I know you meant it. Oh, look. Here comes that awful little man, Starrat. I know he's going to ask me to dance. He's boring down on me with grim determination. Can't I get away?"

"Too late," said Jim sadly. "The foe's upon you."

Sir John Starrat, Justice of the Peace and a very important man in his small domain of some hundreds of acres, drew up alongside with a definite challenge in his smiling eyes.

He bowed punctiliously to Jim. He was always punctilious, even when he was sitting on the local bench surrounded by his fellow dispensers of minor punishments for minor crimes.

To Helen he said: "May I, please, Mrs. Langham?"

"Thank you. I'll see you in here afterwards, Jim."

"Right ho!"

Sir John again bobbed his bald head towards Jim and fought for the exit with his prize, as though he were some tough and foreshortened little warship triumphantly dragging into captivity a beautiful clipper caught running contraband.

"It's a waltz," he said. "I wanted the last one, but saw that young West had claimed it. I can't get on with these new Yankee things. Anyhow, they're not dancing. Only sliding about." He propelled Helen on to the floor.

"Had a very tiring day," he panted. "Court day, you know. Too many cases. Doesn't the time fly at these affairs?"

"Does it? Yes, I suppose it does. What time is it now?"

"Gone two. I suppose we shall finish fourth or five, eh?"

"I imagine so. You're fond of dancing, aren't you?"

"I used to be when I was a young man. But getting a bit old now, you know." He chuckled. "And the girls don't want to stagger around with an old fellow with daughters of his own. It's very kind of you to put up with me."

"Now you're asking for a compliment," smiled Helen. "And I'm not going to say how glad I am, and how honored, and all the rest of it."

He laughed, and the arm which encircled her lightened a little. She thought: "The funny little fat man now tries to flirt."

As she thought this the music ceased, and Sir John's arm very reluctantly fell away from what he always privately considered to be the prettiest waist in Sussex.

"THEY'RE sure to encore it," said Helen, finding it difficult to refrain from smiling at the pompous little man at her side.

"Hope so," said Sir John, and clapped with tremendous vigor. The band restarted.

"My wife won't come to these affairs," he explained. "Nothing will make her. I argue with her, point out that there are certain obligations which devolve upon people in . . . er . . . h'm . . . our position, but she won't listen to me."

"So you have a free run?" asked Helen. He looked up quickly, saw that her eyes were laughing and laughed himself.

His eyes were level with her chin. He

suddenly said: "I remember these emeralds, Mrs. Langham, when they were worn by your husband's mother. A dear lady who, when I was young, was as pretty as a picture. They're marvellous, aren't they?"

"Yes . . . es . . ." He had known the stones for many years. His eyes were within a few inches of them. Her heart lightened slightly.

"Very beautiful and very valuable. Not that I believe in heirlooms. Too much trouble. I mean tens of thousands wrapped up in a few bits of glass, as you might say. They've never looked better than they do to night."

"What do you mean by that?" She tried to ask the question light-heartedly, but behind it was an anxiety lest Starrat should have perceived a difference in the necklace.

"The setting, my dear lady. It is the setting that makes the stone you know."

"You're really incorrigible, aren't you? And you've forgotten your grown-up daughters?"

"Well, they've forgotten me. They tried their hardest to dissuade me from coming. I mean—she's my youngest, you know—said to me as we drove over, 'Do try not to make a fool of yourself, father, by dancing with women young enough to be your daughters.' They expect me to sit in a corner with some dear old lady and start off by saying, 'Now when I was a young man . . . I hope I'll always be a young man.'"

"And I'm sure you'll succeed," said Helen. She felt more at ease. The stones had passed the scrutiny of this shrewd and jolly man whose memory of them carried back over some forty years.

"Do you think so?" He looked very bright.

"Certainly."

"That's fine. I suppose they won't give us another encore." He reluctantly refrained her. "Can I get you something to drink? Oh, but West was going to wait for you, wasn't he?"

"He said so."

"Hb. Come along, then."

He piloted her through the drifting crowd and found the buffet. Jim West was standing against the open window smoking. Sir John handed Helen over, lingered a moment or two, and then fought his way with grim determination towards the drinks.

"I like him," said West. "He's Peter Pen."

"Yes, he's a dear, really, but a perfectly appalling dancer; and he will flirt."

"Well, I'm a perfectly appalling dancer, as you put it."

West checked suddenly, realising the second part of Helen's criticism of Sir John. They both laughed. Helen wanted to laugh. She felt more carefree. The gems were a success. Arnold Moss had done his work well. On reflection she knew that she had never expected her confidence in him to be misplaced. Such a man would not fail a client in an emergency.

CHAPTER 10.

"YOU'RE easier in your mind, aren't you?" asked West.

"Yes, I am, really. I was a bit worried. It was silly, I know. Guilty conscience, I suppose."

West was moving out through the window. Helen walked with him and they found themselves on the terrace, under the stars. The murmur of the crowd in the house reached them indistinctly in the silence. Helen added: "Two wrongs never make a right, do they?"

"Don't they?" West answered vaguely.

"No. I've been thinking it all over. When I took the money to father I became a bit priggish and talked a lot about honor. I felt rather worked up and annoyed. But,

of course, if he was a thief, so was I. Maintaining the family tradition—"

West turned to her.

"Now listen to me. You're allowing this business to become an obsession with you. You're thinking it, talking it, acting it. If you persist, I shall raise the cash somehow and go to Moss and redeem the stones. Forget it. It's done."

"These"—lifting his hand towards her throat—"have passed a general inspection to-night and are pronounced fit for active service. You've nothing to worry about, and, if the worst ever comes to the worst, I can get the money and you can transfer the debt and put the real stones back."

"Thanks, Jim. Of course, I shan't do that, but it's lovely of you to say it."

She took a deep breath. "Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I have allowed the thing to obsess me. I mustn't. I'll forget. I'll make myself think that the real Langham necklace is round my neck at this moment. I'm a bit chilly."

He was instantly anxious. He turned towards her solicitously. For a moment his hand brushed hers, and for that moment they remained still looking at each other.

She saw his eyes, strained and kind, on hers.

"Let's go back, Jim," she whispered.

He said: "Yes—" very quietly. They walked back into the buffet, and neither of them spoke.

The dance went on. Helen did not see Ralph, and it was by chance that she learnt that he had gone off with Major Blake and the two Gianister girls.

The information was conveyed to her by an elderly lady who considered herself a power in the county, and whose spare-time occupation consisted of opening fetes and presenting prizes at sports meetings organised by the proletariat. She informed Helen of Ralph's departure with an air which indicated that Helen was to blame. Why, Helen did not know.

She was not sure whether she were glad or sorry that Ralph had gone. She knew that had he stayed he would have taken a great deal more drink, and perhaps have made a scene; an unforgivable offence in this gathering of all that was right and proper.

On the other hand, the Gianister girls had what was vaguely called a reputation, which really meant that they had no reputation at all. Daughters of a family notorious for its wildness, they lived up to the precedents set them by their forbears.

Helen was past feeling any humiliation at Ralph's hands. She calculated that he would probably return before the dance was over, but even if he did not Jim West would take her home. Her life was now so utterly divorced from Ralph's that she viewed his departure as she might have viewed the departure of a stranger.

She saw nothing of Margaret as time went by. At four o'clock she deliberately searched for her, but did not find her. She told herself that Margaret was suffering, and though she could never feel any real sympathy for a woman so intensely self-centred, she wished that Tommy Blake had stayed and spared Margaret the hurt she was sure Margaret was feeling.

It was just after half-past four. In half an hour the affair would be ended.

Helen had been dancing with a young gentleman who adorned one of His Majesty's crack infantry regiments in the capacity of subaltern, a nice boy who knew all about the world and its affairs, and had a panacea for every ill, political, financial and economic, that afflicted the State.

He was just suggesting that a stroll along the terrace would do them both good after the heat of the ballroom when Helen saw West making his way towards them.

West's face was set and rather serious.

He uttered a curt word of apology to the young man and said to Helen: "Can I speak to you for a moment?"

He led her away for a few steps and then pressed her hand reassuringly. In her brain there sounded suddenly an ominous note of alarm.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Well," he paused, "You remember that arrangement . . . about Moss telephoning in case of emergency. I ought to tell you that I have a man, Hurson—he used to be my butler in France—who can be trusted to the very last inch. I left instructions with him that if any telephone message came he was to bring it in person to me here."

Her face blanched.

"What exactly does that mean?" she asked.

"Well, such a message came. It was of such urgency that I felt I must tell you at once."

"You mean," she gasped, "that Moss has telephoned to your house?"

West nodded.

YES, Moss had telephoned. West, giving further particulars, confirmed Helen's worst fears. The call had come through at half-past four in the morning. That Moss should telephone at all was indicative of difficulty. That he should telephone at such an hour might mean catastrophe.

"What did he say?" she asked.

West's shoulders lifted slightly. "Nothing really. Of course he wouldn't—say my name Hurson. As I say, I'd already warned Hurson that I expected an urgent call at any time during the day or night, and that he himself was always to answer the telephone in my absence. He's absolutely trustworthy—one of the finest men you could meet—and he got up, dressed, took out his motor-cycle and rode straight across here."

"Like a good soldier he had all the details written out. He handed me a sealed envelope and said: 'I thought that might be the message you wanted, sir.' After I'd read it I told him to go home. Here it is."

West handed a small crumpled sheet of paper to Helen.

She glanced at the paper. It was headed: "Time, 4.17 a.m. Mr. Arnold Moss telephoned for Mr. West. Mr. Moss said that Mr. West was to be told the matter was extremely urgent, and that Mr. Moss would wait at his London address for a telephone call."

"I must ring him at once," said Helen, and then: "Oh, Heaven! What can have happened?"

West took the paper from her and put it carefully into his pocket.

"Now don't fret too much," he said. "Would you like to come to my place and ring? It'd be wiser, perhaps."

Their eyes met. She nodded.

"Yes. I don't care. I must ring him. Jim . . . you don't think anything very serious has happened, do you?"

"I don't know," said West slowly. "It's no use playing the ostrich, and, frankly, I don't like Moss ringing at this extraordinary hour and saying that he'll wait a call."

She was trembling. She tried to speak, and could not for a moment or two.

Then: "Let's go. Oh, please hurry!"

West touched her arm gently, as though he would steady something that shook and threatened to overbalance.

"Go and get your cloak. Come out of one of the windows on to the terrace and cross the lawn. I'll run the car down. Otherwise there'll be all the fuss of saying good-night to people. I'll be there by the time you are."

He smiled. "Steady, old girl, won't you? Don't panic."

"No . . . I've panicked already. I feel physically sick." She turned and left him.

West secured his things and went to his car. Luck had dictated that he should have parked it in such a position that it could be instantly driven away without the necessity for moving others, and he fooled it quietly and slowly out on to the drive beyond the lawn in front of the house.

Helen slipped out of a window in one of the corridors and met Margaret on the terrace. Margaret had a fur coat round her and was smoking. She looked pale and drawn.

"Where are you going?" she asked. Helen did not check her haste. She said: "Home."

"But why? The show's not over. Have you seen Blake anywhere?" The question was asked eagerly.

It gave Helen a cue for an excuse. She flung across her shoulder: "Ralph left long ago, with him."

Margaret stood and watched her run across the lawn. Then saw her get into the car on the drive.

She drew at her cigarette. "Quite so," West . . . she whispered. She went inside.

West drove swiftly. His car, while not of the luxurious and expensive types employed by Ralph and Tommy Blake, was of high power and could travel fast, and he gave it its will. Yet to Helen it seemed to crawl on hesitant feet.

"Hurry!" she whispered. "Oh, do hurry, Jim. I want to hear. I must hear."

West glanced sideways at her. In the upflung glow of the dashlight he could see her face dimly. Her profile was delicate and wistful against the darkness beyond the window.

He wanted to put his arm round her and hold her close. They touched the crown of the hill and arrowed along the summit road, the car travelling like a lithe and eager living thing.

West said quietly: "There's the house. Hurson's left the lights on."

CHAPTER 11

ARRIVED at the house, they entered, leaving the car on the drive. West, without asking, called the exchange, and, after giving Moss's number, learnt that there would be a short delay. They sat, smoking and chatting nervously.

A short silence fell between them. Then Helen said: "Jim, that's an extension on that table, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I want you to listen when Moss comes through. I'd rather you did."

He seemed about to query this request, but changed his mind. "Right you are. And talking of extensions reminds me of when I was in barracks one time. My man Hurson was on the telephone, and the General Officer Commanding rang through and wanted . . ."

The telephone bell shrilled.

They looked at each other. "Here it is," said West. "I'll get him."

He walked to the extension and Helen picked up the receiver of the main instrument. West answered the night operator. They waited.

Helen awayed slightly, and West, hastily putting down his receiver, urged a chair forward for her. He was just in time to hear Moss say: "Mr. Moss here, who's that speaking, please?"

"Mr. Moss," Helen spoke breathlessly. "This is Mrs. Langham. You rang up and asked me . . ."

"Oh yes. That's right." Helen detected that Moss' voice was lacking its normal calm. He sounded agitated, though there was an indication that he endeavored to suppress the agitation. "Can I speak freely?"

"Yes, do. Please. As plainly as possible. What has happened?"

He did not immediately answer, as though he marshalled his words carefully. Then: "To-night I have been out to a friend's house some distance from London.

I stayed very late and did not arrive home until about four o'clock. The drive was a long one. I found that in my absence, and while my servants were asleep, my house had been broken into."

West looked across at Helen. Now he could guess the whole disaster without further words from Moss.

"Unfortunately," said Moss, "the thieves entered from the rear and found that small safe. They were clever men, and they opened it and cleared it of its contents. The larger and less important safe in the front they did not touch."

"You mean everything is gone . . . everything?"

"Yes, Mrs. Langham. Everything," Helen said nothing for a little while. "What can we do?" she asked at last.

"Well, the situation is a difficult one. I am trying to do my best for everybody, but there is an aspect of the affair which must be considered."

"Yes . . .?"

"You remember I mentioned to you a comprehensive insurance I hold. Well, I have to supply the insurance company with a list of the stolen articles, and a description of them, before I can recover values. They, in turn, will advertise through the usual channels for the stolen goods. Do you see?"

"Yes," said Helen, "I see," and saw only too well.

HELEN was trying, while Moss spoke, to grasp the fullness of the disaster. Moss himself elaborated it.

"Various aspects of the situation must be considered. One I have indicated—the fact that I must reveal to a third party, who, in turn, will reveal it to many others, the exact nature of the contents of that safe. There is another. The thief or thieves must inevitably endeavor to dispose of the property."

"They may take devious means of surrendering it in order to secure the reward. That has been done before. More likely they will sell it at ridiculous prices to some receiver of stolen property. It will pass through the usual channels, and perhaps the police will ultimately secure it."

Moss paused.

"The disposal of the property through a receiver hits us on both ways. It would probably mean that the theft of the necklace would never be discovered, because it would be broken up. They would never dare to sell it as a whole, because it would be easily recognised. As against that, of course, one has to set the fact that it would be irretrievably lost."

"Is there no way out?" asked Helen.

"I've tried to think of one. Naturally, my thoughts are disturbed. I have only just discovered that the burglary has taken place. I'm calling in the police, and advising the insurance company. I make this suggestion. I should like to see you. I am seeing the various people whose interests lay in that safe and discussing the matter with them. I don't wish to do anything precipitate, or anything that a little talk can render unnecessary; but, naturally, I have to protect myself."

"I've decided, therefore, to defer sending a list of the articles either to the insurance company or the police until the day after to-morrow. That gives us all day to-morrow. Now I shall have to visit a number of my clients near here. You I cannot visit with discretion, so I suggest that you come up to London and call on me."

"Of course I will do that," said Helen. "Anything . . . anything . . ."

"Thank you. Say eleven o'clock to-morrow evening. I am leaving it late for two reasons. One is that my time to-morrow will be fully occupied, and the other is that we might employ the extreme limit of time at our disposal in order to try to find some way out of the difficulty."

"Is there a way?" Helen asked the question tonelessly.

"You never know. I've had no time to think of anything, but we may arrive at some conclusion by to-morrow evening."

Moss' voice checked and then went on: "There is a ringing at the doorbell. It will be the police. So I'll say good-bye until to-morrow evening."

Helen hung up the receiver and turned towards West, who was already on his feet. He stepped across to her.

"We can't talk about it now," he said. "You must go home. Yes . . . please . . . It's impossible for you to stay here and discuss it."

"But what can I do if I go home?" She spoke wildly, her voice suddenly uplifted. "What can I do?"

"Just wait here a moment."

He went out of the room, and when he returned he carried a small piece of screwed-up paper in his hand.

"I've got here a couple of tablets," he said. "I have them by me to make me sleep when my old wound troubles me, as it does occasionally. They won't hurt you. I want you to promise to take one to-night and one to-morrow night, at your father's place, after you've seen Moss. Will you?"

She took the piece of paper.

"I don't think I shall ever sleep again," she said dully.

"You will. And now come along."

He took her arm and led her from the house. She walked mechanically and got into the car. It started forward and reached the road.

Down was lifting across the eastern hills, and long shafts of primrose light followed the car as it bore on its way. Helen sat staring ahead through the windshield. She was tired with the lateness of the hour, stunned by the news the hour had brought her.

At last they reached her home.

"To-morrow morning," said West, "I'll walk across the hills this way. Say eleven o'clock. Perhaps you'll meet me then." He smiled. "I ought to say this morning. I suppose. Will you?"

"Yes. And thanks, Jim. With all my heart. . . ." It was as if there had shone suddenly a golden lining to clouds lying low on the horizon. She fled indoors.

She did not see Ralph, and did not know whether he was in or not. She took one of the tablets and got into bed. Her thoughts were like hammer-beats.

She lay for some time in the darkness, until the hammer-beats slowly ceased, and she felt strangely restful and at peace, so that she forgot Arnold Moss and all the tragedy of the night, and slept.

CHAPTER 12

SHE met Jim West on the hills at eleven o'clock the following morning. She did not see Ralph, nor Margaret. Margaret had gone out alone before Helen was down, and Ralph was still in his room. She calculated that he had made a fairly good night of it and was in no condition to be about before lunch.

"Sleep all right?" asked West, as he met her.

"Yes. But I've never been more grudging of the hours. I feel as though it was a dreadful waste of time. I might have been thinking . . . devising . . ."

She paused. "Jim. It's awful. Last night I felt sort of dazed by it, and that tablet you gave me sent me to sleep. But this morning I can think . . . and think . . . and yet not think of anything helpful. I'm a frightful coward, really, now that there's a real crisis."

"You're not. Sit down here and listen to me." He gently assisted her to seat herself on the steep slope of the hill and dropped down beside her. "I've been thinking, too, and I've got a way out of at least part of the difficulty. We can prevent the insurance company being told."

She looked at him levelly.

"I know what you're going to say, Jim. You're going to suggest that you find the

five thousand pounds, so that I can pay Moss. He then won't have to make a claim. But I can't let you do that. To begin with, you can't afford to lend five thousand pounds on such rotten security."

"I'd get my interest on the money."

"I know. And lose the capital. At secondly, there's a greater consideration than that. Don't you realise that the famous Langham necklace is lost? It's lost. It'll be broken up. It'll never be recovered intact. And in its place, after those hundreds of years, there's only a fake."

She paused. "I think I shall tell Ralph. It's the only honest thing I can do—after this dishonesty."

West had a quick and vivid vision of Ralph Langham when rage was upon him. In that vision he saw Ralph drinking, as he knew he drank of nights, thinking of what had befallen the necklace of which he was so proud, thinking of what he would meet, certainly deem the insult to his family's traditions.

"I shouldn't do that."

Helen turned. "Why? It's due to him."

"But not to yourself."

She laughed. "I think it is due to me. I tried to add two wrongs into a right, and the sum's not come out properly. So I must lose the marks."

He put his hand over hers and held it. "Helen. You mustn't tell Ralph. Were he different—I should be the first to agree with you. But—well, I just couldn't stand the thought of your telling him, as he is. That's all. I know him. Not perhaps as well as you do. But well enough. If he—By gad! Don't you see?"

She nodded. Her lips were trembling and he saw her eyes suddenly swim with tears.

It seemed natural to him and to her that she should lean sideways against him, that her head should come to his shoulder, that he should hold her close while she cried for the first time since Moss' message came through.

He was filled with pitying tenderness. He had always admired her as a clever and beautiful woman of strong individuality; but now she was like a child seeking shelter from a force too strong for her, pathetic and helpless.

"Don't . . . he whispered. "Don't . . . my dear."

"Jim . . . oh Jim . . . What shall I do? I'm not afraid . . . for myself . . . I'm just ashamed, and just wanting to put things right . . ."

She drew back at last. He was fondly foolish. He wiped her eyes with his handkerchief—clumsily, like a boy whose first love cries. She laughed a little—catching her breath on the laugh, and was tremulous and suddenly shy and flushing hotly, remembering the pressure of his lips on her hair. Her eyes, meeting his, were melting with gentleness and submission.

She said: "Are my eyes very red?"

"Not very."

She looked at herself in the mirror of her handbag. "They are. And look at my nose . . . all shiny . . ."

She took out a powder-puff and he sat and admired her profile, the delicate droop of her throat.

"Is that better?" She turned to him for inspection.

"Fine. No more tears, eh? Promise?"

"Yes. Promise."

"Good. Now I'll tell you what I've done. I've wired your father, in your name, that you'll reach his flat about midnight to-night and want to stay there. I thought it better. I want him to be there when you get there. You may need somebody on hand."

"Thanks, Jim. You think of lots of things, don't you? I wonder what Moss will say."

"We can't tell. He's a very clever man, and a jolly good sort, and we must wait and see what he has to propose. Ring me up

to-morrow morning, won't you? I'd like to hear."

"I will."

They went down the hill together to the point where they were to part, and West turned to her and took her hand.

"In all this bitterness," he said softly, "there was one great sweetness . . . that I shall never forget."

RALPH was down to lunch, and Margaret with him. Ralph was in that condition which Margaret, in her lighter moods—which were now very infrequent—called "the chronic aftermath." He was finishing off a half bottle of champagne when Helen came in.

"Hello," he said. "What was your idea last night?"

"In what way?"

"Boiling off with West. I looked all over the place for you. Made me look such a dashed fool—scurrying round asking for my wife and being told another man had taken her home."

"Well, you'd gone. The show was practically over and I was tired. I didn't know you were coming back."

"Of course I was coming back. I only went for a breath of air. Foul sort of show, anyhow, and I got choked in there. You listen to me . . ."

She checked him.

"That's just what I'm not going to do, Ralph. I came home with Jim West. That's the end of it, as far as I'm concerned. I want you to remember that I spent the whole evening with him . . . because you left me. And now I want my lunch because I'm going to London to see father."

He stood staring. Hot words were trembling on his lips. She walked past him into the dining-room.

"Well, I'll be shot!" he grunted. "Did you hear that, Margaret?"

"Oh, come and eat, and don't be such a fool," Margaret's voice had all its sharpness. "Don't you think it would be a good idea to go on the water-wagon for a month, Ralph? Just give yourself a chance . . . and us . . ."

"Go on." His head nodded slowly. "Go on. You're my sister, but don't let that hinder you. I know I'm not wanted here. I know that if Ginger pecked one day and broke my neck for me there wouldn't be any lamentations."

"No . . ." as Margaret tried to speak. "I don't want any lunch. At least, with you two. I'm going out, and I'm taking the Rolls. And you can tell Helen that she can't have the Fowler for the station because Brand's going to start deeking it this afternoon. She can ring for a taxi if she wants one."

He flung out of the room. Margaret joined Helen.

"Nice boy . . . my brother . . . and your husband . . ." she said a little breathlessly. "I hate the beast!" She dropped into a chair. "Did you hear that about the car?"

"Yes, Margaret. Can't we do something? I mean . . . get medical advice. Ralph's so much worse."

Margaret turned to the girl. "I don't want all this food. Bring me a half-bottle of the '19 Bollinger and some biscuits, and then Mrs. Langham and I want to be alone."

Sipping her champagne, she said: "The girls will be leaving soon, if we don't mind. Old Hawkins was talking to me about it. They're afraid of him when he gets violent, and they don't like his language. And one of the kennelmen has gone. He told me that he wouldn't be threatened with a horsewhip by anybody. Have some of this bubbly. You look as pale as death." She pushed the bottle across.

Helen helped herself. She was liking Margaret more at this moment than ever before, and was realising that under Margaret's somewhat shallow sophistication

was an ability to face facts squarely and without equivocation.

"But what can we do?" she asked.

"That's just it. What can we do? I've got enough money of my own to jog along with, and I've half a mind to clear out and take a flat in town."

MMARGARET paused and went on rather carefully. "There's been a lot of talk about Jim West. And I've joined in it when the occasion arose, and I didn't choose my words very well. Do you mind if I mention him again?"

Helen felt her throat and cheeks burning.

"No, go on," she said.

"Well, it's this way." Margaret was fingering the stem of her glass carefully. "I think it might help if you didn't see him for a little while. There are times when one can just mark time, aren't there? And it's wise."

She looked up suddenly. "Of course, you're in love with him, aren't you?"

Helen was tremblingly confused. "Why should I be?" she stammered.

"Oh, well. It's nothing to do with me. I'd rather be in love with him than with Ralph. I'll tell you that frankly. We're fools, aren't we? I mean . . . all women . . ."

"We try to be so confoundedly wise. I thought I was. I'm in love . . . with Tommy Blake. . . I know he's an awful beast. I keep telling myself that he isn't, but I know it all the same. And still I keep on loving him. He's got me . . . like that . . ."

Margaret's hand spread and slowly closed.

"Margaret . . ."

Margaret nodded. "Now you know. I felt I had to tell somebody. You and I haven't exactly hit the same spot all the years we've known each other; but there's nobody else to tell. Last night was just like hell to me. I hung about outside, and got frozen . . . Fool . . . I know I'm a fool . . . But aren't we all?"

Helen considered her. "Do you think it would be best for you to go away? I mean, if you feel like that."

"Escape, you mean? That's, putting it badly, isn't it? It's kind of you, Helen, because you're realising, as I realise, that it would mean leaving you here alone. No, I'm not going away. I just couldn't."

She got up and walked to the fireplace. "It's not that I want something sweet and wonderful to come to me to treasure and keep as a sweet and wonderful memory; I treasure and kept. I'm not that kind. But I just want to love . . . for the first time in my life . . . perhaps the last . . . to love beyond reason . . . without stint . . ."

She took a deep breath. "I'm nearly crying, and that's absurd." She stood crushing her cigarette between trembling fingers.

Helen came round to her. "Margaret, I can't advise you. It's never possible to advise. I know that. But you're finer than Major Blake, ever so much finer, and you're the one who would be broken. It seems to me that you owe something to yourself . . . a sort of obligation . . . Am I making myself clear? It may not be important to-day, but some day, inevitably, in the future, you will be glad. Do try to understand me."

"I don't want to understand. I just don't want to." Helen saw Margaret's even, white teeth bite over her lower lip. Then she brushed past, and went out of the room.

Helen sat for a little while staring at her untasted food. She did not drink the champagne Margaret had invited her to take. She sat and tried to think clearly, but could not.

She wondered if she should go up and see Margaret before she left, but realised that nothing useful could be achieved by so doing. For a few brief minutes Margaret had revealed herself as never before,

and as she would probably never reveal herself again.

She might regard further expressions of solicitude as an unwarrantable intrusion. She was like that. She had all the Langham tendency towards changes of front, and she had, besides, a strange secrecy with which she normally girded herself and the breaking of which, Helen felt sure, was only temporary and brief.

It was time that she had the taxi summoned, time she went to London. The hours were marching by relentlessly, as much beyond recall as that hour when she sat with Arnold Moss and struck her bargain of disaster and despair.

She went up to her room to prepare for her journey.

CHAPTER 13

AT the station Helen found Jim West waiting. He came towards her as she discharged the taxi and said: "I realised that you'd be going off alone, so I came over and waited."

"But you might have had to wait for hours." She flushed with pleasure at his thoughtfulness.

"Would that have mattered? I'm going to get you some magazines. Or would you rather have a novel?"

"I don't want anything. I couldn't read. It would seem so futile. I wonder what Moss will say."

"I believe you've asked that question before, and neither of us can answer it until you see him. I'll tell you one thing: I should be inclined to rely solely on him. He's a man of affairs, and I should say that he's discretion personified. He's guided by him in everything. It may not be so bad as you think."

"Optimism." She smiled wistfully. "It's much more cruel than pessimism, you know. It paints such glowing pictures that soon get rubbed out. But I think you're right about Moss. I must rely on him. I'm helpless in these things."

"You've got that sleeping tablet?"

"Yes. Of course I remembered it." She nearly added: "You gave it to me."

"Good. And now here's your train. Shall I come into Brighton with you and help you change? I'd love to. I can leave the car here."

"No. I don't think so, Jim. I think it would be inadvisable. You know it's not because I don't want you to."

"All right." He took her on to the platform and found a compartment for her. "Got plenty of cigarettes and matches? Here. Take these. Of course I can get some more at once. Look after yourself, won't you? And—by the way—if you have a chance, ring me to-night. I'll wait till, say . . . one o'clock."

"I'll do that, Jim. Thanks ever so much." The door closed and the train began to move.

It was a slow train, and it stopped at wayside halts and small stations all the way into Brighton, where Helen had half an hour's wait before she caught a fast train to Victoria.

The impossibility of Jim's accompanying her was hurtful, even tragic. The one man she wanted at her side in this hour of crisis must stay behind, must do trivial things for her only, such as supplying her with cigarettes, opening a railway carriage door for her, speaking vague words of encouragement.

Life put up these bars. It never permitted everything to be right all at once. There must always be some tragic omission, some ironic denial.

She rode alone. The train picked up people and dropped them, but nobody intruded upon the privacy of the first-class compartment Jim West had found for her. At last the train rattled and jerked across the complicated points outside Brighton Station and came to a standstill at a platform.

The station was crowded. There were

a good many holiday folk about, and a large number of people leaving offices and business places and bound for the smaller towns round about.

Helen had never seen Brighton Station quiet and deserted, and now she was glad of it, glad that there was a throng about her, the train noises, the chatter of many tongues. A porter took her through the barriers.

She did not go into the waiting-room, but sat on a seat in the open space at the head of the platforms and watched the crowd.

The half-hour wait seemed short. She found a seat in a Pullman and her train started. She was seated opposite a large lady, heavily bearded, lavishly made up, and dressed in a fashion that would have made Solomon in all his glory writhe with envy.

When the attendant came along and various folk ordered tea, the large lady took a bottle of stout and talked. Helen encouraged her. She wanted somebody to talk to her, somebody who did not need any spur towards conversation.

IT was fortunate for Helen that her companion loved Brighton—talk of it kept thought at bay until London was nearly reached.

But now the end of the journey was approaching.

They were now running through southern London, and as Helen saw the streets and houses on either side of her, she felt as though some monstrous thing had stretched out its arms and enfolded her.

Now not even the chatter of the large lady could dispel her growing anxiety and fear. She was near to her destination. Some hours must pass before she saw Moss, but these hours would be bridged at incredible speed by terror.

It was as though the interview was at hand, and with it a sure knowledge that it would be productive of nothing helpful. The speed was slackening. They ran into Victoria.

The large lady said good-bye. She had to hurry. She was eating somewhere with some friends and then going to a show.

Helen found herself beyond the barriers, alone and feeling lonely. She sat down for a little while, as though she rested against an ordeal.

She kept trying to tell herself that she was being weak and foolish, that only she could handle this matter, seeing that only she had been the responsible cause of it; but all the time, and despite this, she wished Jim West had been with her.

At last she made up her mind that she would take her attache case, containing her toilet necessities, to her father's flat and leave it there.

Her father might be in, and she wondered if she would tell him what had happened, or whether she would wait until she had seen Moss. He was, anyhow, a frail reed on which to lean in an emergency like this.

Give him a gun and a toe and a stretch of broken land, and he was a formidable individual; but place him in a difficulty of this description, and he was like a little child.

When she reached his flat she found he was out.

His man said: "The Colonel had your wire, madam, and I have got a room ready for you. But he won't be home until after ten. Would you like to take a meal here?"

"No, thanks. When the Colonel comes in, if I'm not back, ask him to sit up. Tell him I must see him this evening."

"Certainly, madam." He carried her bag into the room and left her.

She stayed in the flat for a little while. She wanted nothing to eat, and she dared not spend her time walking about the streets. The flat was peaceful and quiet.

The tumult within her was growing. She felt sick and frightened. She went into

the sitting-room and tried to read one of her father's books, but threw it aside.

The time went. The clock the Colonel had won in some shooting competition years earlier chimed ten, the quarter, the half-hour.

Thirty minutes longer . . . thirty fleeting minutes . . . and the pronouncement of fate. She felt that she would scream.

Fifteen minutes before eleven.

She got up. "I'm going out," she said, and knew that she spoke unsteadily. "Tell the Colonel to wait, won't you?"

"YES, madam." The man held the door open for her. His eyes were on her face as she walked towards it. He spoke hesitantly. "I hope you won't mind, but . . . you're not ill, madam? If there's anything I can do . . ."

"I'm all right, thanks. It's kind of you." "Don't mention it, madam." He bobbed his head awkwardly. He had been trained as a soldier and not as a gentleman's gentleman.

He followed her out to the landing and rang for the lift for her. There was something doglike in all he did—as though he were some mute animal comprehending trouble and unable to do anything towards alleviating it. He had never rung for the lift before.

He stood and watched her descend and walked back into the flat, stroking his chin.

Helen came to the street. The theatres were emptying. Piccadilly was shrill with light, clamorous with traffic, crowded with people.

She came round the corner of the little street and saw the lamplit obscurity ahead, found the traffic behind her, the clamor dwindling as her feet trod the now deserted pavement.

She turned into the narrow opening connecting with the news and now there was silence save for a sudden murmur that swept in a wave across the stars and the house roofs.

The news were as dark as the pit and silent. She felt suddenly cold. There were no lights showing in the chauffeurs' quarters. The great blank doors of the garages were like blind faces turned towards her in mute inquiry.

She crept timidly across the cobbles seeking the door marked 97, found it, and gently pushed it inwards. It swung silently on oiled hinges, and she saw the garden of Arnold Moss.

She steadied herself. Moss had not come to meet her, and Moss had done so on the other occasion. Was that significant? He might have welcomed her, knowing how much she needed welcome. She could see that there was a light in his room, for though the curtains were drawn a thin, yellow ray stole through them at one point. Perhaps he was not going to be so friendly. Perhaps he found this business irksome, a difficulty into which he need never have plunged himself had he not chosen to be sympathetic.

Somewhere in the distance she heard a clock chime. The long deliberate strokes mounted to eleven. It was the hour.

She closed the gate and, treading apprehensively, crossed the lawn and the path, and reached the window. She tapped on it. There was no answer.

She tapped again—a little more loudly. There was no answer.

Her mouth was suddenly dry. She tried to moisten her lips with her tongue. Why was there no answer? The quietness and the darkness were close about her, so that she felt as though she stood alone in an immensity that baffled her thoughts.

She tried to look through the tiny chink between the curtains, but a trick in the furniture arrangement had dictated that a high chair should be so placed that its back completely obscured all view of the interior of the room.

Moss was a man who would always keep an appointment. Of that she was sure. So

—why was he not in his room awaiting her? What had happened? Was he in the house? Had he been out and been detained? Did he expect her to wait?

It must be that. He expected her to wait. He knew she had made this journey to see him, and he would wish her to wait.

She laid her fingers on the handle of the windows. It turned under her pressure and the room of Arnold Moss was open to her. She stepped inside and closed the window behind her.

The curtains swung over it, travelling on a sliding rail.

She looked round the room and knew the totality of the night's disaster.

A man's patent-shoed feet projected round the corner of the desk, the toes turned upwards. She clutched the edge of the desk and leaned over it. She could hear her own heartbeats.

She saw the slightly twisted figure, the gleaming white shirt-front with the hard and winking diamond at its middle. She saw the face, made hideous, smashed . . . all blood . . . that turned sideways towards the carpet. She saw his greyness, his immobility, the greyness and the immobility of death.

And she knew that the affair had touched the depths.

For this was the face of Arnold Moss.

A CLOCK was ticking on the mantelshelf. It was a very expensive clock which went for long periods with one winding, and its ticking was not so much busy as deliberate and terribly even. In the hovering silence the ticks sounded like the steady beats of a hammer that went on eternally.

Murder! . . .

The clock ticked it. Mur . . . der . . . mur . . . der . . . mur . . . der . . . It went on—on—on . . . She wanted to scream at it, to snatch it and dash it to the fireplace. Its note was a monotonous proclamation of terrible fact. Its ticking was like that constant dripping of water which wears away stone . . . the stone of her reason, of her mental balance.

Mur . . . der . . . mur . . . der . . .

She could not run away. For the time being her legs would not carry her. She knew that if she did not sit down she would fall down. She managed to gain the seat of Arnold Moss' chair, and there she sat like some physically paralysed creature whose mentality is able to appreciate the imminence of a danger that infinity renders inescapable.

Now she saw what had killed him. Lying beside him was a bronze statuette, a nude female figure with back-bent head, laughing face, and arms stretched as though towards the dawn, a figure that was vibrant with life and the exultation of youth.

That had killed Arnold Moss; that slim and slender and beautiful thing made after the fashion of a young girl's body.

There was blood on it—blood on the curved and laughing lips, on the delicate breasts, befouling its beauty. She stooped and clutched it round the knees, then shuddered and released it. The action was automatic.

The desk top was clear. No papers rested on it. None was on the floor. There had been no struggle across the desk, and Moss had had no documents set out on it.

Everything in the room was ordered and peaceful, so that the brutality of Moss' killing seemed emphasised. Here was a setting for a poisoning, quiet and secret and subtle; not for a bludgeoning, for blood and smashed bones.

She found a question forming in her thoughts, as though some unseen person had long tried to ask it and at last had secured an opportunity to do so.

How long had Moss been dead, and why had nobody yet found him?

Neither of these points could she answer, but the second of them filled her with added terror.

She was sitting alone with Moss. She was sitting in a dead man's chair looking down into the dead man's face, and behind her was a smashed safe and mute evidence of burglary.

She got up. It needed a tremendous effort. She was weak and dizzy. She reached the window and slipped out, and she took the precaution of closing it after her. She went across the lawn like a shadow and out through that door marked 87.

Somebody must soon find Moss, and that somebody would immediately proclaim the terrible discovery to the world. If he found her he would want to know what she had been doing in the room, how long she had been there, what was the motive of her visit. He would want to know if she knew anything of this hideous thing. . . .

She was in the news. Her light shoes made no sound. She found the further turning, running hard, as though a phantom loomed at her shoulder and hissed words of terror into her ears.

She came down the turning into the little street, down the little street and into the shrill clamor of Piccadilly.

Now the phantom was gone. It had stayed behind in the darkness. Now she could see the reeling lights, the leaping rockets, the spinning wheels, the lamps that flashed and dimmed and flashed again.

Now she could hear the thunder of the traffic and found people jostling her as she stumbled on her way. Now was she walking amid life who had sat quietly with death.

A policeman looked at her curiously. He had noted her extreme pallor, the set of her eyes. He turned his head and watched her, and wondered if she were lost, or ill, or had been frightened by some night prowler.

She came to St. James' and she found her father's flat. His man admitted her, and her father walked to the door of his sitting-room as she came into the little hall.

She went straight to him. He needed only a second's sight of her face to know that something was terribly wrong, and, taking her arm, he led her into the room and shut the door.

"Well . . ." he began.

She sobbed: "Oh, he's dead . . . They've killed him . . . They've killed him . . ."

And he caught her as she slipped forward.

CHAPTER 14

THE almost overpowering smell of brandy was Helen's first impression.

She knew that she was lying on a couch and that some of her clothing had been loosened. Her hat was no longer on her head. She looked into her father's face. He was sitting on a chair beside the couch, and he was holding a liqueur glass in his hand.

"Gave you brandy," he said. "I mopped your head with water. Made your hair a bit wet, I'm afraid." He eyed her with some anxiety and patted her hand. "Now, steady . . . and hold your fire till you're right. There's oceans of time."

She lay and watched him. His face looked harder than she could ever remember, and, drowsing towards full consciousness, she wondered if this were the face of the man she had never known, the man who commanded a battalion of infantry in the trenches of Flanders.

"Better?" A smile broke the hardness of Tony Arbuthnot's eyes.

"Yes, Thanks."

He nodded. "Do you think you can tell me? Don't rush. Never any need for rush. You're all right here. Have another drop of brandy. It's good stuff."

She shook her head. "I don't want it."

"Sure?" He poised the glass in his hand.

"Absolutely."

"Right." He put the glass on to a little

table at his side and held her hand in both of his. "Now, if you feel like it, we'll hear the story. Tell it in your own way, and I shan't ask any questions till you've finished."

She told him. Her narration was very calm, steady, and even. She forced herself to speak like that, or else she could never have completed the story.

She told him how she had raised the money to meet his debt, how Moss' telephone message had come through, and she told him that within a few minutes' walk of his flat Moss lay dead on the floor of his room, with his head smashed.

"He was a fine man," she said quietly. "And it was a terrible and brutal thing to do. He was one of the most gentle and kindly men I have ever met."

Tony Arbuthnot lit a cigar. He pierced its end with great deliberation and lit it with extraordinary care. He puffed at it for some moments.

At last he said: "This is a case where we lie down, Helen. There's nothing else for it. I'm just trying to see what can happen. There's some tough in the world who's got that necklace, and there's another tough who killed Moss. I can't see that the same man did the two jobs. A burglar wouldn't go back and kill the man he had robbed just from malice aforethought. Now the murderer doesn't worry us."

"But isn't it dreadful, father? I'm terribly frightened, but at the moment I can't worry about myself when I think of that good, fine man lying dead. It seems wrong to do so."

"Well, it's not," said Colonel Arbuthnot crisply. He had seen too many good men lying dead for the passing of another to affect him strongly. He has passed four years in a grim school that taught every man to look after himself. "We've got to watch out for the consequences of this robbery. When those consequences arise we've got to get busy. That's how I see it."

HELEN lay back and tried to think. His talk was vague, as usual, but there was a decisiveness in it which was unusual.

She spoke slowly. "Twenty-four hours . . ." she said. "Less than twenty-four hours. Last night the gems were stolen. To-night Arnold Moss has been murdered. What has happened in those hours to cause this? What has transpired between the burglary and to-night that Arnold Moss should have been killed?"

She lifted herself slightly.

"Don't you see, father? There is something terrible and secret and sinister behind it. The burglary one night. The murder the next. Why? Why?"

Her father said nothing. Her words conjured up a dark picture of secrecy and evil that affected even his unimaginative mind.

She added softly: "And why was he lying there alone? Why had he not been found? Why was he lying there . . . as though left there to meet me . . . as he arranged? To meet me . . . and not be able to speak to me?"

She shuddered and covered her eyes with her hands, as though to shut from them the sight of Arnold Moss' dead and awful face.

"Undiscovered . . ." she breathed. "Left lying there . . . for me . . ."

Tony Arbuthnot pulled her hands from her eyes.

"Steady. Arnold Moss was lying on that floor because nobody had yet picked him up. That sounds obvious, but it's got to be said to drive these ideas out of your head. And nobody had picked him up because nobody, save you, entered that room since the murder was committed. Which, further, means that the murder was probably committed just before you arrived. Are you understanding this?"

"Yes . . . Her eyes were growing calmer now.

"Good. Now, here's a simple explanation of why that must be right. Moss knew he was seeing you at eleven. He perhaps, reached his room at a quarter to eleven. Going there, he either sent his servants out, more likely sent them to bed and, anyhow, gave them strict instructions that under no circumstances whatever was he to be disturbed for, say, another hour.

"He wanted to talk to you privately. Is that clear, too? Pushing the argument to a point when it might be hurtful to you, I shouldn't be at all surprised if Arnold Moss lies on the floor of that room all night before he is found."

"She was silent for a moment. Then:

"Would his servants know . . . ?"

"About you, you mean? No, I'm sure of it. Arnold Moss was not the sort of man—if I'm judging him accurately from what you've said—to admit his servants into his confidential affairs."

"I suppose not. Perhaps you're right, father. But none of that explains what happened in the hours that elapsed between the burglary and the murder, in what way they're connected, and why Moss was killed twenty-four hours after he had been robbed."

"No . . . " thoughtfully and a little uneasily. "It doesn't. Deuced mysterious, as a matter of fact. Uncomfortably so. We can only wait until something happens."

"But what can be done then?" she asked.

Tony Arbuthnot leaned forward and tapped the ash from his cigar.

"I don't know what we can do," he replied. "I never have known what to do until the moment arrived, and then I've usually managed to do it."

There was a quality almost of prophecy in her father's words that disturbed Helen, as though she foresaw a moment in this affair when her father would find something to his hand that needed doing . . . and would do it, in his way.

His answer conveyed nothing. As an expression of optimistic faith in his own powers to deal with an emergency it was satisfactory. As a contribution towards the solving of a tremendous and pressing problem it might have been left unsaid.

"You're incurably English, aren't you, father?" she observed.

"Hey? Why?"

"Well, you never think out things. You only follow your nose and improvise." She began to be irritated. "Don't you see . . . ? He's dead. The necklace is somewhere. Oh . . . it's terrible. I dare not think of it. There are all sorts of black paths leading from it, if you venture to consider it."

"Now don't get worked up." The colonel smoked vigorously. "I can't see the black paths as you call 'em. Dashed picturesque language that, my dear. I can only see that some burglar's got the gems, and that he'll bust the necklace and try to sell them. That's all there is to it."

She lifted herself slightly, and seized his wrist. "Father. Her face was intense. "The burglar, as you call him, hasn't only got gems. He's got secrets."

"Hey? Oh . . . " He was silent, pondering this.

"She panted on. "Don't you see? That was the safe in which Arnold Moss kept all his private things. In that safe were the hidden affairs he handled. Now the burglar's got them. He knows everything. Perhaps Moss had half a dozen secret deals on hand. That means that into the hands of a stranger has gone the happiness of half a dozen people."

"I know that I wasn't the only one, because Moss told me. Now do you realise what I mean by black paths? I'm trying to think of it. I can't properly. But I realise all kinds of dreadful possibilities . . . a sort of wheel of which this is the hub, with spokes radiating in all directions."

"Quite so, my dear," he said, soberly. "We might follow this thing up. If anyone with

those secrets is clumsy enough to betray them we might get on the track of the identity of the murderer."

"And while that is happening," said Helen quietly, "my happiness—and the happiness of others—will be smashed to pieces."

CHAPTER 15

HELEN lowered her feet to the floor and sat up. "I'll have some more brandy," she said. "I feel better, and I must talk this thing out. Besides, I want to ring up somebody. May I, father?"

"Of course. I'll get the number. Who is it?"

"Jim West. A friend; he knows." The colonel poured her out more brandy, eyed her keenly and thoughtfully for a space, reflected on that famous and ancient army maxim, "No names, no pack drill," and went and called for Jim West's number.

There were times when he could be amazingly discreet. In his heart of hearts he still looked upon Helen as a little girl, and he was vaguely and strangely surprised to reflect that in reality she was a married woman, and a very beautiful woman, and that she rang up a man who was not her husband in order to discuss with him the climax of this tragedy.

He stayed in the room while she spoke to Jim West from the hall. She was not speaking for long. She came back, looking very pale.

"I just told him," she said. "He'll meet me to-morrow at the station. Then I can explain everything."

"Yes. Quite so." He took a drink and watched her. She had got hold of herself. He was glad of that. She would, of course, for she was his daughter. He could see that she was suffering terribly, that she was fretting, but she had her hands on the reins all right. That was all to the good.

"Well, what are you thinking about?" Helen's voice recalled him to the situation.

"Oh—just things, you know. I suppose West can be trusted?"

"To the limit," she said softly.

"I see." Like that, was it? The colonel, from his long experience, knew that when a woman spoke of a man in that fashion all argument and discussion were useless.

"I'm wondering," said Helen slowly, "who killed Arnold Moss, and why?"

"We've discussed that fully already. Another burglar. He broke in the following night, met Moss, killed him . . ."

She shook her head. "Of course not. It's too much of a coincidence that there should be two attempts at burglary on successive nights in the same room."

She paused, thinking aloud. "The stage was set for murder, father. Everybody out. I'm sure everybody was out. Moss had sent them out, so as to be sure of being alone—with me . . . Her hands gestured despairingly. "Why should he have been killed? How could anybody be so terrible and cruel?"

Tony Arbuthnot had one of those flashes of inspiration which served him instead of calculated cleverness.

"I know. One of his clients."

"What do you mean?"

"Why—one of the people . . ." The colonel was going to say "like you." He checked himself, and added, a little lamely: "One of the people who were in on his secret deals. Don't you see?"

"No."

"It's obvious. We'll take a man, or a woman, who had trusted Moss, as you have trusted him. That is to say, in accepting his money they'd pledged more than money's worth . . . honor . . . And they learned of the burglary—as you did—and felt terrified at the prospect of a possible exposure."

"What was the result of that terror? A mad outburst of rage, which culminated in murder. Moss ought to have shoved all that stuff into a safe deposit, you know. I'm not talking against him; but he was too confident. He'd gone so long unharmed. Keeping that safe was one of the mistakes a clever fellow like him might be expected to make."

"But I still don't follow . . ."

"Get a fellow or a woman who's stark mad with anxiety, and it's the most feasible thing imaginable. They come in on Moss alone. They raise Cain with him. . . . quarrel . . . hit him . . ."

The colonel paused, breathing a little more quickly than usual, his eyes gleaming.

Helen sat silent, trying to think. There was conviction in her father's tone and argument. Murder, the greatest crime of all, needed less motivation than any other. It called only for physical strength and blind rage, a rage that might be entirely unjustified, be inherent in the murderer, a weakness, a failing.

"Perhaps somebody who was drunk . . . " said the colonel. "Just think . . . A bottle of liquor, a silly discussion, and there you are."

HELEN drooped forward. She covered her face with her hands. Tony Arbuthnot stood for a little while watching her nervously. Then he put his cigar down and walked to her side, kneeling by her and putting his arms around her.

She was sobbing. She clung to him, and it seemed to Tony Arbuthnot that the years rolled back and a little girl in very short frocks hung on to him and told some story of some minor trouble that her tall Daddy would soon disperse.

He was filled with outcry against himself and against fate. He kept muttering words of endearment, of comfort, of encouragement. He kept stroking Helen's hair, kissing it awkwardly, holding it against his face. He kept patting her and saying: "There . . . there . . ."

And all the time, behind his grief, behind the monumental accusation that confronted him and pointed a stern, unswerving finger towards him, there grew and became fixed that vague determination to undo all that his folly had done, to smash the threat his madness had raised.

He got Helen to bed at last, and he gave her the sleeping tablet which was in her bag. He sat with her for a little while, for he knew that she did not wish to be alone, and he watched sleep creep across her troubled eyes and close them.

He stole out of the room and went to his own, and sat by the window smoking. It was very late indeed, when at last he sought his own bed.

In the morning Helen said that she must go back, catching the 10.5 from Victoria to Brighton. It was an early train for Tony Arbuthnot, but he hustled around, got her a taxi, and dashed her to the terminus.

There she did a thing he had hoped she would forget. She bought a newspaper. He had already seen his morning papers, and had kept them out of her sight.

He bade her good-bye a little feverishly. The train pulled out. Tony Arbuthnot went for a walk through St. James Park.

Helen looked at her newspaper. The main columns on the big middle news page were devoted to the murder. The usual headlines were splashed right across the page. She read slowly and carefully.

It seemed that Moss had been found at one o'clock. His maidservants had, on his orders the previous night, retired early to bed with instructions that he was not to be disturbed.

His valet, an old and valued servant, had been given the evening off to visit a sick sister, and had been told that he could get back when he liked.

He had missed his train from some outlying suburb, and had not arrived at Moss'

house until one. He went through the ground floor of the house before retiring, a ritual he had observed for many years, and so he had found his master.

The writer of the columns was a clever journalist, and while he did not say so much in words he managed to convey the fact that behind this murder was a deeper mystery than the mystery attaching to the identity of Moss' slayer: a strange and deep mystery attended by strange circumstances.

For instance, it now transpired that twenty-four hours, or thereabouts, before the murder burglars had broken into Moss' house, into the very room in which he was found dead, and had cleaned out a safe.

Moss, though he called in the police, had told them—and so inquiries elicited—his insurance company that until he went through his books he was unable to say exactly what had been stolen. This information he had not supplied prior to his death, with the result that the police only knew that a burglary had taken place without knowing what that burglary had achieved.

Was there any connection between the burglary and the murder? Was some dangerous tongue being silenced when the murder was committed?

The murder had been brutally committed. Moss' head had been smashed by a single blow of a heavy bronze statuette. On that statuette—a splendid surface for the reception of such things—were the finger-prints of a man, or of a woman, with a very large hand. Those finger-prints were unknown to the police.

But . . . over the prints, obliterating some, but not all, were the delicate marks that might be made by the neatly gloved hand of a woman. In effect, a woman was the last person to touch that statuette.

Helen lifted her eyes and seemed to see herself foolishly, automatically, stooping down in the lighted room of Arnold Moss and grasping the base of the statuette, releasing them, but leaving behind for the police to find the marks of her gloved fingers.

CHAPTER 18

JIM WEST was at Brighton, and there was a warmth in his greeting, a protectiveness, which made Helen feel suddenly very helpless, wishing to be helpless, to lean upon him for guidance and support. He drove her from Brighton to her home, insisting upon it, though she wanted to catch the local train.

They were heading towards Bramber when he said: "Did you touch that statuette?" It was his first reference to the death of Arnold Moss.

"Yes. But you don't think that matters?" She was alarmed and asked the question swiftly.

"No. . . . But it was unfortunate. Are you able to tell me all about it?"

Once more she related the story of her discovery of the crime, and just as her father had done, West listened without comment until she had finished. She added her father's theories, and West nodded.

"He's probably right. It was a murder of passion, I suppose. That brutal single blow with the nearest heavy object. It indicates the sudden looking of a dangerous sort of rage—perhaps a drunken rage, as your father suggests."

"Yes, Jim." She thought a little while. "You didn't sound very certain when you said that my getting hold of that statuette isn't important. I'd rather know if you think it is. It's worried me ever since I read about the marks in the paper."

"Well, it is important and it isn't. It's important in that it indicates to the police pretty clearly that a woman is concerned in the affair. Otherwise, they would have looked only for a man. It's unimportant because there is absolutely nothing con-

nected with the marks to prove that you made them."

He paused.

"And even then, supposing they ever come to you and say that you were seen in the neighborhood at that time, all you have to do is to admit that you were, that you were going for a walk, that you stayed the night with your father, and they come to a dead end."

"I should have to tell the truth if they came to me. I simply wouldn't have the nerve to be convincingly, even to admit part of the truth. They'd know."

"Oh, you're letting your nerves run away with you. And I'm not surprised. But you mustn't, you know. After all, if the worst comes to the worst, we simply tell everything, and . . . well, there you are. . . ."

"Not we, Jim. I. And there I am, as you say. . . . Where?"

He pressed her fingers and continued to hold them as he drove. They said very little more until they reached her home. Ralph was walking towards the entrance as the car pulled up. He glanced at them, gave no sign of recognition, and went inside.

"I'll see you to-morrow, Jim," said Helen, and followed Ralph. He was in a room off the hall.

"Hello," he said. "The faithful and devoted friend on the job again, eh? Seen that about Arnie Moss?"

"Yes."

"You look pale. Upset you, eh? You've got rum ideas of forming friendships. A dirty little Jew and a fellow who picks up chunks of flint and includes words like neolithic in his ordinary conversation."

HE mixed himself a drink and checked her as she was about to walk towards the door.

"Don't go. I'm perfectly sober and therefore harmless. You have probably observed it."

"I won't stay here and listen to you insulting a dead man."

"Well, I won't do it." She realised that he was in one of his grimly humorous moods. "Every time I mention the name of Moss, observe me—theoretically speaking—lift my lid in reverence and say 'It's a pity he's gone.'"

At that moment they heard voices—Margaret's voice, Blake's voice. Margaret and Blake came into the room. Blake said: "Give me a drink, Ralph. I've just driven down from town."

"Sure thing, Margaret, pour Tommy out a stiff one. He looks as though he needs it. What's the matter with you, Tommy? Been up all night, or what?"

"I'm a bit off this morning. Something went wrong inside, I think. Thanks, Margaret. Here's bow." He swallowed the whiskey and soda right off, and some color crept into his cheeks.

Ralph pushed a box of cigarettes towards him. "Helen's just come down from London, too."

Blake was reaching for a cigarette. Helen saw his hand movement check, saw his fingers momentarily stiffen. Then he picked up a cigarette and turned slowly—very slowly—as though it took great pains to avoid whipping round and staring at her.

"Is that so?" he asked quietly, and paused and added: "I wish I'd known, I'd have run you down with me."

He was looking straight into her eyes. There was a query in his glance that checked her heartbeats. It seemed to her that the room was unnaturally silent for a long time, and she was surprised, on hearing Margaret speak, to observe that nobody appeared to have noticed Blake's stare.

Margaret asked: "I say, Tommy, what about your friend Moss? Shocking, isn't it?"

Blake withdrew his gaze from Helen's face. "Awful."

"Why?" asked Ralph. "Fill that up, Margaret." He pushed his glass across.

"Because it is awful," she snapped. "Moss wasn't a bad sort. I liked him that night he was here."

"So did Helen," grinned Ralph. "Pal of yours as well, wasn't he, Tommy? You dragged him into our pleasant little circle."

"I knew him," said Blake, rather quietly.

Ralph took his glass from Margaret. "Well, he's dead." He held up his glass and squinted through it. "I wonder who did it—and why?"

"That's what the police wish to know," said Margaret.

"Oh? Clever girl. But seriously," He indulged in one of his sidelong glances towards Helen. "I've often wondered what it's like to do a real murder. You know . . . get the fellow who's doing you down and fetch him one. I rather sympathise with a sound killer. He's elemental in knowing exactly what he wants."

"That's where you're wrong," said Blake. "Half the killings aren't intended. Don't you think so, Mrs. Langham?" His eyes sought Helen's once more.

"I think this discussion is in exceedingly bad taste," she said. "Mr. Moss was our friend."

"Yours," said Ralph. "Not mine. And that reminds me, Tommy. Why the devil did you take up with him? He wasn't in your street at all."

Helen wished to leave. The light talk hurt her, for it seemed that she could see the battered and terrible face of Arnold Moss as Ralph spoke. But she felt that she must listen to Blake's reply, to the reply of the man who had looked into her eyes a few minutes earlier for what had seemed to be such a long time.

"I," Blake hesitated. "I had some business on hand with him."

"Got the pawnticket?" grinned Ralph. "You'll need it, to support your claim against his estate."

Blake put his glass down. "I haven't got a pawnticket. My business was private, and I'll ask you to keep your mouth shut about it." He spoke with sudden, gusty heat.

"Hey?" Ralph straightened himself from the table edge and stared at him; then laughed. "You're rattled, old boy. Your trouble is liver. That's what's wrong with you. Coming in as white as a sheet and then going off the deep end in this fashion. Good job I know you as well as I do. Give him another drink, Margaret."

Blake took the drink awkwardly. Helen was eyeing him with amusement. His outburst had surprised her. She told herself that here was another of Moss' secret clients. Blake, like herself, found an awkward situation arising from Moss' death, perhaps a perilous situation, and it frayed his nerves.

She recalled that Moss had been staying with him, and knew that that visit must have been one of convenience . . . to Blake. Blake was not the kind to make friends with a man like Moss, any more than Moss could have found the least possible personal interest in a man like Blake.

"As a matter of fact," said Blake. "Moss' death has upset a deal I had on hand. I don't mind telling you that. Big deal, too. Put me in a bit of a hole. I'd made promises, you see, and now I've got to run round telling people it's all off."

"Sorry," Ralph spoke carelessly.

Blake's eyes roved furtively towards Helen, and in them was considerable speculation.

BLAKE eyed Helen for a moment or two, and then said: "Do you remember how keen he was on those emeralds of yours, Mrs. Langham?"

"Yes." She spoke as steadily as she could, and hoped that the turmoil within her was not visible in her eyes or on her face.

"He told me after we left that night that they were the finest string he'd ever seen," added Blake.

Helen had an idea that he was deliberately pushing something forward, urging the master of the emeralds into the conversation for a definite purpose, and she began to be afraid.

"I should think so, too," said Ralph. "The Langham emeralds are famous."

"Oh, don't boast," said Margaret, "or you'll have them stolen."

"I should like to see the burglar who could get 'em," replied Ralph. "That safe would want some opening."

"Let's have a look at 'em," said Blake suddenly.

Helen instinctively drew back a pace, as though to retreat from attack.

Ralph asked: "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd like to. They're very wonderful and all that. And it isn't every day that a man can hold thousands of pounds' worth of gems in his hands. It's no trouble, is it?"

"Not if you're keen. Helen, fetch 'em down and show 'em to Tommy."

Helen went out of the room and up to the great library which had been installed on the first floor by Ralph's grandfather. As she went up the stairs she tried to understand Blake. He had never asked to see the emeralds before. He had never before betrayed anything more than a passing interest in them.

He knew. Blake knew. She was sure of it. The knowledge struck home as though a great bell had tolled once to her head. Blake knew.

He knew that it was her gloved fingers which had made those marks on the statuette that killed Arnold Moss.

It explained the definite quality behind his apparent casualness. It explained his start when he heard she had been in London the previous night.

He was a quick thinker. He had come to the house knowing something . . . somehow . . . and while he stood in the room downstairs he had picked up little pieces and fitted them in . . . too well.

He knew. She stayed for a moment on the gallery above the hall, clinging to the massiveness of the oaken rail. The blow had come so swiftly on top of the others she had suffered that it almost rendered her incapable of thought and action.

The miracle of Blake's knowledge, the means by which he had laid hold of the facts in this tortuous matter, were not half so stupendous in her sight as the fact of that knowledge.

She moved towards the library. Its curtains were partly drawn to protect the many bindings from the sunshine, so that the immense room was shadowed and quiet and restful, with the tinted vellums showing richly all about its walls.

She satisfied the combination governing the safe door and pulled out the jewel case and opened it.

They were still there—the valueless green things of paste that Arnold Moss had given her on that night when she felt that she had accomplished so much and had stemmed the tide of disaster, that night when, unwittingly, she had loosed a greater tide, a terrible tide, that now threatened to sweep her away.

She wanted to thrust the case back into the safe. She wished she had never seen it, never seen Moss. She was filled with futile wishes, and behind them the facts persisted.

She closed the safe door with its massiveness that now ironically protected the valueless thing, and carried the jewel case downstairs.

CHAPTER 17

"THERE you are," said Ralph, passing the case across to Blake. "Fine, aren't they?" He was intensely proud of the emeralds, as proud, Margaret always said, as though he had found them and set them himself.

Blake opened the case slowly, and Helen, who felt forced to study him intently, whether Ralph and Margaret noticed it or not, saw his brows pucker slightly, as though he were puzzled.

He picked the gems up and held them to the light.

"They're wonderful!" he observed.

He swung them to and fro and then stretched the necklace with the fingers of both hands, just as Arnold Moss had done on the night they were shown to him. He examined each stone one by one, while Helen stood by with her heart growing colder.

"Wonderful . . ." he repeated. "Just that . . . wonderful!"

He looked up. "I should think you hardly feel comfortable when you wear them, Mrs. Langham."

His eyes were smiling. She wondered if there were a double meaning in his remark.

"Why?" she asked.

"They're so valuable. I mean . . . going about with so much money round your throat and on show." The smile extended to his lips.

"The Langham women have worn them for centuries," said Ralph, "and nothing's happened to them yet."

"No. But that doesn't mean that nothing will." Blake had turned to Ralph, and Helen saw his eyes turned in a sidelong glance towards herself.

He was torturing her. He was telling her as plainly as though he said it in so many words that he knew everything, and he was finding a secret delight in the telling.

Margaret said: "Put the thing away. You'll be filling Ralph's head with all sorts of morbid thoughts about burglary, and he'll be going about with a pistol in the middle of the night."

"Oh, no, he won't," said Ralph comfortably. "Those stones have been in our possession since fifteen hundred and something, and I reckon I can take a chance on preserving them for the few more years that I shall live. Like 'em, Blake?"

"Rather." Blake allowed the stones to hang over his fingers and slowly lowered them on their velvet bed. "Thanks very much, Mrs. Langham. I hope I didn't trouble you."

"That's all right." She took the case from him.

"Better put 'em away," advised Ralph. "We don't want them hanging about."

Helen went upstairs again to the library. The matter of their voices followed her. This examination of the gems by Blake was a definite move, a move he had suddenly decided upon in the room downstairs. She knew that. And the move was directed against herself. That also was plain.

She put the jewel case back into the safe and left the room.

The quick-wittedness Blake had revealed had shown him to be dangerous; for that he had been quick-witted she was sure. Her first theory that he had come to the house possessed of only a little knowledge had gained ground. It was now a certainty with her.

Blake had learnt a good deal in the past ten minutes; how much only time and Blake himself would reveal.

She realised at last that they would be wondering why she was so long; at least, that Margaret and Ralph would be wondering, while Blake might be inwardly triumphant. She went downstairs.

Ralph looked round. "Thought you'd run away," he said.

She shook her head. "I never run away."

She replied automatically and swiftly.

Blake laughed. "A soldier's daughter, Mrs. Langham."

"Let's leave the Army out," said Ralph sourly. "What was that you were saying, Margaret?"

"That Tommy's idea is a good one."

"Oh, I don't know. What the devil do I want to go to all that trouble for? I don't know that it's even been done before by any of us, and I don't see why I should start."

"You wouldn't," said Margaret. "But just because the Langhams before us were careless, there's no reason why we should be, is there?"

Ralph answered. "Polite word—careless. I suppose you really meant that they were infernal fools?"

"If you like. I haven't the ancestral pride that you've got."

"All right." He looked a little heated.

"We'll leave that out."

"Oh, certainly."

Blake broke in. "Margaret's right, you know, Ralph. I don't suppose there's a big house of any kind in the country that hasn't had it done. It isn't being foolish, and it isn't going to a lot of trouble for nothing. It's merely following a precedent that all sensible people set."

"What is all this?" asked Helen, who still felt the drive of that persistent purpose on the part of Blake.

Ralph turned to her. "Why, while you were upstairs Tommy put forward a suggestion about the emeralds."

"A SUGGESTION about the emeralds?" Helen repeated Ralph's words slowly.

"Yes. Darned silly idea, I call it."

Blake broke in. "It isn't, Ralph. It's a splendid idea, and I'm sure Mrs. Langham will agree with me when she hears it."

The battle was being joined still further, Helen knew it. It was obvious to her. Remorselessly, Blake was striking blow after blow.

"Are the emeralds anything to do with Major Blake?" she asked coolly.

Ralph laughed. It was the sort of observation which pleased him.

"Swallow that one, Tommy. No. They're nothing at all to do with him."

"Ralph! Why are you such a fool?" Margaret's voice was sharp and petulant. "Tommy isn't interfering. He's just advising. I don't know how you could say that, Helen, without hearing what his suggestion is."

"Oh, well, what is it?" Helen was fighting now. She had deliberately stepped into the open, and her tone and her eyes told Blake that she not only appreciated everything, but that she also was ready to meet him toe to toe. There was a little smile on his lips as he answered her question.

"I was talking about fire and burglary insurance, Mrs. Langham."

"Look here," said Ralph. "You're suddenly waking up to my interests, aren't you? I remember now that we were talking about insurance with Feinny a month or two ago and I mentioned the emeralds and you then didn't comment on them. What's the matter with you?"

"I didn't think of it at the time. Margaret, don't you agree with me?"

"I do. We'll have the insurance company's own valuers down. Why, it's absurd, Ralph! The necklace may be worth double the sum you provided for. We don't know. I wish I'd made Moss value it expertly when he was here. You're a fool, Ralph."

"Don't mind me. Call me what you like," Ralph helped himself to more drink.

Helen said rather unsteadily: "You're not going to do this, are you, Ralph?" And knew, as he turned that she had made a mistake.

"Why shouldn't I?" He was instantly challenging and truculent. "You let me do what I like with my own affairs."

His change of front was so sudden that it hurt her. She knew that it had been caused solely because of her support of his previous attitude. What she did not want him to do he would do.

Blake nodded, laughing. "That's sen-

sible, Ralph. I should do it as soon as possible."

Ralph lifted his glass. "Here's to business," he grinned. "And having everything kept in files and ledgers and all that rot, Margaret, you'd better write the insurance company to-day. We'll become go-getters for a little while. What's the matter with you, Helen? You look palish."

"I'm tired. Father kept me up talking till late last night. I think you're being precipitate in this valuing matter."

"Do you? Well, I don't. Sound idea of yours, Tommy. I ought to have done it before. Felway wanted me to, you remember, when we were talking."

"It was recalling that that made me make the suggestion," said Blake.

He looked across at Helen. "I'll be interested to know exactly what value the insurance company's expert puts on the necklace—whether you're a good guesser or not, Ralph."

"I'll tell you what," said Ralph. "I'll lay you an even tinner that I'm not three thousand out either way."

"That's done. Are you going, Mrs. Langham?"

"Yes. I feel frightfully tired."

"I'm sorry," Blake hastened to open the door for her, an unusual politeness on his part that made Margaret's lips curl. His eyes met Helen's as she went past him, and she read the mockery in them as plainly as though his lips had uttered mocking words.

She went upstairs to the telephone in the library, and rang up Jim West.

"Jim," she breathed, swiftly, pantingly. "Meet me this afternoon. Half-past two. On the hill. No more now. But do come, please."

"Of course."

CHAPTER 18

"WELL, what is it?" asked Jim as he met her on the hilltop that afternoon. "Surely nothing else has happened?"

"Yes, Jim. Let's sit down. I'm calmer now. I am, really. I've made myself calmer. I've spent all the lunchtime doing it. It's Major Blake."

"Major . . ." He stared at her, and she saw his eyes harden unusually. "What has he been doing?"

He asked the question with a certain deliberateness that was threatening. As with her father, after the murder of Moss, she saw, for the first time, another man who might be deadly dangerous under given circumstances.

Then he put his hand over hers.

"You're not calmer," he said. "You're in such a state of agitation that if you don't get hold of yourself you'll break down. Now be quiet a moment or two."

"I can't, Jim. It's terrible. Blake knows."

"What?"

"He knows."

West filled his pipe slowly and lit it as slowly. She sat and watched him, his big and capable hands, the set of his features, the slight narrowing of his eyes.

"I see. And now very quietly tell me what happened."

"Well, he came into the house and started to talk about the emeralds. And then one thing led to another. I mean, he deliberately pushed leading questions forward. I can't tell you all of it. I've forgotten. I only know the main points."

"Yes. . . . gently. Don't hurry, old girl."

"And then he asked to see the emeralds. He's never done that before. And I fetched them and he looked at them, and I saw his eyes change. I knew that he was surprised to find them there at all."

"Ah. . . . That's sound. He knew they'd been stolen from Moss, of course."

"Yes. It was clear. And then, as I watched him, I saw that he was understanding something. Suspecting something."

He's terribly clever, Jim. Far more clever than any of us imagined."

"All right. We won't argue about his cleverness. Let's have the facts. What did he do then?"

"Oh, he made some remarks and I took the stones back. I stayed upstairs a little while, because I felt that I must rest from his eyes and his talk. While I stayed away he had time to think further, and he thought diabolically."

"Oh?"

"Well, he must have remembered that he and Ralph were talking to a man named Felway about a month back. I remember it quite well. This man Felway knows all about insurance, and he was giving Ralph some advice. Ralph, you know, neglects everything except his horses and his dogs and his drinking. Blake remembered the advice Felway gave Ralph. I expect Blake himself would have completely forgotten it but for all this."

"And what was that advice?"

"That Ralph should have everything in the place expertly valued for the purposes of fire and burglary insurance."

West whistled softly. "You're right. He's clever. By Jove! He's clever. I can read his thoughts. He knows that the necklace was stolen from Moss. He thinks, when he sees what you showed him this morning, that the necklace at your house is a fake. So he chooses the easiest and surest possible method of proving it, a method that leaves him absolutely unsuspected and which you can't check or protest against."

"Yes. What can we do?" She spoke tonelessly, helplessly. The threat of Blake's knowledge was so formidable that it overwhelmed her.

"The thing to consider first is, what will Blake do . . . next?"

"What can he do? I think he hates me. That's all." She paused, flushing. "He's tried to flirt, you know. He does with every woman. And I've always kept him at a distance."

"He's a pretty low sort of beast, isn't he?" said West softly. "But I don't think he hates you all that, Helen."

"Well, what else can it be?"

"That's it. What else? Blake has shown himself to be cleverer than anybody imagined. That being so, we can't discount all this by talking about hatred. There's something else behind it. He hasn't reached his objective yet."

"But, Jim, what can it be? You know I can't stand this much longer. I just can't. Blow after blow—" She checked, trying to smile. The smile was wan. "Am I a coward?"

"No. And don't get that idea into your head." He turned to her and laying his pipe on the grass beside him took both her hands. "Look at me and make a promise."

"Yes—Jim!"

"Anything that happens you'll tell me immediately?"

"Promise."

"Good. And now another. I'm in this, and I want you to ask me to help you in every possible way, and, if I offer to help, if I see how I can help, not to deny me the chance."

"Oh, but there's no reason why you should risk—"

He said, quietly: "There's the greatest reason in the world."

Some of the pain left her eyes. They were shining as they looked into his. He felt her fingers tighten their grip, trembling slightly, and the grip held for a little while. Then she said: "All right, Jim. In everything."

He lifted her hands and gently kissed them. There was a homage in it that made her strain towards him, bending across his head, her lips quivering. For just a little while Blake and the Langham emeralds were forgotten.

Shortly afterwards they rose and began to descend the hill. As they reached the road a car came round the turn in the

hedge and went past them. In it was Ralph.

He glanced sideways, saw them, and grinned and trod on the gas. The machine smashed away out of sight, its exhaust drumming deeply.

Neither of them spoke for a moment or two; then West said: "He didn't seem annoyed. I say . . . I'm sorry . . . I'm afraid I was thinking aloud."

"It's all right, Jim. He wasn't annoyed. I'm sure of it. He's changed in the last week or so. He baits me, but he doesn't go for me so ferociously." She looked down the empty road. "You know, Jim, the man I married had his points, and the man who has gone down there has just drowned them in alcohol."

He took her arm and pressed it gently, and they walked down the road side by side.

CHAPTER 19

IN due course a letter arrived from the insurance company in which, in the commonplace phraseology of business politeness, they expressed themselves pleased to attend on Mr. Ralph Langham and carry out his wishes. They suggested ten o'clock in the morning two days hence, and awaited the favor of Mr. Langham's confirmation with many assurances of their best attention at all times.

"That's that," said Ralph, tossing the letter to Helen. They were alone. Margaret had gone out for an early ride. "The sooner it's over the better. Lot of clerks running loose in the place with notebooks and magnifying glasses. Still opposed to it?"

"I don't think it was necessary."

"Well, I do, now I've thought it over. After all, that necklace might be plucked. You never know. I've been reading a jolly fine book lately. One of those crook stories. Never read one before. Never read at all, for that matter. But I just picked this thing up. The fellow who wrote it knows his job all right. Thrilling . . ."

Helen smiled. "Put ideas into your head?"

"Don't say for the first time," he grinned. "I'm feeling good-tempered. It did. I suppose these writer chaps know all about crooks, don't they? I mean the fellows who write that type of yarn?"

"I don't know. Will you pass me the toast? Thanks. Why do you ask?"

"Well, this fellow had a flash crook in his book. One of these evening dress johnnies who aren't really crooks, but so about robbing the rich for the sake of vengeance. You know the sort. And that fellow could do something that made me sit up and take notice."

"Really? What did he do?"

"Well, he could open safes, for instance. And don't ask me if that's new. I know it's not. But this johnny didn't use a blow-pipe and jemmy, and all those gadgets. He just opened the safe as though he owned it."

"I don't understand."

"Well, it seems that if you're as expert as this chap was supposed to be, and stand in the pitch dark so that nothing can break your concentration, and everything's stone dead quiet, you can do it."

"How?"

"Why, you put your ear against the safe door and you put very sensitive fingers on the knob of the combination. Your ears hear and your fingers feel when the wards slide. See? You just keep turning the combination slowly and listening and feeling as you do so. And then you wipe the knob of the lock with a silk handkerchief afterwards to remove all finger-prints."

Ralph lit a cigarette. "You know, whether that can be done or not, those fellows who think it all out are clever."

"Very." Helen took marmalade slowly, thinking as she did so.

Ralph leaned back and smoked and watched her.

"Going strong with West, aren't you?" he asked suddenly.

She flushed and looked up. "Strong . . . ?"

"Yes." He waved his cigarette expansively. "Don't mind me. I've told you I'm in a good temper this morning. And I haven't seen you blush for years."

"Now you're trying to hurt me, and I was just thinking that you are nicer than you've been for ever so long."

"Oh, thanks. That's fine." His grin was broader. "I feel all puffed up about it. Do you love West?" He added the question casually.

"Ralph . . ."

"All right. I'm talking sensibly. Fact. I mean you don't love me. You'd be a fool if you did. And I don't love you. So there we are."

"I don't understand you, Ralph. Why are you talking like this?"

"Well, I've seen you around with West. First of all I got mad about it. You know that. Then I sort of didn't seem to worry whether you were or not. After all, he pulled that fence down and opened his land."

"That, of course, was vastly important."

"It was. Interfered with my hunting. And now you're feeling hurt again. You can't realise that I'm just speaking the truth, and that the truth has got to be faced—always . . . in everything."

"I do realise it," she said. She was thinking again of what he had said about the expert safe-opener. What was the cause of this sudden stirring in her blood, this eager, almost violent, expectation which came from glimpsing a possible way of escape from the menace of Blake?

"Presently," he was adding complacently, "I may have something more to say on the subject of frankness between us two."

"THE truth won't harm either of us," said Helen, coming back to reality with a start.

"Oh, I don't know. If you want to have plain speaking, let's have it now. You love West?"

She said nothing in reply to that sudden challenge. She had ceased to eat. She sat and looked down at her plate.

Ralph's voice lifted slightly, very insistent, pressing.

"Tell me."

"Why are you torturing me like this?"

"I'm not torturing you. That's just the point. He began to be angry. Some of his grim good humor vanished. "I'm asking you a perfectly simple question, and I want an answer without any quibble."

"An unusual question, isn't it, considering the position?"

"Perhaps it is. Perhaps I'm an unusual sort of individual. Your answer?"

"You can't expect me to answer you. You can't expect me to discuss anything like that with you."

"I see. You do love him. That's all I wanted to know." Ralph leaned back once more. His voice lost its sharp ring. "So there we are. Observe a picture of love-starved husband pondering upon his wife's lover."

Helen got up. He put out his hand. "Where are you going?"

"Anywhere away from this room—and your talk, your mockery."

"You stop here." His voice had risen. She moved, as though to reach the door. His eyes met hers. He added: "Stop here. I'm just in that mood this morning when I can be quite a cherry fellow or quite a nasty one. Don't make me annoyed. Sit down."

She knew that she was a prisoner in the room until he chose to let her go. There had been other scenes of this kind, though not on the same subject, and she had found, by bitter experience, that a display of either terror or anger was useless; that he rather

enjoyed it, in fact; and that the best thing she could do was to pretend to meet his mood.

He changed the subject suddenly. "I've been thinking about Moss," he said. "And Tommy Blake. Do you know, Blake was very upset the other morning when he came in. And did you notice how he jumped down my throat when I referred to his pawing stuff with Moss?"

"Yes." She spoke easily. Of one thing she was certain, and that was this, until matters were made as clear as daylight she had nothing to fear from Ralph. He could never see anything beyond his sports, his drink, and his women.

"I wondered if you did. I haven't asked Margaret because she's a bit weak where Tommy's concerned. I wonder . . ."

"What?"

"Well, you know, Tommy isn't as well off as I am. And he goes a bit of a bat, like all the rest of them."

"Has that any direct connection with Moss' death?"

"It might have, I mean . . . a man like Moss. You see what I mean. Tommy Blake isn't the sort to go entertaining a dirty little Jew unless he hopes to get something out of it."

Helen looked at him levelly. "I wish you wouldn't talk about Moss like that, Ralph. I admired him."

"Another one, eh? Widespread admiration. All right, you keep your own opinion about him and his race. I've got mine. But Tommy was in with him somewhere—more than he says. I mean that talk Tommy handed out about a big deal falling through. . . . When you think it over it doesn't hold water. A fellow doesn't get upset because something doesn't come off. He only gets upset because something that has come off has gone damnable wrong."

"Perhaps you're right."

"I'm sure I am. I've often wondered how Tommy did all he does on his income. I've got a pretty good line on what he picks up each year." Ralph paused. "Has Margaret spoken to you about him?"

Helen lied without turning a hair. "No. Why should she?"

"I don't know. I just thought. . . . I don't want her to go and get fastened up with Tommy. Tommy's all right on a binge, but as a permanent fixture he'd be a hopeless failure. And Margaret's fallen for him—temporarily, I hope."

"Oh, Margaret's too sensible."

"No woman's sensible in love. You ought to know that. Even I know it."

He stood up and stretched himself. "I'm off. I'm going to give Mary Girl a gallop and see how her shoulder stands it. I shan't be back to lunch, I don't suppose."

He walked to the door and looked over his shoulder.

"Just now—when I was talking about West—you thought I was getting at you, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Well, I wasn't. I just wanted to know. I'm going to see you about that, later."

He walked out, leaving her wondering what he meant.

CHAPTER 20

FOR twenty-four hours Helen saw nobody except Ralph very occasionally and Margaret fairly often. During those twenty-four hours she found much to think about.

Her thoughts ran on two parallel lines—her talk with Ralph and the matter of the emeralds.

The talk had been curious. She could not remember Ralph in exactly that mood before. Flashes of his old snarling self had shown, but mainly he had spoken fairly rationally, and his attitude towards West and herself was, to put it mildly, amazing in a man so definitely possessive.

Of one thing she could be absolutely certain, and that was that whatever he was doing, whatever he intended, would be ap-

proached entirely from the standpoint of his own convenience and pleasure. And that led her to think that he did not intend to remonstrate with Jim West.

So . . . what did Ralph intend to do? For he had obviously been serious when he said he would discuss West with her on some future occasion. She wondered what dark and secret intention lurked in his thoughts. She knew his capacity for cruelty. It was with difficulty that she turned to the more pressing matter of the emeralds.

In a few short hours now the insurance company's experts would arrive, and before they took their leave the whole thing would be exploded. And that must not happen.

Desperation drove her that evening to West's house. In the morning the insurance people were arriving. West welcomed her and took her inside.

"Well?" he asked.

"Have you thought of anything?"

"Nothing."

She gestured despairingly. "But what can we do? What will happen?"

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Don't you think it might be better if the very worst happened, if the whole thing were told and done with, once and for all?"

"But my father! Don't you see? It means revealing everything. I couldn't do it. I couldn't stand in front of Ralph and watch his eyes change, his lips sneer, while I tried to tell the whole story. It's a physical impossibility. I just couldn't do it."

He did his best to console her, and at last she left him. Afraid that she might do something that was more than foolish, he tried hard to calm her before she went, and knew that he had failed.

She reached home in a state of physical exhaustion, but with her brain working with strange and forced vividness, and she went up to her room.

There she tried to think of all manner of things that might happen to prevent the impending disclosure, and for some time thought of none.

It was when she was reluctantly abandoning the effort that she recalled her conversation with Ralph.

Thieves who were so clever that they could open safes by ear and touch . . . and wiped off finger-prints afterwards. Thieves who . . . what were Ralph's own words?

"Opened safes as though they owned them! As though they owned them!"

That meant that the lock and door of the safe had not to be tampered with. It meant that if the safe downstairs in the library were opened by somebody who knew the combination, and if that somebody wiped their finger-prints off the knob afterwards and left the door open, it would look as though a very clever burglary had been committed.

Again there came that curious drumming in her blood, the revival of an idea which had, as it were, come to the surface of her mind and sunk before she could clearly glimpse it.

But she could glimpse it now. It was starkly plain, the thing that she might do. "Thieves were so clever . . ."

Helen caught sight of her reflection in a mirror. She was astonished at the unnatural brilliance of her eyes.

Helen was in no mood to consider her idea critically. Her condition was such that careful and balanced observation of any expedient that seemed to cancel the peril of the morrow was impossible.

She was pulsing with excitement and relief. It was the way. She would steal the false gems and hide them somewhere. Everybody would think a burglary had been committed. No suspicion would attach to her. Her father's name would still be unblemished. It was a heaven-sent inspiration.

She began to plan. She must do it at night, in the middle of the night when

everybody was in bed. Otherwise she could not leave the safe door open. It was sure to be noticed, and she wanted it discovered in the approved fashion in the morning by the first observer to enter the library.

The madness of it all was forgotten in her desperation.

Ralph never used burglar alarms. That was typical of his general carelessness in all domestic matters.

Apart from the Langham necklace there were in the house numerous valuable pictures and many other articles that were worth great sums of money, for his family, wealthy through many generations, had collected things here and there, and kept them and handed them on from father to son.

It might have been advisable—allowing that the scheme had any justification whatsoever save that of desperation and despair—to have stolen one or other of these precious things; but Helen did not think of that.

The necklace was her sole objective, because the theft of the necklace promised to save her.

She decided to open the drawing-room french windows. These were always locked, but the key was always left on the inside, so that any ordinary sneak thief had only to break a pane of glass, put his hand through the hole, turn the key and find Red Ruffs as wide open to him as though the great front door had been left ajar.

But breaking panes of glass meant noise, and down in the kennels were dozens of pairs of highly-sensitive ears only waiting to telegraph the signals of alarm to vociferous tongues.

It was amazing how keen and alert her brain had now become. She could think of every detail, and, rejecting the idea of going outside and breaking the window, she hit upon a very simple solution to the whole problem.

When she stole the gems she would also go downstairs, and open the window from the inside.

She could take a wrap down with her, or a big towel . . . A towel . . . That was it. A bath towel . . .

Anyhow, opening the window from the inside was of importance. It saved a lot of dangerous work.

There was nothing now left for her to do but to go downstairs—it was yet early—and behave very naturally; in fact, be clever.

She felt exultant and relieved. She felt as though she had scored a personal triumph over Blake. The reaction was tremendous, and kept her blind to every consequence.

She did not understand that clutching at a straw is of no avail when the current is strong and deep.

CHAPTER 21

MARGARET was reading in the drawing-room. She looked up as Helen came in.

"Switch off that wireless, will you?" she asked. "It's getting on my nerves, and I've been too lazy to go across to it. Thanks. You've been out, haven't you?"

"Yes. For a little while."

Margaret considered her. "Jim West?"

Helen flushed. "I did see him," she admitted.

"I thought so. When are you going to run away with him?" The question was asked carelessly.

"It isn't always as simple as that," Helen spoke quietly. "I'd run away with Jim West—if I were sure Ralph would divorce me. But you know what he is. Out of sheer perverseness he'd refuse to do it. Can't you imagine him writing and complimenting me upon what he would call my courage—and doing nothing else?"

"Oh, certainly! That would appeal to his curious sense of humor. Well, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Hang on, I suppose. That's all I can do. But have you noticed that Ralph hasn't been so bad this last week or so?"

"Well, I suppose I have; but I thought it was my imagination. I never have understood him, you know. As a little boy he was a perfect beast to me. I don't mean just the silly hair-pulling and other boys' tricks, but in the way of devising cruel little jokes. He's malignant, you know, and utterly selfish." Margaret yawned slowly. "Sisterly love, my dear, showing itself strongly."

"Yes, he told me about that."

"Did he, though?"

"Yes. He had a curious talk with me. He asked me if I loved Jim."

"Good heavens. He must have been very tight."

"He wasn't. He was sober, and serious. I can't understand it. Because he didn't get annoyed except when I wanted to break off the conversation."

"H'm. He's a rum bird, our husband and brother. He's got some idea in his head that'll work out to his own satisfaction. He wants something, Helen. That's obvious. And he means to get it in his own way. I've known him a great many years, and he's never been really nice except when he was after something. He was only nice to you until he got you. Hello! There he is!"

They heard Ralph's voice in the hall. Another voice was answering him.

Margaret leaned forward slightly, her eyes lighted up, her cheeks slightly flushed.

"That's Tommy Blake," she said.

As she spoke Ralph and Blake walked into the room.

"Hello everybody," said Ralph. "Brought Tommy with me. Good chap, Tommy."

He swayed slightly on his feet. "He's making me come out early in the morning with him, so he's going to sleep here to-night. Sit down, Tommy, and have a spot."

Helen, looking down, felt aware nevertheless of Blake's triumphant smile as he saw her.

M

MARGARET'S voice broke

Helen's thoughts and sudden fears. "Hello, Tommy." She spoke a little sharply, as though to draw attention to the fact that she was present.

"Hello, Margaret. Good evening, Mrs. Langham. Yes, I will, thanks. Whisky." He added this to Ralph, who dropped into a chair.

Margaret said: "You don't want any more to drink, either of you. You've had enough. At least, you have, Ralph. What's all this about going out early in the morning and Tommy staying here to-night?"

Ralph waved his hand. "Dunno, Tommy wants me to go out early. Some stunt . . . Don't ask me. But he's welcome to stay."

"He'd better have the oak room," Helen got up. "I'll see about it."

"What's the matter with that bell, there?" asked Ralph.

"I'll see to it myself," said Helen. "I want to go to bed. I'm tired, and I'll see that it's ready for him."

"Anything you like, Margaret, what about that drink?"

"I'm not fetching you a drink," said Margaret resolutely. "And I'm not sending for one either. You've had enough."

Ralph got up.

"There you are, Tommy. What they call petty tyranny. Now I know a room in this house where drinks are kept. Come on, my boy, and be hanged to the lot of 'em. We don't want anybody to wait on us—neither sisters nor servants. We can do it all ourselves. You just pick up the glass, tilt the bottle, and the job's done. Voilà! As they say in books about the French."

He took Blake's arm and propelled him from the room. Blake looked back as he

reached the door. He looked at Margaret and then at Helen. The door closed on him.

"Hog . . ." said Margaret viciously. She leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her hands working slightly. "Why is Tommy staying here? Surely he could have met Ralph early enough in the morning?"

Helen said nothing. Ralph was drunk, and any small excuse to stay at the house that Blake cared to offer was easily accepted by him.

She did not believe in that excuse. She could only believe that Blake was staying overnight because on the following morning the insurance company's valuers would arrive.

H

ELEN went upstairs after giving instructions that the oak room was to be prepared for Blake, and went into her own room. She knew that she had a long wait before her, and she would have preferred being downstairs; but she could not face Blake, and she could not be with Ralph when, drunk, he steadily made himself worse.

How long the two men would be drinking she did not know, but she had a shrewd idea that Blake himself would cut the host short. He would not wish to render himself incapable.

He was there to see the valuing done. He could go out with Ralph on whatever wild-goose chase he had invented as his excuse, return to the house and quite naturally and legitimately observe the valuing.

He wanted to know as soon as possible what the results of his stratagem might be. He wanted to know whether his suspicions were correct.

That was why Blake was in the house. This simple explanation satisfied her. She felt that it was accurate. She waited.

The wait was long. She undressed and got into bed in case Margaret came into her room. Before doing so she emptied a heavy cut-glass powder bowl and ensured that a big bath towel was handy.

An hour went past, and then she heard the men coming upstairs.

Her theories were working out accurately. Blake had cut the sitting short. She could hear Ralph's drunken protests as they came along the corridor.

The oak room was beyond hers, at the far end.

She heard Blake bid Ralph good-night, and heard Ralph say: "Good night you call it? Rotten night. Why go to bed when there's good liquor waiting to be swallowed?"

"Oh, you'll be glad in the morning, my boy, when your hat fits you properly." "Hardly ever wear one . . ." Ralph went hunching into his room.

She lay for another hour.

The time was incredibly long. The minutes seemed to hang, hesitant, before passing on.

At last she slid quietly over the side of the bed and put a dressing-gown over her night-clothes.

She was shaking slightly, and she had to stand for a moment or two in order to steady herself.

What should she do first? The window. That was best. Otherwise she would have to carry the necklace down the stairs and up again.

Do the window first, then the safe . . . then safety . . .

She picked up the heavy piece of cut-glass and put the bath towel over her arm and went to the door. Opening it quietly she stepped into the corridor. Then she closed it as quietly as she had opened it and stepped away towards the stairs.

She dared not put any lights on, and though she knew the passage-way, the gallery landing intimately, on this night when her nerves were stretching till they

seemed likely to snap, it was as though she walked in a strange house.

The great wall of the hall swam with silent darkness, so that she could not see down on to the floor and had an illusion of a bottomless pit where lurked a secret something that watched her and waited.

She groped with her free hand and found the balustrade, and, shuffling her feet, felt the edge of the top stair beneath her toes. She began to descend.

Now she was very frightened, and once she stopped, listening, telling herself that she had heard a sound, and that somebody was moving above and behind her. She cast a terrified glance over her shoulder.

BELOW her a big clock struck the quarter before one, and the liquid notes throbbed away into the darkness until they lost themselves on more whispering feet somewhere in the darkness.

She was nearly at the bottom of the stairs when a stair creaked. It sounded as though something heavy and brittle had snapped with the sharpness of a pistol shot.

She leant against the balustrade, breathing heavily, quickly, deeply, her hand pressed to her side, her heart thudding like a trip-hammer.

The big clock's ticking alone broke the silence. She reached the floor of the hall. She knew that between the bottom of the stairs and the door of the drawing-room there was no obstacle if one took a straight line, and she walked forward confidently and came to the door.

It had been left open, and she was able to walk into the room without touching it, a circumstance for which she was thankful.

The room was pitch dark, for the curtains had been left drawn across the windows, and she stayed for a moment or two getting her bearings.

She ran into a chair, but soundlessly, and, instead of moving it, she went round it, and at last her outstretched fingers encountered the softness of the curtains.

She pulled one of them slightly aside. The faintest light crept into the room. It was of immense assistance to her, for her eyes, now for some time in utter darkness, instantly appreciated it.

The key had been left in the lock and she turned it and rubbed it with the bath towel. There must be no finger-prints anywhere.

She put the thick folds of the towel round the edge of the door, against the outside and inside of the pane of glass she intended to break, and then struck heavily from the outside with the cut-glass powder bowl.

There was a muffled crack, and nothing else. When she took the towel away there was a large, jagged hole in the middle of the pane.

That was that. She allowed the fragments to fall to the floor, gathered up the towel carefully, and went from the room.

She did not trouble about drawing the curtain back. The burglar would have left it, anyhow.

To reach her room she had to turn to the right at the head of the first flight of stairs. The library lay along to the left.

With a certain degree of success attending her efforts, she now went more confidently, and hurried up the stairs to the gallery and turned away to her left and so came swiftly to the door of the library.

It was when she was in the library that she remembered a vital fact. In order to open the safe she must have light. Otherwise she could not see the indications on the dial.

The cheek nearly broke her nerve. She could have stood and cried, and it was only by an immense effort that she contrived swift thought to deal with the oversight.

There was a reading lamp on the table,

with a heavy green shade, and, heedless of the fact that the windows were uncurtained, she switched this on. Its flex was so long that she could bring it to within a few feet of the safe, and, standing it on the floor, she tilted its shade so that the light was thrown upwards on to the safe door. She worked at the combination. Her fingers shook so much at first that she made a mistake and had to start again. But at last she satisfied the terms of the lock, and, pulling hard, dragged the ponderous door towards her.

She looked round swiftly, furtively, fearfully, and picked up the lamp. It showed her the interior of the safe, the jewel-case. She picked up the jewel-case and hugged it under her arm.

Now, at last, she had achieved what she had set out to do. The feeling of relief was overwhelming, but she knew that this was only a part of what was necessary to be done before she could be sure that she had finally escaped from the menace of Blake.

She rubbed the knob of the combination with the bath towel and clicked out the light, first of all rubbing down the stem of the lamp with the towel.

Standing in the darkness, the thing all but accomplished, she suffered a reaction, and was forced to stay for a few moments utterly unable to move taking deep, long breaths as though she had endured some great physical strain.

At last she went to the door. The coolness which had lain behind all her agitation reminded her that the door knob might carry finger-prints, and she rubbed it over with the invaluable towel and, leaving the door open, stepped out into the corridor.

There . . . breathlessly . . . she came to a standstill.

She had heard a noise. She knew that there was no imagination in this. She had heard a swift rustle, as though something or somebody moved quickly and as silently as possible into hiding.

She stayed, staring into the darkness, a-throb with apprehension.

She heard nothing more. The silence was terrible. She wanted to scream. Anything would have been preferable to standing in the quiet blackness trying to see the invisible.

At last she summoned all her courage and began to move forward. So she reached the gallery, and there she looked round.

There was nothing.

The sound she had heard must have been a trick of the house. She knew that sometimes strange creaks and noises evidence themselves in houses when they are very quiet. She consoled herself with that thought, and, walking quickly on, reached the door of her room.

Inside, with the door safely locked, the lights on, she collapsed on to the side of the bed, the bath towel at her feet in a heap, the powder bowl beside it, the jewel case held on her knees.

She was about to open the jewel case when she heard another sound, the very definite sound of stealthy secret footsteps going past her door.

SHE sat leaning forward, listening intently. The sound was unmistakable. Somebody was passing her door, somebody who went with stealth to avoid being heard, somebody who, nevertheless, was heard by her because of the uncanny quietness of the house.

She thought of the noise she had heard when she left the library—that swift rustle as though of quick and hidden movement.

The panic that these things bred within her made her feel faint and ill. She was sure she had been observed. She was sure that somebody had watched her and, for reasons of their own, had not interfered with her.

After a little while she went to her door, unlocked it, and opened it and looked out.

The corridor was dark and silent and nothing moved in it. She slowly closed the door, reluctantly, as though she wished to see whether anything would materialise in the darkness.

She picked up the towel. Little fragments of broken glass were adhering to its roughness. She picked these fragments off and carefully wrapped them in a small piece of paper, intending to bury them in the morning. She put the powder bowl back on her dressing-table and put powder into it and the big fluffy puff. Then she opened the case and looked at the false and shining stones that lay on the velvet bed.

They seemed to typify the whole affair—false from beginning to end, a worthless stumbling downwards into blackness. She shuddered and shut the lid down and put the case under her bolster.

The thing was done. There had been a burglary at Red Roofs.

She wondered who had seen the burglar at work.

Trying to sleep, she failed for a long time, and when at last she found some kind of restless slumber she felt as though Major Blake bent over her and sought for her life with lips that burned like fire.

CHAPTER 22

THERE was alarm in the house and much noise and chatter. She knew all about the alarm, and, dressing slowly, with the morning sunshine pouring through the windows, she pondered on how she should hide the jewel case.

If she hid it in her room she would be tortured all the while she was away from it with the fear that somebody might accidentally stumble upon it. Already she knew what she intended to do with the spurious gems in the last event, but until the opportunity for this offered itself she must find a way of securing it securely.

At last she decided to put on a very loose and rather shapeless frock. She was thus able to tie the jewel-case around with tape, and with more tape fasten it beneath her slip. The piece of paper holding the fragments of glass she put into the purse in her handbag.

Then she went into the library.

Margaret was there. Ralph was there, and Blake, too. Blake was smoking a cigarette. Ralph was red in the face and furious. He whirled round as she entered.

"Here's a fine thing! The house has been broken into during the night."

"What?" She knew Blake was watching her closely, and it was with difficulty that she infused sufficient amazement and incredulity into her tone to pass muster.

"I said broken into. Can't you understand plain English? Look at that safe! The necklace has gone. If I had the scoundrel here who has done this thing . . . He went off into a lurid description of what he would do to the burglar if only he could lay his hands on him.

Blake broke in quietly. "Cursing won't do any good, Ralph. You want the police. I'll ring through and ask them to send along at once if you like."

"Do. Tell 'em I want a Yard man down quick."

"Can't do that, old chap. It's at their discretion whether the Yard comes in, or not."

"Hey? Their discretion? A pack of country bumpkins in uniform. Can they deny me the services of the best police officers in the country? I pay my rates and taxes and . . ."

"Oh, for lands sake, keep cool!" said Margaret. "The thing's done, and . . . well, it's done. And now it's a matter for the police and the insurance company."

Ralph glared at her, glared at Blake—at Helen. "I see. Nobody worries whether we've been robbed or not, except me? It's just interesting . . . Fetch the police, old

chap. Darned amusing to watch them! To blazes with the lot of you! Get out!"

"Ain't he sweet?" murmured Margaret, and walked out of the room. "Come on, Helen. Let's be obedient for once, and save ourselves a lot of boredom. He can swear as much as he likes now. Are you going to telephone, Tommy?"

"If Ralph wants to," said Blake, following them into the passage.

"Oh—telephone, and I'll talk to 'em when they get here."

"Do you want to give them any special instructions?"

"No; let them do what they like. We shall all of us feel very superior while they're inquiring how much we know about it. Don't you think so, Helen?"

"Oh, very superior," said Helen stonily. "Then they'll get on to the servants. And there's not one of them would have the enterprise to imagine such a coup, let alone carry it out. Aren't you enjoying this, Helen? Such a development in the house quite brightens things up. Won't Ralph have a time telling the police what blundering incompetents they are!"

THEY trailed downstairs, and Blake put through a call to the nearest police headquarters, which happened to be at a small seaside town some miles west of Brighton. The police started out in a car, the superintendent himself and a sergeant and a constable.

Ralph came down into the breakfast-room. His usual rage had cooled somewhat, leaving him sullen, with an undercurrent of wrath. He ate toast as though he inflicted hurt upon it and enjoyed doing so. Blake picked at his food and drank a lot of coffee. Neither Helen nor Margaret ate anything.

"How long are the police going to be?" asked Ralph at last.

"I don't know. Any minute now, I suppose. They said they were starting at once."

"Anyhow, they'll be no good when they get here," Ralph swallowed coffee in gulps. "Very clever bit of work," observed Blake, after a silence.

"Broken window, turned key, and the safe opened as though the thief knew the combination." He kept his eyes steadily away from Helen's face.

Ralph nodded gloomily. "Yes. One of those expert crackmen. I was reading about one in a novel the other day. Do you remember my telling you about it, Helen? They open combination safes by listening to them."

"Do they, though?" Blake's eyes turned in polite inquiry towards Helen. "You must find the coincidence disturbing, Mrs. Langham."

"I find the robbery disturbing," she said. "I think that's the police."

It was, and Ralph went out to the hall with the others at his heels. The superintendent was known to them all, an extremely able and efficient officer with a very fine record.

He had brought with him a detective-sergeant who had performed one or two smart pieces of work, and a constable for any general duty that might be necessary. He listened to Ralph's statement and proceeded to investigate.

Ralph watched them sullenly, as though they were partly responsible for the outrage. Helen found the investigation tedious in some respects, frightening in others. The police questioned everybody, and it was when they came to Blake that she was alarmed.

They asked the same leading question. Had anybody, hosts, guests, or servants, heard anything suspicious during the night?

As the superintendent addressed this question to Blake, Blake looked past him at Helen. She stayed rigid, watching him.

He said: "No. I went to bed round midnight. I can't tell you the exact time, superintendent; but Mr. Langham and I went upstairs together. I got into bed and went to sleep. Mr. Langham's man brought

me in some tea early this morning, and when he handed it to me told me of the robbery. That was the first I heard of it."

The others had similar stories to tell. Nobody, from the youngest little kitchen-maid to Ralph himself, had heard or seen anything.

The police looked at everything, and were obviously puzzled and defeated. In fact, they would have been extraordinarily clever had they made any discovery of importance. At last Ralph asked if they would call in Scotland Yard. The superintendent was tactful, evasive and polite. He would "have to consider that in its proper place."

He had already used the telephone, and a description of the missing gems was being broadcast to all the police forces in Great Britain. The gigantic machine of the law was beginning to grind.

The insurance company's valuers arrived. Ralph greeted them with derisive satisfaction, and gave them carte blanche to do their work, and an intimation that their company had better stand by for a shock. He was in a bitter mood, and everybody was glad when, tired of it all at last, he went down to the stables.

More police arrived and were searching the grounds and lawns immediately outside the windows for signs of footprints; of course, without success.

Helen watched the farce listlessly. The police would never discover anything. She knew that. Only the unseen walker of the previous night could tell the truth, and he, so far, had kept his lips closed.

With Ralph's departure came her opportunity. She went out, took a car, and drove across to Jim West's place. He must have seen her machine on the road, for he was in his drive and waiting for her as she came along.

"Is that true," he asked, after he had greeted her, "that there's been a burglary at your place? One of my fellows had it from the constable who does this beat."

"Yes. The Langham necklace has gone. Take me inside, Jim. I want to talk to you. Into a room where we are sure not to be seen or overheard."

He conducted her into the room to which they had gone on the night of the dance, and from which she had telephoned Moss. "I want you to turn round and look out of the window until I give you the word," she said.

He obeyed, and after a short interval she asked him to turn and look at her, holding out the jewel case, still tied with tape, as he did so.

"I'm the thief," she said quietly.

WEST stared at the jewel-case and then at Helen. "You . . . took them . . . ?" Understanding flashed into his eyes. "I say! That was a pretty desperate sort of stratagem, wasn't it?"

"It was the only thing to do. Neither of us had thought of anything else."

"I didn't try," said West quietly. "I had rather the whole thing were known. It's best."

"But I couldn't, Jim. I simply couldn't." She held out the jewel-case. "I want you to keep these and hide them. I dare not leave them at home, and I can't throw them away, or do anything like that, in case they're found."

He took the case and put it on the table. "I'll do that all right," he said. "But, Helen, I want to talk seriously. Do you realise that the ramifications of this affair are now simply tremendous?"

"In what way?" She drooped slowly into a chair, weary and almost spiritless.

West lit a cigarette and pondered. "I think I ought to point them out," he said, as though to himself. "I think it's time that you saw everything clearly. It's going to be difficult. It will almost sound like accusation. And that's why I want to tell you, right at the beginning, that there's no accusation in it and no blame. As a matter

of fact, you're the victim of circumstances, but I think you've got courage enough to listen to the consequences of your victimisation."

She nodded, watching him. She had a curious feeling that she was in the presence of a very impartial judge to whom she had propounded a problem and upon whose declaration she now waited.

"The points are these," added West. "First, you and your father owe Moss' estate five thousand pounds. I know that it is probable that the debt will never be known, that his books and affairs are in such a condition that only he could understand his secret deals. But the fact remains—there's a debt of five thousand pounds outstanding against you."

West paused. "Am I hurting you?"

"No. I'd rather you went on. I've never thought at all. I've only seen dangers here and there and tried in vain to avoid them. I've improvised all the time, and never built properly."

"Secondly, there's the insurance company. Ralph will claim on them, perhaps to the tune of fifteen or twenty thousand. I don't know how much. But they'll pay, because they'll have to pay. And you took the gems in the first place."

He stepped forward. "It is accusation, isn't it? Or it sounds like it. But do please forgive me. These are things I've understood for so long, and haven't had the pluck to tell you. Have I chosen the wrong moment?"

SHE said bitterly: "Perhaps there's never a wrong moment for telling truths that must ultimately come out."

He eyed her searchingly, and proceeded. "Thirdly, there's the thief who took the gems from Moss' place, and the man the next night who killed Moss. Now this burglary at Red Roofs is going to be advertised. Newspapers are going to report it as news, and the insurance company is going to offer a reward for the recovery of the gems."

"The thief and the murderer will see these things. Already the thief, for one, knows that he has the genuine stones. He must be a clever man, else he had never carried out his robbery. What conclusions will he come to, and how will he act on those conclusions? Further, both he and the murderer know that on that statuette were the marks of the gloved fingers of a woman."

West was silent a moment or two. "I'm afraid, Helen, and that's a fact. I'm afraid."

She felt as though her fears could not grow any larger than they already were; yet West's precise exposition of the circumstances raised fresh doubts and forebodings within her.

"I've tried," she said quietly. "From the very first I did my best. I just made that one mistake . . . of pawning the gems. It was such a temptation. Circumstances combined to offer the opportunity. Moss' visit, his inspection of the gems, Blake saying that about their value if pawned . . . and from that . . . this."

"I feel that whatever move I make, whatever I attempt, I shall only make matters worse. You tell me what to do. Shall I take those things back?"

He glanced at the case. There was a pitifulness in her surrender that touched him deeply.

"I think not. They're valueless, anyhow. You've taken them now, and you'd have to tell Ralph, and his claim against the insurance company would go forward. You understand that, don't you? And the debt to Moss would still remain."

He came over to her and knelt beside her. He was very tender and gentle.

"Helen, I want you to let me pay that debt to Moss' estate. I can do it." He took both her hands in his.

"Look at me." She did so. "What I've

Just told you is a very sensible idea, Helen. It doesn't hurt me in the slightest, and it says a dash that must be paid even though he only other person who knows about it is dead. I'm going to send five thousand pounds anonymously to Moss' executors, and enclose a note saying that it meets a debt of honour contracted with Moss."

He smiled. "I'm going to do that, Helen, whatever you say."

Her lips trembled.

"What can I say?" she whispered. "I can't argue. I can't protest. I just can't find any words. Jim..."

She slipped forward into his arms, kneeling with him, before him, and he held her close while her tears wetted his cheek.

CHAPTER 23

TWO days went by. The burglary had been duly chronicled in the newspapers, but the insurance company, contrary to West's prophecy, had so far offered no reward for the recovery of the necklace.

They were, in fact, hedging the claim about with difficulties.

It was a possibility that neither Helen nor West had foreseen—that the company was controlled by eminently shrewd and clever men, and that those shrewd and clever men were not quite satisfied within themselves regarding the robbery.

For the first twenty-four hours of this, Ralph was in a state of fury.

He interviewed suave, imperturbable men who, politely turned off his direct attacks, never lost their heads or tempers, but left him with the definite impression that they had defeated him. It was as though he hurled himself at a great mass of cotton-wool, a mass that offered no hard and sharp resistance to the assault and which he yet was unable to break through.

In the next twenty-four hours he slumped down, for his tenacity for opposition was never prolonged. The company was investigating. The company could not be expected to meet so large a claim without satisfying itself in all particulars. Fifteen thousand pounds—the amount of the claim—were at stake. Balance sheets and dividends had to be thought of, even though the sum might affect them in the very slightest degree.

Money was asked for, and the keen business men concerned in the affair were immediately touched on their weakest spot. They parried with money only on the soundest of bases, and after due and proper investigation.

As a matter of fact, Helen began to see that the burglary had been too "clever." She should have contrived other circumstances. It was all too clean cut, agile in its conception, too "easy."

On the third day Ralph talked to her in such a fashion that she found self-accusation welling up within her.

They were alone. She had been out and, coming towards the road gates, she met him.

He stopped her and said: "Let's walk up the hill there, Helen. I want to talk to you."

He was sober in his manner. His encounters with the suave and imperturbable high priests of commerce had somehow revealed to him that though he might be a tin god on wheels, those wheels could easily come adrift.

He walked beside Helen until they reached the hill-top, and there he sat down and invited her to sit.

He said: "I'm sorry about those gems. You must have been proud to own them. I was proud of them, too. And I know women like those things. We'll never get them back, you know. They'll be broken up and sold."

She had a mad and tremendous impulse to tell the truth without delay.

He was speaking as he had been wont to

speak to her when they were first married, with kindness in his voice. It was a flash of the old Ralph who had courted her, swept her off her feet, and married her.

"We'll get them back," she said quietly. "Oh, no. That's done with." He thought for a little while, tapping the welt of his shoe with his stick. "You remember I wanted to talk to you about West? I think this is the time to do it."

"Is this the time to talk about West?" Helen asked the question quietly. "When there is all this trouble..."

"Yes. I think it is. We might as well deal with everything at once. Anyhow, I'd planned to talk to you about it just round now, so I might as well."

She said nothing. She could not quite understand her husband's manner. His normal arrogance was faintly visible in it, but he was very steady and there was a logicity in his attitude, as though he dealt quite calmly with essential facts, the weight of which he understood thoroughly.

"This marriage of ours is no good." His speech cut across her thoughts.

As though he did not expect her to comment upon this statement, and without looking at her, still tapping the welt of his shoe with his stick, he added: "It's a complete failure, and I suppose a lot of it's my fault, though you could have been different if you'd tried."

"In what way?" she asked.

"Oh—a bit more sympathetic." He grinned, turning towards her. "That's an old line, isn't it? The man with the unsympathetic and non-understanding wife."

"Why will you say those sort of things, Ralph?"

"Just have to. They sort of jump up inside me and are out before I know where I am. Anyhow, it is a mess, isn't it?"

"It hasn't been as happy as it might have been."

"That's putting it nicely. I never wrap things up like that. Anyhow, what about finishing it?"

"Ralph..."

"I mean it. And for heaven's sake don't start getting ideas about chivalry into your head. I'm telling you that right away. I'm not chivalrous. I always like my own way, and I'm always going to have it. I never pretend otherwise. I want my own way in this."

"What does that mean exactly?" She was a little tight-lipped.

"Why—this. You can divorce me. I'll supply all the evidence. Hotel bill, witnesses and the rest. The usual thing. You can leave that to me."

"Do you realise that you are talking about our separating for ever? You speak as though you were discussing a day out."

"Well, why make a fuss about it? I'm fed up with being married, and you must hate me like poison. I told you I don't wrap things up. There isn't any married life now in our house. I don't want to take you round with me. You don't want to come. You don't think along the same lines as I do. I have not an atom of sympathy with any of your ideas. Well... that looks good enough to me. In addition, you're in love with another man."

He lit a cigarette, and flicked the match away. She leaned forward, clasping her knees, studying him. She could tell that his indifference was not assumed, and she realised that this was entirely typical of him.

He wanted to push her behind him so that he could walk along the pathway of his life with her as a memory left far back, a memory that would fade.

"Suppose I don't agree?" she asked. She felt suddenly antagonistic, hurt.

He grinned. "But you will. Why do you think I worried about your loving West? You've got your chance to go to him. I

don't know you as well as I think I do, if you refuse to take it."

"You can be a brute, can't you? You can think of things that hurt. You can be utterly callous and cruel..."

"If you like to think so. But at least I'm practical. You must admit that. I've weighed it up. You can tell that I don't want to be married. You love another man. If I offer you freedom you must accept because of that love. Before the end of the week you can start proceedings. You'll get the evidence by then."

He grinned again and rose to his feet. "I reckon you'll be able to subpoena Margaret in regard to my general treatment of you. She'd love to stand up and tell the world what a hog I am. It's a favorite word of hers where I'm concerned."

"But to wreck things like this..."

She felt helpless. She wanted to go to West, but she could see the gigantic pity and futility of all the years behind her; she could grasp the irony of this jaunty talk of his.

The insult of it hurt her despite her longing for the love that waited for her.

"Wreck? My dear girl, the wreck's been on the rocks a long time and is now breaking up and sinking fast. Don't be so sentimental. That's the worst of you."

"Is sentiment a crime, then?" she asked.

"It's a mistake. The only person I ever get sentimental about is myself, and that's when I'm tight and am not myself. If you think that out, it's a joke."

He laughed. "Have a cigarette. Do you know, Helen, now I've got all that off my chest I feel quite friendly—sort of good acquaintances, if you understand me. What do you say about it?"

She accepted one of his cigarettes, and he lit it for her.

"You're a strange man, aren't you?" she asked.

"Am I? Thought I was just ordinary. But you don't say whether you agree or not."

She looked at him unflinchingly. "You can give me the evidence when you like."

"Good. That's spoken like a man. Going to dash off and tell West?"

"Don't be hurtful."

"I'm not. You don't understand me. You never have. If I had a beautiful, loving and faithful lady in the background, and the positions were reversed, I should be rushing off to see her like a shot from a gun. I'm elemental, my dear. That's what I am. Not sentimental!"

"Why don't you tell West? He'll be glad. There was a time when I hated him because I thought he'd taken something that belonged to me; and I hate people for doing that. But I've realised lately that he's merely taken possession of something I'd lost before he came along."

Helen got up.

"Going? And nothing to say?"

She looked levelly at him. "I don't know, Ralph, whether there's anything to say or not. I am only wondering whether, in your brutal fashion, you're not sometimes far more right than I am."

"Always right," he grinned.

She left Ralph on the hilltop. He made no attempt to come with her, and she knew that he wanted to be alone.

She wondered, as she walked away from him, whether he was more deeply affected by his decision than he showed; but swift reflection told her that this was crossing him with feelings that he did not possess.

She reached the lane at the foot of the hill and halted. The morning was fine and the wind was fresh and clean. A long walk was inviting. It would enable her to steady herself. In physical effort she might momentarily forget her mental depression.

Ralph had told her to go to West, and though she hated the idea of dashing off in jubilation regarding a matter that she

must, because of her character and training. view soberly and seriously, she turned in the direction of West's place and began to walk easily and quickly.

She suddenly saw a new boy in the world. The Langham necklace was far back in her thoughts, submerged beneath a golden wave of optimism and new-found happiness.

She walked on, left the valley, mounted a low slope, and saw below her the road that wound past Jim West's gates. Far distant, a car travelled that road at speed.

She took no notice of the car. She had no eyes for anything but the glory of the day and the glory of the news it had brought to her.

For this hour she must live in delight, even though the next hour might bring the climax of the tragedy that overhung her.

She went down the slope and into the road. Now she could hear the drum of the car's exhaust.

It was a familiar drum, and she knew which car it was before it turned the corner and before she heard the screech of its brakes as Major Blake jammed them on, and, running to her side slowly, lifted his hat and said:

"A fortunate meeting, Mrs. Langham."

CHAPTER 24

BLAKE was smiling, but there was a little malignant note in his voice, a sudden catch, triumphant, threatening, that brought Helen to a standstill, that swept from her mind all the gloriously happy thoughts that had filled it for the past minutes; as though she stepped through the doorway of a dream and came face to face with horrid reality.

"As a matter of fact," said Blake, "I wanted to talk to you privately. I was coming over to try to do so, and this meeting just gives me the chance."

"I don't understand you," said Helen; and tried hard to steady herself for what she knew was to be a battle.

"But you will—in time. Would you like to get into the car? We can stay here. The road's quiet."

"I don't want to. I'm on my way to see Mr. West." She moved as though she would walk on.

The smile whipped from his lips. He said, softly: "Take my advice. Get in and talk. I want to be friendly. That's all."

Their eyes met. He returned Helen's gaze steadily. She saw that his face was drawn, and that he looked harassed, and she realised that he might very easily become desperate.

The threat still lurked in his eyes like a furtive beast partly in hiding from the light.

"I believe," she said, "that I am at last beginning to know you properly."

He snarled at her. "Insults won't serve you. Are you going to talk—or not?"

"Unwillingly."

He flung open the door on the far side of the car and she climbed in. They were on a fairly straight stretch of lane, and unless a monster came driving down the road they stood in no danger of a smash.

"So," he leaned back away from her, turning in his seat so that he faced her. "A little buckshot, eh? Well, I want to give you some advice. Save it up. Only think of the snappy things you might say at the opportune moments for saying them. I'm not in a mood to hear of all my shortcomings."

He paused. "I can see that you understand a great deal already."

"I think I understand you."

"Right. See this?"

His hand vanished, reappeared and lifted. Something flashed in the brilliant sunshine, a rope of green fire descending from his crooked fingers.

He waved it slowly and leered into her face.

"The Langham necklace," he said. "The

real one, my little nightbird. Not the one you stole. Not the one the insurance company will pay fifteen thousands pounds for. Oh, no. The real thing. And mine."

She was so shocked that her brain temporarily refused to act with any clarity.

She had guessed that Blake knew a great deal about the affair. She guessed that he suspected her. But that he should have the necklace in his possession was a blow that nearly stunned her.

At last she stammered: "That necklace was stolen from Mr. Moss. How did you . . . ?"

He nodded. "I know. But I didn't steal it." He looked cunningly at her. "Just think before you indulge in accusations. Moss' safe was blown—I believe that is the word—by an expert using an oxy-acetylene gas flame apparatus. I wouldn't know one if I saw one. I couldn't use it if it were given to me. You only have to think to realise that."

"But if that's so, how . . . ?"

"How! How!" he mocked. "How doesn't matter. But this necklace has come into my hands. I know its history. I know you pawned it with Moss, and that Moss supplied you with a duplicate. I've been shrewd enough to guess all that. Don't you think I've displayed really extraordinary perspicacity?"

She did not reply, and during her silence he put the necklace into his pocket.

"I'm going to tell you something," he said. "Just to show you how clever I am. Then you'll realise that it's no use trying to avoid the consequences of all this. I got hold of this necklace. How doesn't matter. It was stolen from Moss, and it came into my hands by sheer chance."

She wondered what catastrophic chance that might have been. She tried in vain to see the tortuous labyrinth of opportunity and accident behind the fact of his possessing the necklace and knowing all about it.

"Now at your house I asked to see the Langham necklace. You remember that, of course. I could tell you were upset. Well, a necklace was produced. Stymie, eh? But I thought a bit. Now one of those necklaces was obviously false—mine or yours; and the likelihood was that you knew which."

"So I put up that insurance valuation scheme, stayed overnight at your house, and observed you staging a quite efficient little burglary. I congratulate you on the way you did it, while I deplore the lack of foresight that drove you to it."

"**S**O you were watching me," gasped Helen. "I heard something. . . . I could have sworn someone was outside the door. . . ."

"You were right. But why did you do it?"

"What do you mean by that?"

Helen felt more and more driven. She could tell that he was now mocking her.

"Well, there was no need to steal the false necklace. I didn't anticipate your stealing it. It was, in fact, only by chance that I happened to see you go out of your room and took the opportunity of observing you."

Blake paused. "You see, Mrs. Langham, there was nobody who could say how long the false necklace had been in the possession of the Langham family. Nobody who could say that you had had it made. Though I held the real one, I could not prove that you were in any way connected with the affair. You betrayed yourself."

Helen nodded, looking at him without attempting to speak.

"You only needed to bluff when the insurance people came along; you only needed to be as surprised and—shall I say?—chagrined as everybody else would have been when they found that the famous Langham necklace was a fake bequeathed by some fraudulent ancestor, and you would

have been clear of everything. After all, some Langham, far back in the past, might have found it convenient to pawn the family jewels, so to speak."

"That," she said, carefully, "is a facile argument, but it doesn't hold. I am responsible. I know it, whoever else is ignorant of it, and I want to give those gems back. That's all I ask—that I shall be able to put them back where they belong. You can help me to do that."

He nodded. "Exactly. That's what I wish to do. Now these are valuable stones. I believe Ralph is claiming fifteen thousand on them. They are probably worth more. He's a blunderer and he never keeps his affairs in proper order. What are you prepared to give me for them?"

"Give you . . . ?" Her eyes opened, flashed, and were brilliant with sudden contempt. "Is that blackmail?"

She saw his brows knit slightly. "It's a stiffish word. Call it business. I can help you tremendously. The laborer is always worthy of his hire."

"And the hiring . . . ?"

"That's enough." His voice sharpened nastily. "I've told you I won't have your snappy comebacks in this conversation. I've got the necklace. I can put it into your hands. My price is ten thousand pounds. I reckon that's half its value."

"Of course you're mad," she breathed. "You know it's impossible for me to find such a sum of money. You know I have none at all."

He looked savage. "Nothing's impossible. Do you understand that? Ralph's got packets and packets of cash—hundreds of thousands."

"And of all those hundreds of thousands would he give me ten?"

Blake looked dogged.

"That's not a question for me to answer, but for you to deal with. You're in this position. You have to get ten thousand pounds, somehow, from somebody. I don't care who. I suggested Ralph. The difficulties in that direction are your pigskin. What are you doing?"

"I'm getting out of the car." She paused with her hand on the door. "It's useless prolonging this conversation. You've suggested an absolute impossibility. I'm not a worker of miracles."

He dropped his hand on her wrist. "Sit still, and don't keep fiddling with that door. I haven't finished with you yet." His voice was regaining its confident note. "I'm against it. I'll confer that right away. I'm broke and I'm being driven by creditors. That's why I was in touch with Moss."

"I see. Please let go of my wrist." She twisted her hand and freed herself. "You wanted to borrow money from Moss? Is that so?"

He nodded. "Exactly. And the beast wouldn't part. I was still negotiating when he was killed. That's what upset me. I thought he was my last chance. But now you're that last chance, and, by gad, I'm playing that chance to the uttermost limit! You get hold of that hard and nod. I want you to understand it thoroughly."

"You're absolutely my last chance, and just because you're that, your position is pretty bad. I've no alternative. Nothing else can save me, and nobody—except you. It acts both ways. It makes me meet you wherever possible, in whatever difficulty you find yourself; but it also makes me determined to get the money I must have, and from you."

"And if I refuse I suppose you'll go to Ralph and tell him everything."

He shook his head, smiling secretly. "Oh, no. I shall go to the police, my pretty lady."

CHAPTER 25

"**T**HE police!" Helen repeated the words involuntarily, and instantly saw reflected in his eyes the fact that she was betraying shock and some fear.

Blake leaped sideways, speaking softly across her shoulder.

"The last fingermarks on the statuette that killed Arnold Moss were those of a woman . . . Mrs. Langham."

"But gloved fingers leave no identifiable marks." She spoke swiftly, as though she frantically defended herself.

"No? But shall we carry the argument a bit further? I hate to do so, but I'm so anxious for you to appreciate the position I've told you I don't want to quarrel with you. I've indicated that I want to settle this amicably. And if I sound cruel I'm only being cruel to be kind."

"Oh, I'm sure . . ."

"That's right. Let that tongue of yours run wild! It'll hang you one day. But listen. You pawned this necklace with Arnold Moss. He made a duplicate. The deal was a secret one. Only Moss and yourself were in it."

"How do you know?"

"Am I a fool? Do you advertise such dealings? I knew Moss. I knew he handled such affairs. After all, I've proved to you that I can think fairly swiftly when occasion demands. However, that's the position as I see it, and that's the position as it really was, even though you may try to deny it. Anything to say?"

"Go on."

"Right. Now, unfortunately, the unexpected cropped up. Moss' private safe was burgled and the Langham necklace was stolen, among other things. I may say that I had that direct from Moss himself."

"Did you? I don't believe it."

"Well, I did. Now the plausible theory was that the thief—being a jewel expert as well as a professional burglar, his methods showed that—would split the necklace up, sell the stones separately, perhaps even cut them up to avoid their being recognised, and so destroy all trace of the original Langham necklace."

Blake spoke a little more slowly, as though to give weight to his words.

"The burglar would not be tremendously concerned, one may assume, with the reasons why the necklace was in Moss' safe. So we will rule him out. He would, as I've said, break the necklace, sell it piecemeal, and be done with the job. He might not even know that he had the Langham necklace in his possession. To him it would be a fine piece of jewellery. But you and Moss knew, and Moss alone could reveal your secret. Can you see where my argument leads?"

She said nothing. She could see only too well the mounting edifice of circumstantial evidence that he was building so cunningly.

"Moss, we will say for the purposes of this argument, immediately asks either for his money back or a security equal to that of the lost necklace. That is just business. You can supply neither the cash nor the security. You meet him secretly. You have a heated discussion. He is the only person in the world who can betray you, and he is pressing you hard. You hit him. You silence him. And . . . bar the little accident that brought this necklace into my possession . . . you are safe. What would the police say to all that, Mrs. Langham?"

"It's a lie. You know it's a lie. It's a terrible, monstrous lie." She panted the words.

He gestured carelessly.

"I'm not arguing its fact or falsity, Mrs. Langham. I'm merely tabling it for your consideration. There's a pretty theory for you to ponder on, a theory the police may have placed before them together with the known facts of the case. I stand aside. I'm only the humble adviser who, perhaps, has been permitted to see a little more than you saw prior to this meeting."

HIS usually-spoken words painted a picture of her that was absolutely overwhelming in its threat.

Once let a hint of this get to the ears of

the police and the house of cards she had built would be flattened out ruthlessly and she would stand exposed before the world.

Her father's financial jugglery would be revealed. Her measures to compensate for his defalcations would be blazoned forth to the four winds. Ralph would know everything—and Ralph—

She wondered what Ralph would do. Ralph had just offered her freedom and happiness. What would he do if he learnt the truth?

And was it possible that the shadow of the gallows might even stretch across her because of those marks on the statuette?

A last flash of defiance flamed within her.

"How did you know all this? And how did you get the necklace? You'd have to tell the police that."

He nodded, very confident.

"That's all right. You leave that to me, Mrs. Langham. The explanation is quite simple, and shall be given, if necessary, to the right people at the right time. It doesn't concern you. But I hope it won't be necessary to give it. I don't want to make trouble, heaven knows. I only want to be friendly and helpful. And you, in your gratitude for that helpfulness and friendliness, will assist me out of my financial difficulties."

HE lit a cigarette, and watched her furtively.

She stayed silent for a little while, breathing quickly, her hand clenched over the side of the car until the knuckles stood out white and hard through the skin.

At last she said unsteadily: "What can I do?"

"I've told you. A little note of insistence crept into his voice.

"Oh, but you know I can't! You know it. You must know it."

"Well, I don't. And that's all there is to it. They're my terms. I'm giving you a week to think them over. At the end of the week . . . pay up or . . . finish."

"Blackmail's a crime punishable by law," she panted.

"So is murder." He spoke brutally.

Again she was silent. He watched her.

"Well?"

"Let me get out of this car. Let me go away. I can't talk to you any longer."

"All right, but let's fix details. I said a week. I meant that. Seven days. Not eight, nor nine. Seven. One week from now. I want your answer. Or I'll bust the whole show. I'm in the frame of mind to do it. If I can't get what I want I'll smash something for the sheer sake of smashing it. And I don't want that something to be you."

He looked straight into her eyes.

"You know my house. One week from today I shall be waiting there for you and your answer. One week . . . We will say the evening, it's best. After dinner. Half-past eight. No. Nine o'clock. That gives you time to run over in a car."

"At nine o'clock I shall be waiting for you in my dining-room. You know the room. Come into it with your answer. Nine o'clock. One week from now."

He leaned across and pushed down the door handle, flinging the door wide.

His face was very close to hers, and she saw impulse leap into his eyes, something suddenly desirous.

His lips pressed hard on hers.

"You pretty lady," he breathed.

She stumbled out. The lane and the green world round it were swaying. Mechanically she wiped the back of her hand across her lips. She felt physically sick. She looked at him through tears, and her eyes were laden with misery.

He nodded, dropped home a gear, and the car boomed forward.

She sank down by the roadside and covered her face with her hands. She still

could feel his hot lips, soft and devouring, on her own.

She felt humiliated, befouled, and she trembled violently as though she were suffering from an illness.

She had one week. At the end of that week she must see him alone after dark in his house. And she must go there, or bring ruin on herself and everybody who cared for her.

She could not, for the moment, think of that visit in connection with his threats so much as in connection with his kiss. Alone . . . in his house . . . and he all-powerful . . . calling her a pretty lady . . .

She stayed under the hedge for some time, like a crouching, wounded wild thing, and then she dragged herself upright and walked on down the road.

She went in the direction of Jim West's house, and turned in at the gates blindly, as though she made for cover after a long, long chase, with the hounds running close.

She did not see the trees on either side of the short drive, and did not see the color of the flower-beds as the blossoms dipped in the wind. She came to the door and rang the bell.

West's man answered her call, discreet and efficient as ever. She asked for West, and the man admitted her. What he read in her face and eyes he kept to himself.

He showed her into the room whence she had telephoned Moss, and pushed a chair forward for her. There was a little quick consideration in his movement that touched her. But she did not sit down. She could not rest.

In a moment or two West came hurrying into the room and closed the door after him.

She put out her hands. "Jim! Jim! Hold me, Jim. Do hold me."

As he advanced towards her she stumbled and slid forward into his arms.

"My dear," he said, "what is it?"

"I—I can't tell you!" she gasped.

"Has that brute been ill-treating you?"

She knew he meant Ralph. How could she possibly tell him that it was Blake? Blake the supposed friend who had brought her to this extremity of physical and mental distress?

And yet it was right that Jim should know. He had been like a tower of strength during all her long ordeal.

Jim would understand. Jim would help her.

CHAPTER 26

IT was told, all of it save one thing. Even in her distress Helen kept secret that hot and eager kiss that Blake had pressed upon her lips, for she knew that to disclose it might make greater the trouble with which she was surrounded.

Jim had held her close and petted her and tried to comfort her.

She had not told him of her talk with Ralph. That could wait.

The threat of Blake's knowledge, the shortness of time at her disposal, outweighed everything else for the moment, for what might she gain by severance from Ralph if the police were told the truth, and to the truth were added, Blake's cunning theories?

"I'm going to take you home," he said when she was calmer, and after he had persuaded her to take a glass of brandy with coffee. "We've got a week, and I want you to promise to leave the whole thing in my hands. By the way, I've already arranged to refund the debt to Moss' estate. That's as good as done. We'll clear it up."

"Clear it up!" She laughed joylessly. "How can we clear it up? What can possibly happen to put things right, as though they never had been? What miracle can be made overnight for the righting of all this?"

"There's one miracle," said Jim quietly. "And that is, if the insurance company

offer a reward. Blake might consider it worth his while to take it."

"They won't. They told Ralph so. They consider such rewards an incentive to burglary. They'd rather meet the claim and search for the thief. Besides, Jim, we couldn't let them. We mustn't let them pay the claim. The dishonesty and dishonor of all this have gone far enough. I've just blundered from mistake to mistake, from crime to crime."

"My dear. You mustn't talk like that. You really mustn't."

"How else can I talk? When I look back . . . It was so easy to steal Ralph's necklace. So easy to take Moss' money. So easy to put that lie in the safe at home, to wear the lie at the ball for everybody to admire and believe in. So easy to smile and be false and agree that the Langham emeralds were wonderful while all the time they lay in Moss' safe waiting to be stolen, and the things that were admired were worthless and untrue. I hate myself and despise myself."

"And I," said West gently, "shall be angry with you if you continue to talk like that. Now you must let me take you home, and will you promise that you will not attempt to do anything this week, but leave the thing to me?"

"I'll promise nothing. I want to run away and hide. But I'll let you take me home."

She saw the trouble in his eyes.

"Jim, how can I promise to wait patiently and in a state of inactivity? How can I lean back and think to myself that you will handle it and that it must come right? It's impossible, and you know it. You've got to bear with me in this. You've got to let me do anything that I may. But you mustn't ask me to do nothing."

"What will you do?"

"Haven't known."

He looked at her for a long time, then said: "I'll take you home."

They went to his car and he drove her at a steady pace to Red Roofs. They did not speak for a little while, and then she suddenly said: "I was coming to see you when I met Blake. I had something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Ralph has just asked me to divorce him."

"Helen!" She heard the quick high catch in his voice, and she smiled sadly.

"It's true. It was wonderful, though I hated myself for thinking it was wonderful. The further I walked the more wonderful it became. The morning seemed glorious. The sunshine was splendid. I felt free. And then . . . I met him . . ."

"You dear . . ."

He stopped the car and turned to her and took her hands.

"I want to tell you something that you've known. I hope, for a long time; but that I must tell you, because perhaps you'll like to hear it."

He added: "I love you."

Her lips were trembling, and her eyes were soft and dusky, sunshiny.

"And I love you. I do love you, Jim. I love you so."

She leaned forward and he took her into his arms and kissed her. She stayed clinging to him, crying, and time stood still.

CHAPTER 27

JIM left her at her door, and drove away. She went inside and met Ralph crossing the hall. He looked sideways at her with one of his sardonic grins.

"Hello! Been carrying the good tidings? Crying about it, too, by the look of it. Well, well, to be sure. I wonder why women blubber at weddings and funerals. The happy ending's been reached in both cases, with the odds slightly on the funeral. Come and have a spot to celebrate."

She blundered past him and reached the foot of the stairs.

"Don't peer at me, Ralph, please," she whispered.

He stared. "Well, I'm darned! I can't understand you in the least."

He walked on whistling cheerily. She went upstairs.

After lunch that day Jim West drove over to Blake's house, having telephoned in advance that he was coming and having received an assurance that Major Blake would be only too pleased to see him.

Blake lived about five miles from Ralph, in an old house that he had bought for a song from a bankrupt estate.

The house stood amid a few acres of meadow and woodland, and was largely uncared for.

It was a lonely spot even in the summertime, and West, approaching it, reflected with a shiver that at night . . . at nine o'clock at night one week hence . . . it would be eerily silent and isolated.

He knew that Helen would keep that appointment. He dreaded her going. But before that night there was something that might be done which would make such an interview unnecessary, and that something he would now essay.

He was shown into Blake's dining-room, the room to which Blake had invited Helen. It was a long low room, heavily beamed with an immense old brick fireplace, in which two or three men could easily stand.

It was furnished in a haphazard fashion, a rather good refectory table standing athwart its floor centre and mocked by a cheap modern flat-topped bookcase against the wall just inside the french windows. Some indifferent chairs spoilt the effect of a good carving that was worth money.

Blake had not troubled to rise. He waited until his man had closed the door and then said: "Well, you haven't brought your horse-whip. I am surprised!"

West looked grim. "I have a respect for a good horse-whip," he said.

"Well spoken!" Blake laughed. "But take a pew. Or do you think the change of attitude will spoil the dramatic effect?"

WEST looked straight at him. "I've a very good mind to knock your infernal head through that window."

"Well, change it!" snapped Blake. "It'll pay you."

West took a long and deep breath and then sat down. Blake cocked a leg on to one of the arms of the carver and waved his hand.

"There are some smokes in that box if you want one."

"That's all right." West did not glance towards the box. "You know why I'm here."

"Rather. You don't suppose I was under the impression that it was a courtesy call, do you?"

"I want to talk about Mrs. Langham," added West.

"A charming lady."

"We'll leave that out."

"Well, go on!"

"I'm going on. What I'm telling you is that I've just about reached the limit. Get that fixed quite clearly in your head and get it good. I've killed better men than you in field grey uniforms, and I've still got the gun that killed them. You remember that all the time I'm talking. I don't want any wit. I've got no sense of humor at this minute. Think of it carefully."

Blake's eyes narrowed. He was quiet for a moment or two.

"You're threatening me," he said at last.

"That's right. I'm threatening to kill you. I'm putting it clearly. I'm breaking the law. I've told you I'll shoot you if you're not careful. And I mean it. Words just now are not cheap with me."

Blake stubbed his cigarette out and sat upright in the big chair.

"Look here, West." His voice was hard and very even. "Two can play at that

game. If you've got a gun I've got the cards. Do you understand?" He snarled the question. "And, by god, I'll play them if I wreck the whole show."

"All right. What's it worth to hold off?"

"I've told her. Ten thousand."

"You know that's impossible."

"Look here. I've argued that out once to-day, and I'm arguing it no further. Ten thousand's the figure. Discussion of it won't reduce it one shilling."

"Suppose I offered you five . . . this week . . . for the necklace?"

"I shouldn't take it."

"Why not?"

Blake smiled. "Because you've got more than five thousand."

West whistled softly.

"I see. You cur! That's what you had in mind. eh, when you were talking about Ralph Langham? You knew she wouldn't go to him; but you counted on her telling me. You counted on my paying."

"You're a good guesser. And not so much our business, please." Blake's face contorted malignantly. "I've got something to show you, too, something worth money beside the necklace."

BLAKE got up. His gaze clashed with West's, and he repeated: "Yes, I've got something worth money, Mr. West. Something that'll probably make you forget all about that gun you boasted of just now. Sit there a minute."

He went out of the room and West waited. During the interval of waiting he tried to calm himself, and wondered what fresh surprise Blake had to spring. The man's resourcefulness was amazing, and told of a cunning that had only awaited desperate circumstances to bring it to life.

West could guess Blake's desperate circumstances. He knew of his riotous expenditure, and a glance at his house and grounds told of something dangerously approaching penury. His very insistence on £10,000 as the price of his silence, his refusal to discuss the acceptance of less, indicated that that sum was probably essential to give him a fresh start.

While West thought these things Blake came into the room.

"I want you to do what I ask," he said.

"See that mirror on the table there?" A small silver-edged mirror stood on a table against the wall opposite the fireplace.

"Will you stand beside it so that you can see into it without being directly in front of it?"

"What's all this tomfoolery?" asked West.

"It isn't tomfoolery. I've got something here that you might be able to destroy if you were within snatching distance. I'm going to stand on this side of the big table and hold up that something so that it's reflected in the mirror. I've brought a hand mirror down for your use, so that you can get a reflection of the reflection, and so see the thing properly; otherwise it'll be reversed for you. Here's the mirror."

"I'm not going to do all that. Let's see what this precious thing is."

"I won't. Listen to me, West. I'm giving you good advice when I tell you to do what I ask. It won't hurt you to do it. It can't be a practical joke, because I'm not indulging in them just now. Do it."

West took the hand mirror reluctantly and stepped to the position indicated by Blake.

Blake was now on the far side of the big refectory table, which offered a massive barrier to any spring of West's. He took from his pocket a sheet of paper and carefully smoothed it out and held it up.

"Use that hand mirror," he urged. "You'll be quite surprised."

West manipulated the hand mirror, and after some moments picked up a reflection

of the face of the other mirror. He saw Blake's hand and a sheet of paper. On the sheet of paper, in handwriting that was strange to him, was his own name and address and telephone number, and beside them, in a swiftly-drawn pencilled ring, were the initials "H.L."

Blake asked: "See that clearly?"
"Yes . . . but . . ."
Blake folded the paper and put it away into the inside pocket of his jacket. "I'll explain the bits," he said. "The show's over and you can sit down."

As West repeated himself he added: "Do you know whose handwriting that is, and where that paper came from?"
West shook his head slowly.

"Arnold Moss wrote that, and the paper came from his study. I think both you and I can guess whose initials those are. Further, I think that an imaginative person, like, say, a police officer trained to deduction, might create all manner of curious fancies on the basis of this little document."

West seemed to settle down into his chair, as though he backed into a corner and got ready to fight till he dropped.

"You'll be asked where you got that from," he said. "You may find it difficult to explain."

"Don't worry about that. That's my end of it. I don't go into these things without knowing where I stand."

"You think that paper is of some use to you?"

Blake nodded. "Yes. I'll sell it here and now for five hundred pounds. I'll come to your bank with you and draw cash."

"You'll go to blazes," said West. "I wouldn't give you five hundred pence."

Blake's face darkened. "I'll tip this paper to Ralph Langham!" His voice lifted slightly.

"You can tip him the whole issue if you like," said West coolly. "But you won't blackmail me, Blake. There's only one thing you're ever likely to get from me in this business, and that's a hiding. So burn your precious paper, send it to the police, send it to Langham, or frame it and hang it over your bed; but don't try to sell it to me."

Blake was shaking. His eyes were darkly suffused, and his lips were working.

"I'll smash you and that woman—" he snarled.

"That what?" West got up.

BLAKE stared at him and his eyes wavered. His tongue touched his lips.

"I'll see Mrs. Langham," he added sullenly.

West stood still for a little while, and Blake got ready for the attack that he knew was threatened. He saw West relax slightly, and took a deep breath.

"You won't bargain?" he asked. "You're willing to risk everything for the sake of defiance?"

West spoke deliberately. "You don't see my viewpoint, Blake. It's expecting too much from you. I suppose to imagine you understand anything that's plain and straightforward. However, here it is. I personally want the whole thing exposed. I want the truth told once and for all."

"Perhaps I'm a bit tougher than Mrs. Langham. Perhaps I'm not quite so finely drawn. But that's what I want. Threats don't hurt me. Though Mrs. Langham is terrified, as you very well know. I'd almost welcome exposure, because I think she'd recover sooner. But my wishes must defer to hers, though only to the extent of her actions."

"For myself, I absolutely refuse to consider bargaining with you on my own account. I'll meet you on hers. I'll still meet you, despite what's passed. But as for that paper, and my name, you can take

the front page of a big newspaper and advertise it if you like, and you'll get no further. That disposes of that!"

Blake was very pale, and his breathing quick.

"I'll not meet you," he panted. "Understand that. In a week's time she's to settle I leave it there. In a week's time, you've got the week to think it over. I'll bargain from now on, with nobody but her. Don't you come any more. Don't you accompany her on that night. It's her, and her alone, I'll deal with, or I send this lot straight to Scotland Yard. And now you can get out I'm through."

He leaned forward, his hands on the table, with something antic in his eyes, his face twisted devilishly.

"And don't you start any of that fighting stuff. See? The price goes up two thousand pounds if you do. And where it goes to it sticks."

WEST turned and walked out through the windows which were, one week hence, to provide entry for Helen at the hour of crisis.

When he had gone Blake dropped into a chair. He was shaking terribly and very pale. After some moments he got up and took a drink. His hand trembled, so that he slopped the liquor over the sides of the glass.

His face was haggard when he walked to the telephone and called for a London number. It came through after an interval.

"Is that you, Wainwright?" he asked.

"Blake speaking. I say, you know that at luncheon when you rang up I told you that I might be able to send you five hundred to-night. Well, I'm sorry to say that I can't get hold of the man who would be willing to oblige me. I find he's away for a week."

The reply came blandly: "I've been making inquiries, Blake. That's why I telephoned you. I've been awaiting to Gortie Rundt and others. There's no need for me to tell you how much you owe them. I'm not come to stand under. I'm weighing in with them to put you through it if you don't meet your obligations."

"But listen, Wainwright. . . ."

"I've listened. I've listened for more than twelve months now, and I'm going deaf."

"Give me a week. A week to-morrow. I'll settle everything. You can tell the others . . . I swear it. . . ."

Blake's voice was hoarse.

There was a short silence.

"All right. One week to-morrow, Blake. And then finish. Let me tell you, too, that what I've learnt from Gortie and Rundt has sent me to counsel for his opinion, and he doesn't hesitate to say that it looks dangerously like false pretences. I'll have you in goal if you don't pay, and that's my last word to you till I send you the receipt for my money."

"Wait a minute, Wainwright." There was still a frantic ring in Blake's voice, higher now. "What do you mean by false pretences?"

"You don't need any enlightenment from me," said Wainwright curtly.

"I haven't done anything that anyone could object to. What sort of a fool do you think I am? I swear. . . ."

"Don't. You might have to swear in a court of law, and that's dangerous. It's so easy to perjure yourself."

"But I don't understand. You know me and. . . ."

"I know you now," said Wainwright grimly. "Listen to me, Major Blake. If a man has a piece of property and pawns it, he does a legitimate business deal. If he pawns it twice over with two different people, and tells neither of them about the other, and gets from each the full pledged value of that property on the assumption

that that is the only debt against the property, he commits a crime. Is that clear to your simple and trusting mind?"

"Rundt's lying!" cried Blake.

"Ah! Pipped you, eh? I knew it was Rundt. And you knew it was Rundt. Well, Mr. Gustave Rundt is hunting with me when the running starts. And he's a good hunter—as good as I am. I've told you a week from to-day. That's finished. I'll hold Rundt till then, and I'll hold myself. So long."

The receiver at the far end was banged on its hook.

Blake stood up, breathing deeply, his temples beaded with sweat.

The net was closing. And only money could break its mesh. Money . . . thousands of pounds . . . ten thousands of pounds.

He wiped his chin with trembling fingers, and into his haggard eyes crept a look of desperation.

He'd make Helen Langham pay. She must pay. He could not afford to let her off. He must make her pay to the ultimate farthing. His own desperation was her certain condemnation.

CHAPTER 23

HELEN received a letter from Tony Arbuthnot. It arrived two days after her meeting with Blake, and it ran:—"My Dear Helen,—"

"I attach a newspaper cutting dealing with the robbery at Red Roofs. I was very much surprised to hear of it. Please write to me and tell me all about it."

"With much love from"

"Your Father."

She smiled a little over it, sadly and thoughtfully. He was "much surprised." He had happened to notice the report in a newspaper and it mildly intrigued him. He probably, after reading it, went out for the day and had a good time, but he was sufficiently interested to write and ask for further particulars.

She showed the letter to West.

"I'll write him," said West. "No, I won't. I've got to be in town in the next twenty-four hours. I'll go and see him. Drop him a line asking him to be at home at lunch time to-morrow—say, between half-past twelve and one. Tell him it's urgent and don't let him know who's coming. That'll keep him in."

"But why are you going, Jim?" she asked. "I'd like to talk to him, anyway. After all, I now must want to meet him, you know."

"Yes." She hesitated. "Ralph says he'll give me the . . . the . . . evidence the day after to-morrow. It's a vile business, isn't it?"

"The law makes it so, my dear. The law, in its wisdom, won't let two people dissolve a marriage by mutual consent. It demands that there must be something reprehensible about it all. Please don't worry about that. I'm sure Ralph doesn't, and he has the greater cause."

"Oh, he doesn't worry about anything. I believe he's left off worrying about the necklace in his anger with the insurance company. They haven't paid yet, you know. They're still talking about extraordinary circumstances and the rest of it. And Ralph is so enraged with them that the fact of the necklace being lost is not half so important to him as beating them into payment; though I'm sure he doesn't worry about the money."

"H'm. He's a curious fellow."

"Jim. Do you think they suspect? The insurance company, I mean."

"I don't know. They're a first-class concern and they usually pay up promptly. You must remember that they have always to be on their guard against victimisation."

"Suppose they did. . . ."

"But they won't. They can't. Don't add that to your other worries."

"They can, if Blake. . . ."

"Try and not think of Blake. We must deal with him before the week is out."

"How, Jim?" She sounded fretted and protesting. "You talk like that while you know it's impossible. Tell me how."

He said nothing. He guessed that Blake was desperate. But his guess was far short of the mark.

As he left her neither of them realised how utterly impossible it was for anybody to persuade Blake, by plea or appeal, to his better nature, so hold his hand, for behind Blake was the immense driving force of utter desperation. He must go on, now that he had started.

Helen wrote to her father and sent the letter off. She posted it herself at the pillar-box that was set into one of the gutters at the end of the drive, and as she turned away from the box Margaret came along the road in her little sporting car.

She checked the car and said: "If you're going up to the house I'll take you. Hop in."

Helen got in, and Margaret drove into the trees. It was about three-quarters of a mile from the gate to the house, and half-way there, in an avenue of elms that had been the pride of the Langham family for a great many years, Margaret, to Helen's surprise, stopped the car.

"I've just been over to see Tommy Blake," she said. She paused and added: "Would you go away with him if you were me?"

"Margaret!" Margaret looked dogged. "I mean it. He's asked me to."

"To marry him?"

"Margaret!" she twisted. "I don't know..."

"But, Margaret, you wouldn't..."

"Why not? You'll be leaving here soon. Ralph told me about the divorce. I'm not sticking on with him. And I'm fed up with everything we do. And I love Blake. I told you I did. I just can't help it. I've told you all the kinds of rotter I know him to be. But... he's just lifted his finger and beckoned..."

That's all."

Helen studied her for a long moment of horrified silence.

This warm feeling for Margaret which had come to her on the first occasion that they discussed Blake was heightened. The pitiful tragedy of Margaret was only too plain to her. Margaret might have married half-a-dozen solid men, colorless, perhaps, but of sound repute and normal kindness.

"When is... she asked.

quently.

"In a week. He says he has some affairs to settle. A week to-morrow."

In a week... Helen asked on the fact.

A week from the morrow would be the day after her interview with Blake.

Even in this Blake was being brutal. He would wait to settle and then bolt; and he would take with him, when he bolted, Ralph's sister. It would be his final gesture.

Helen, in her ignorance of the true state of Blake's affairs, did not realise that Margaret might be running away with a felon, against whom the law was at last moving; that only she could prevent the law from being set in motion against him, by finding ways and means of raising the money he commanded.

"I suppose you're thinking," said Margaret, "that you ought to advise me not to go?"

Helen wrestled with temptation, wondering whether she dared withhold from Margaret her own knowledge of Blake and let Margaret go blindly forward, or whether she dared tell Margaret all the truth.

She knew, after brief consideration, that she could not tell—yet. She said: "Margaret, before you go will you see me again?"

"Why? To be lectured more earnestly? I'm tired of this place and this life. I'm tired of meeting the same smug people who've got cash and security and never do anything useful, and never talk about anything except horses and dogs and sport. I

want to go somewhere—where a man and a woman aren't judged solely upon their ability to take five-barred gates without losing their seat, where occasionally you find some brains, and some folk doing something worth while, and talking about worth-while things."

"That's easy enough," said Helen, "without going away with Blake."

"But I want to go away with Blake."

"To gain intellectual freedom?"

"Don't be catty."

"Sorry. But I just couldn't stop it. I was asking you to see me again. Will you?"

"But why should I? It's no use arguing with me, you know, Helen, nor advancing any of those sound reasons against going which I'm sure you're filled with at this moment."

"They only strengthen your determination. I suppose?"

"Well, I do feel perverse. I want to smash something. It's only myself."

"That's foolish and rather and. Now will you see me?"

"What's happening between you and Tommy?" Margaret asked the question briefly, her tone charged with suspicion.

"Nothing."

"Then why the mystery?"

"Why not arrange to solve it before you go?"

Margaret looked worried. Her fingers drummed on the rim of the steering-wheel.

"All right. I'll come."

"That's fine."

The car started off up the drive. They parted at the door, for Margaret was taking the machine round to the garage, and Helen walked slowly indoors.

She felt bowed down, carrying a load too great for her mental and nervous strength. What she would tell Margaret she did not know; for how her interview with Blake would go she could not guess.

But she was resolved on one thing, cost what it might, and that was to tell Margaret sufficient of the truth to prevent her from throwing herself away completely and irrevocably.

CHAPTER 29

WHEN Jim West made up his mind to talk to Colonel Anthony Arbuthnot he had no very fixed objective. From what Helen had always said of her father, he concluded that his usefulness in an affair of this description would be negative, that he might, in fact, make matters far worse if he endeavored to interfere.

But there was in West, at that time, a savage resentment against everything and everybody in the slightest degree responsible for Helen's circumstances, and he told himself that there was no reason in the world why Tony Arbuthnot should stroll around Piccadilly talking the sunshine and the air while his daughter tore her heart to shreds down in Sussex.

He felt very uneasy about Blake, and more than once wished he had not taken so strong a line with him, not for his own sake, but for Helen's.

After all, the more malignant Blake became, the more crushing might be his attitude towards Helen, and West knew that all the physical violence in the world could not avert the disaster that Blake could loose upon her.

He reached the flat, and Allway, the Colonel's man, admitted him. He sent in his card, and was quickly shown into Arbuthnot's presence.

"Mr. West—?"

"Yes, I'm from Sussex."

"Oh, of course. My daughter has mentioned you more than once. How do you do? Take a pew, won't you?"

The Colonel's eyes flashed swiftly across West. "Would you like a spot? I always have a little appetiser, and Allway makes one of the best dry Martinis in London. Allway, two glasses."

The glasses were filled, and the shaker

was left beside them. West accepted one of the Colonel's cigarettes.

"I came to talk to you about Helen," he said. "She is going to marry me eventually. Her husband wishes her to divorce him."

He had intended to put this rather more gently, but now that the moment had come he found himself unable to do anything but tell the blunt truth.

Tony Arbuthnot's eyes widened. "Langham—" he exclaimed. "Well, I'm dashed! When was all this? She didn't tell me."

"It's just happened, as a matter of fact. Unsavory sort of business."

Tony Arbuthnot fingered his clipped little white moustache.

"I'm. Quite. But Helen's well shot of him, anyhow. Are you going to make her a good husband?"

"I love her very much," West spoke quietly.

The Colonel once more eyed him keenly. "So." Then he leaned back. As a matter of fact, he was at a loss for anything else to say. Discussions of love and marriage did not come within the orbit of his conversational powers.

After a little awkward silence West changed the subject.

"There's another thing I wanted to talk to you about, Colonel. And that's this murder and robbery business."

"Hey? Oh, of course. You know all about it."

"I do," said West grimly. "And I've come to tell you all about it."

"Why? The papers say those other things were pinched."

"Yes. Your daughter stole them."

Tony Arbuthnot literally gasped. "My daughter—?"

"It's true. They were going to be valued. She knew that an expert valuer would instantly perceive that they were false. She lost her head and staged a burglary in her own home. She can't be blamed. She'd stood a terrible racket already. You know what mad things men did under fire sometimes. Well, she'd been as good as under fire for a long time."

West paused, then went on: "Unfortunately, she was seen committing the burglary."

"Well, of all the... Tony Arbuthnot broke off. "Tell me the lot. I'd like to know."

West told him the story as carefully as he could, giving him as much detail as possible. He told him of Blake's intervention, and of Blake's cunning. He told him of Blake's demand that Helen should go to him one week hence and take with her ten thousand pounds as the price of her redemption.

The Colonel listened to it all without comment until West had finished.

West added the last of his explanation. "In the matter of Moss' estate the debt still held. I've settled it."

"You... the five thousand?" Tony Arbuthnot looked awkward.

"Yes, an hour before I came here. I went and saw the people who are handling the estate. They're a first-class firm of solicitors, and their discretion is beyond question. I explained everything to them. At first I was going to settle the debt anonymously, but I realised that some chance entry in Moss' books might disclose it and start all kinds of inquiries. As it is, the thing's now properly settled."

Tony Arbuthnot was showing signs of discomfort. At last he blurted: "That's handsome of you, West. I—dash it all man—I'm grateful to you."

ALLWAY came into the room. "Lunch is served, sir, if you care to take it now."

"What? Oh, yes, of course. Come on, West. We're lunching here, I thought Helen was coming, and couldn't talk her to the club. Allway's as good a chef as he is a cocktail mixer."

They went into his little dining-room.

Allway stood by the door, rather erect, bearing the hallmarks of the army.

"I didn't put on the Flora Blanche, sir, as you ordered, because Mrs. Langham didn't come."

"What about it, West?"

"Beer for me, if you've got any."

"Certainly. Bottle of beer, Allway, and I'll have whisky. Then you can leave us. I want to talk to Mr. West."

"Yes, sir."

Allway served the drinks with a certain military precision that West appreciated. "Sound man that," he observed as Allway went out. "I've got a chap like him. He was my hairman."

"So was Allway—for years, long before the war. He's got me out of no end of holes. That fellow can think twice as fast as I can. If ever I strike a bit of a rock I have a talk with Allway. He usually sees the way out. D'you like duck? Helen does. That's why I got it. You'll have to put up with my carving. I'm a duffer at it."

"Shall I do it?" smiled West, as the Colonel assaulted the roast-bird on the dish before him.

"If you will. It'll be eatable then. You come and sit here."

They changed places. West was deciding that he liked Colonel Arbuthnot immensely, and quite realised why Helen was willing to forgive him all his sins.

The Colonel was deciding that he liked West, too, and had it not been for all this messy business of murder and robbery he would have felt aglow with satisfaction at the knowledge that Helen was marrying him.

WITH the duck rapidly disappearing, he reverted to the subject.

"This Blake feller's an awful sort of rotter, isn't he?"

"Yes," West spoke spherically. "I've tried to aim him up. He's weak, of course. And he's got a streak of utter selfishness in him that makes him wicked and cruel under green circumstances. I believe, also, that he's in a desperate situation, and that, of course, makes Helen's danger all the greater."

"What do you mean—'desperate situation'?"

"Well, I think he wants money badly, the money he's demanding. Behind his threats against Helen are threats against himself. Those threats drive him on like a spur. He's just got to get money. He won't listen to reason. He won't even meet me on normal grounds."

"How do you know that?"

"I went to see him. I offered him five thousand for the necklace, and, of course, that paper I told you about."

"Can you afford another five thousand?" The Colonel asked the question slowly. "I've always understood from Helen that you weren't a very rich man."

"I can afford it for her," replied West.

The Colonel took whisky and soda at a gulp. "How did he behave when you saw him?"

"Oh—so so. Full of threats, you know, and talk of what he would do. He wouldn't shift an inch from his position, though I, too, did my bit at threatening."

"In what way?"

"Well—I was just fed to the teeth, and I lost my temper. Among other things, I believe I told him I'd shoot him, and also knock his head off. It was silly talk, really, but only enraged him further. But you know what it is when you're up against a hound like that."

"Quite." West mounted another step on the ladder of the Colonel's estimation. A chap who went around threatening to kill blackmailers was the right sort. No bunkum about it. No evasive talk, and all that rot. Just plain, straightforward shoot-

ing and be done with it. The Colonel glowed.

They had finished their lunch, and were sitting back smoking. Allway had brought another stiff whisky. Allway had gone from the room once more with the debris of the meal.

"What I want to impress on you," said West slowly, "is the extreme urgency of the situation. This fellow has got Helen fast. I've tried, when I've talked to her, to make as light of it as possible; not, I'm afraid, with much success. But all the time I've realised that she's really in frightful danger. Those fingermarks on that statuette, plus Blake's theories and knowledge, might put her into the dock at the Old Bailey."

"By gad!" There was a little break in Tony Arbuthnot's voice. "Does Helen understand all this?"

"I don't know. I think she does. I'm sure she understands enough of it. Of course, I won't discuss it with her as I'm discussing it with you."

"But Blake would never go so far," said the Colonel weakly.

"He would. He's vindictive, and he's desperate. I sincerely believe that he stands on the edge of a crash himself, and that if he doesn't get the money that crash will come. Well, he'll be wrecked, and he's the sort that would take good care that somebody else was wrecked with him, selecting that somebody else from the people he thinks might have saved him."

"You can see his twisted and desperate viewpoint. This is his chance of salvation. He's seized it. If Helen won't pay the chance is lost, and he won't regard himself as a frustrated criminal but as a man who's been completely let down by somebody who ought to have been thankful for the opportunity of clearing up their own troubles while helping him."

THE Colonel smoked in silence for a moment or two. "I think you're right," he said. "I've known the kind. Smash anything because they're smashed. It's one of humanity's dirty little instincts." He looked straight at West. "Helen mustn't suffer."

West's shoulders lifted slightly. "That's easily said. Forgive me if I'm talking brutally."

"Oh, that's all right. We're dashed nearly cut off, and pretending we've got a couple of batteries of guns and a brigade of infantry instead of a decimated battalion won't help us a bit. We've got to do what we can with the things to our hands."

West nodded. The soldier who had extricated his men from a terribly difficult situation was now talking. He could guess how Arbuthnot had consulted with his officers on that night when it seemed that his regiment was lost beyond all hope.

At a moment of high crisis he might be reckoned on to do something totally unexpected, something terribly drastic and as terribly effective, whatever it might cost himself.

West went on. "To say that Helen mustn't suffer is useless without devising a means to ensure it. I've threatened Blake, and he knew that I meant what I said, but it hasn't checked him. Revenge won't serve. That his name will be blackened if it all comes out doesn't seem to worry him."

"In fact, there's nothing we can do, so far as I can see, which will stop this thing from being let loose next week. You see, you can't hurt a man who refuses to be hurt; and that's where Blake scores. He's in a corner. He's snuffing at everything and everybody. If he's killed in that corner he'll kill Helen with him. And there we are."

Tony Arbuthnot sipped his whisky. His face was very set and his eyes were drawn and tired.

"I started this, West," he said slowly.

"I'm the cause of the whole bag of tricks. I'm glad you came and told me. I know, now, that there's no going back. I know I can't recall the past. I wonder if I can ensure the future."

West made no reply. There was a little wistful note in the Colonel's voice which rendered any observation on his part futile. He could guess how Arbuthnot yearned to snatch back from the dark corridors of time the lost days, to wave a magic wand and make things as though they never had been.

The Colonel took a deep breath. "We've got a little while. You think, and I'll think. If you get hold of any idea, let me know, and I'll do the same. 'Y gad! Helen—"

He drooped a little, momentarily, and then seemed to square his shoulders and lift his head.

"We're not dead yet, West. And who knows—?" He paused and added quietly: "Who knows—?"

They parted soon after that. Arbuthnot came out to the lift with West, and as it sped up the shaft he took West's hand.

"I'm glad Helen's marrying you, West," he said. "More glad than I can tell you."

THE lift took West downwards.

Tony Arbuthnot walked back into the flat and stood for a little while in the room in which he had just talked to West. He was aware of Allway standing at attention in the doorway.

"Mr. Gilbert rang up, sir, this morning. I made a note on the pad, but I'm wondering if you've seen it. He wants to know if you will go to Brighton with him this afternoon and dine there, and drive back afterwards."

Allway hesitated, his face like stone. He always made these communications as though he were on a general inspection. "Mr. Gilbert asked me to tell you, sir, that the ladies from the Vanity are coming, after all. A message is to be left for Mr. Gilbert at the club, and he'll pick you up."

The Colonel hovered between two decisions. The ladies from the Vanity were very charming and amusing ladies, and it was a glorious day for a run to Brighton. Yet—

"Ring up the club, Allway, and leave word that I'm very sorry to tell Mr. Gilbert that a prior engagement prevents me from coming."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Allway. Come back here when you've rung. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes Allway was back. The Colonel invited him to sit down, and pushed cigarettes across to him.

"Allway," he said. "I'm in the dickens of a hole."

"Yes, sir." Allway spoke as though he quite expected to hear this, and secretly approved of it.

"Well, hang it, man, don't look so cheery about it!"

"No, sir."

"Right." The Colonel eyed him with stern disapproval. "Listen to me, and listen carefully. And remember, this is absolutely confidential."

"Everything you tell me is confidential, sir." Allway sounded slightly injured.

Arbuthnot smiled. "I know, Allway. Shouldn't have said that, after all these years. But this is the biggest thing that's ever happened to me, and it's likely not only to smash me, but smash my girl."

"Mrs. Langham, sir?"

"Who else?"

Allway was silent for a moment. "I like Mrs. Langham, sir." He spoke hesitantly, and, for once, he did not sound like a well-trained soldier addressing his superior officer, but more like an ordinary human being who was permitted to infuse his voice with feeling.

The Colonel studied him for a little while. For more years than the Colonel cared to remember this man had been his

servant and his friend—from far away back to the days when he had been a subaltern who considered that all the world was his oyster.

He told Allway everything.

The narrative was rather disjointed, because the Colonel had not the gift for easy relation of facts and circumstances, and Allway had to listen very attentively, ask questions now and again, and use his imagination a little before he got hold of all the essentials.

When he had finished, Allway said: "I didn't know it was like that, sir. If you'll pardon me, I knew something was wrong. I could tell by Mrs. Langham's way when she came here. But I didn't know it was as bad as that."

THE Colonel, who had got a little heated and uncomfortable under the unaccustomed strain of telling a long story, barked: "Well, I know it's bad, and there's no reason why you should keep hammering at it. Confound it, man! can't you think of something? Why do you think I told you?"

"It wants thinking about, sir," Allway appeared to brood gloomily. The Colonel's heart sank a little.

Usually Allway had had some bright idea to put forward when difficulties were encountered, some super-cunning piece of knavery that solved the difficulty strictly according to military law and K.R.R.s and let everybody off scot-free. Therefore, if Allway were stymied, the thing was bad indeed.

The Colonel waited on Allway's words as on the judgment of Solomon.

At last Allway said: "May I make a suggestion, sir? There's still time to ring up the club and cancel your message. I think you might go with Mr. Gilbert and—er—his party. And perhaps by the time you get back I shall have thought of something."

The Colonel stared hard at his wooden face. "All right," he said at last. "I suppose I'll have to go. A fine thing when I begin to take orders from my batman."

"Yes, sir," Allway's eyes were absolutely expressionless, though the Colonel looked keenly into them for any hint of humor.

He went to Brighton with Gilbert. The ladies from the Vanity were not only charming but were deliciously pretty, dressed in some fluffy crepe-de-chine stuff that made them look like butterflies, and they insisted on calling him Uncle Tony.

To his utter amazement, he enjoyed himself immensely, listened with suitable sympathy to the long story as to how the show at the Vanity had closed down just when it looked like being a big winner, and made vast and vague promises across several bottles of the finest champagne in the hotel's cellar.

Mr. Gilbert duly dropped him at his flat, and he went in to find Allway awaiting him. Allway took his hat and coat and asked: "Had a good time, sir?"

"Fine, Allway. Jolly good idea of yours—making me go. Relieved my mind. Made me forget my troubles for a little while." The Colonel had a flash of realization. "You did it on purpose. You knew I'd only mope around worrying."

"Well, sir, I didn't see any good in it."

The Colonel smiled. "Good man, Allway. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"No, sir."

The Colonel glared at him. "Are you insinuating that I'm utterly helpless?"

"No, sir."

"Hm." The Colonel considered him suspiciously. "Sounds like it, anyhow. Well, have you thought of anything?"

Allway was silent for a moment or two. "I've thought of nothing over, sir. I went for a walk this afternoon and sat in the park and gave a couple of hours' good thinking to the affair. There's one little saying that occurred to me. It was a say-

ing we had in the army, sir, if you remember."

"What was it?" asked the Colonel.

Allway spoke slowly. "No names... no pack drill..."

For a long time the Colonel stood and looked at him. Allway returned the look, and now his eyes were not blank and his face was not wooden. They were, for those moments, two men who understood each other so well that they could convey more in a glance than strangers might tell in many sentences.

The Colonel moved towards the door of his den.

"Come in here, Allway," he said at last. "I'd like to talk that over."

"Yes, sir."

CHAPTER 30

THE days had marched past like an army ruthless for destruction, hot with victory—swiftly, inevitably, invincibly.

Helen did not see Blake again during those days, but she knew that before the appointed hour she would hear from him, receive some message confirming her appointment with him, a message charged with threat.

Ralph had been away for a couple of days. He returned full of high spirits in the middle of a morning, and found Helen and Margaret together.

"Well," he said, "the errand husband returns. I've been busy with solicitors, and I reckon things are now more forward and satisfactory for you and for me. You don't want to hear details, I suppose?"

"I certainly do not," said Helen coldly, fully understanding what he meant.

"Good. Margaret, pour me out something with a kick in it. I'm feeling quite a bad lad."

"Ralph. Don't be a cad." His sister spoke sharply.

"Oh, you shut up. You women get me down. I'm finished with women altogether. A man wants to be around with men. Then there's no sentiment in it. You can curse a man friend up hill and down dale and he only curses you back, and you both forget it. But if you don't pick your words with women, you hurt them. That's the word, isn't it? Hurtful... How could you, Ralph? Well, cheerio, everybody. And here's to freedom!"

HELLEN lifted his glass and drained it, and held it out to Margaret.

"Fill it up," he said. "And both of you have a drink with me."

Margaret took his glass and glanced at Helen.

"Come on," he said a little fiercely. "Confound it, if you won't drink with a man..."

Helen nodded in Margaret's direction, and Margaret poured out two glasses of light white wine.

"That's better," Ralph cocked his leg on the table edge. "I'll give you a toast. Happiness..." He raised his glass again, his eyes glinting.

Helen sipped at her drink. She saw Ralph as a ruthless, ardent egoist who thrust everything behind him; all that other folk held dear; all that they revered and held sacred, a mocking laugh on his lips, a flaring anger ready to blaze in his eyes, a sardonic indifference to all the world filling him to overflowing.

He looked at her and at Margaret. "It's a fact," he said. "It's all fixed. You'll have to see your solicitors, Helen. They'll want some story of cruelty, or something. Say what you like, because I'm not defending." He grinned. "They say the case will come forward early, and that means that before very long you'll be what I believe is called free. Just think of it! Freedom, my dear. After all, you can't blame a man who gives you that, can you?"

Margaret suddenly laughed. He swung

on her. "Explain the joke. I'd love to hear it."

"Well, the funny side of it struck me, Ralph. The thing's reduced to an absurdity. I mean the law—our delicious divorce law. There's one person who won't enjoy it, though, and that's Helen."

Helen shivered. "I think you're right, Margaret. Of course, I'm hurt, but perhaps it's more absurd than hurtful."

"Absurd's the word," said Ralph. "That's what I was getting to. Everything in the whole world's so infernally grotesque that I wonder we don't die of laughing." There was something in his wild glance which made Helen have doubts at last of his sanity. What brain could withstand for ever the alcoholic assaults which he so continually made upon it? "Seen Tommy Blake lately?" he went on.

Neither of them spoke for a moment. Then Margaret said slowly: "I saw him the other day."

"Is he all right?"

"I think so."

"Oh?" Ralph looked thoughtful. "I don't think he is. I met a fellow in London yesterday... There's something wrong. Sort of whispering going on. You know what I mean. Vague kinds of ideas floating around and nobody saying much because... well... you don't say those things, do you? I'm afraid Tommy's got himself into a mess."

"You ought to help him. You're his friend," Margaret's voice was urgent.

Ralph shook his head. "I can't listen, Margaret. I'm selfish. I don't pretend to be anything else. I like doing what I like, and I don't give two hoots for anybody. You know that. But you also know that if a pal of mine could be saved by a reasonable loan to be repaid when and how he could, he could have it. But no loan will save our Tommy, I think. Besides... there's a lot of money involved, more than I'd care to fork out."

Margaret said, a little wildly: "What has he done?"

"I don't know exactly." Ralph's tone was measured. "But, as I've said, there are hints. It's something... illegal... you know."

"You mean... prison...?" Margaret's cheeks blanched.

"Something like it. I'm telling you for your own sake. I've watched you. You think I'm blind. I often am." He cocked with laughter and Margaret winced. "But I've seen a little more than you think. If the rumors are right, Tommy will be for the high jump, because the people who are out after him aren't easily stopped. Of course, it may all be untrue."

"It is untrue!" panted Margaret.

And saying this she suddenly looked at Helen. Helen stood still, returning her look. She knew that Margaret had remembered their talk in the drive her pleas that Margaret, before committing herself irrevocably to Blake, should see her and listen to what she had to say.

She saw a question trembling on Margaret's lips, and tautened herself, for if that question were asked she knew that it would precipitate revelation.

The silence of the room seemed to hang. Then Margaret turned and ran out through the doorway, her hands flung to either side of her.

Ralph watched her until she disappeared.

"I never knew," he said slowly, "that my sister would be such a fool. Has she said anything to you about Tommy?"

"Well—nothing really. But I think she likes him."

"Is that so?" She won't have him. I'll see to that. Tommy's a good lad to get around with, but he's a bad lad to live with."

Ralph lowered his leg from the table and faced her.

"Helen. Our mistake will soon be mended. Listen to me, please. For just once I'm talking dead seriously. It's only a question of time. The law's already

moving, and now only your word can stop it. Mine can't. I'm not going to wish you anything. It'd be silly. But I just want to tell you that, whatever happens now, whatever you do, nothing can prevent you from getting away from me save your own decision. You can reckon yourself free."

"Yes, Ralph."

He turned and walked out of the room. She stood, leaning with one hand on the table. Whatever happened . . . nothing could stop it . . . Whatever happened . . . She would be free to go to Jim West . . . but before that Blake waited for her. The irony of it made her feel faint.

CHAPTER 31

THE day dawned—the day of her meeting with Blake. A high sun rode under an azure sky, and a fresh wind swept from southward across the sea and kissed the rounded hunching shoulders of the Downs.

Jim West telephoned her.

"Your father has just arrived," he began. She interrupted. "My father! Why? He mustn't be here."

"Well, he's here. Now about to-night. Can you talk about it to me now?"

"Yes . . . if you wish . . . But I'm going, Jim. I must go. This is my affair, and . . ."

"All right, dear. I'm not going to argue. Really, I'm not. It's a question of your getting there. Will you come over and dine with your father and me this evening, and then I can run you over in the car."

"Dine!" She laughed without any mirth whatever. "How can I eat? How could I?"

"Well, will you come over? Tell Ralph that you're here with your father and me. He won't mind, will he?"

"He doesn't mind what I do."

"Well, that's that."

"But you can't come, Jim. He said alone."

"You remember that. Alone." She checked the emotion which threatened to overpower her. "And I must go. You see . . . those finger-marks. That's what is terrifying me. It isn't Ralph's knowing. It's just . . . Jim, if he went to the police."

West spoke soothingly. "I shan't come in with you of course. I didn't mean that. But you've got to get to his house somehow. You've got to have somebody on hand to help you after you've seen him. And I do so want to be that somebody. You can understand that, can't you?"

"Of course I can, Jim. All right. I'll come over. Perhaps you'll fetch me."

"That's better. I'll be at your place about seven. Will that suit?"

"Any time. It doesn't seem to matter so long as I'm there at nine."

"Now don't worry, dear, please."

"Worry . . ." She hung up the receiver.

That afternoon she saw Margaret. Margaret looked ill and drawn, and she said: "I've seen Tommy and asked him if anything is wrong. He wanted to know why I asked it, and I made some silly excuse. He says nothing's wrong." She looked at Helen appealingly.

Helen said: "I'll tell you to-night, Margaret. Please don't talk to me now. But to-night I'll tell you."

"Oh, you're all against me," exclaimed Margaret, and hurried away from her.

Ralph was out. In fact, since his return from London he had only used his home as a place to sleep in. A representative of one of the firms of solicitors had been to see Helen, and she knew that the matter of the divorce was proceeding as smoothly as highly-skilled brains could make it. The solicitor had been very confident in an airy fashion.

At seven o'clock West arrived. Helen was ready for him.

She had been ready for half an hour. Ralph was still out, and by a most fortunate chance the son and daughter of some neighbors had driven over and taken Mar-

garet to their house to dinner. They had included Helen in the invitation, but she had been able to plead her appointment with West.

She said to her father, when she met him at West's house: "Why did you come down down?"

He looked awkward, as was customary with him when a direct and difficult question was thrown at him, and said: "Well, my dear, you see . . . I mean to say, I ought to be here."

"But why, father? It's my affair."

"That's where you're wrong, dear. It's mine."

"But you know how utterly helpless you are." She could not refrain from mothering him, despite her anxiety.

He stroked his little moustache. "Hm. Quite so. Confound it. Everybody thinks I'm helpless. Allway as well. Brought him along too. I got a car on the hire and drive yourself arrangement and gave. Allway a run out."

She stared at him. "You've driven down here in a hired car? Whatever are you thinking about?"

"Countryside, my dear. The glories of the open road, and all that. And now, West, has Allway got those cocktails ready?"

"I'll see. He's been chivvying with my man ever since he arrived, and I've heard sundry references to quartermaster-sergeants which makes me think they're discussing old crimes."

Helen looked helplessly at him and her father. She told herself that they were trying to indulge in feeble witticisms with the idea of diverting her thoughts from the ordeal before her. She wished they would not do it. She would have felt easier had they discussed the matter seriously. Men did not seem to understand at all.

Her father, she saw, looked rather finely drawn. There was a look in his eyes which disturbed her, and which she could not analyse, though she knew it was not fear.

As a matter of fact, it was impossible for her to understand it, for she had never seen that look in the eyes of any man before, and never would again.

They dined, or attempted to dine. At first the conversation was maintained on ordinary lines, though with difficulty, but at last it waned and ultimately was lost entirely.

To Helen it seemed as though the two hours intervening between West's arrival and her meeting with Blake consisted of one hundred and twenty speeding units that flashed across the night's face and hurried themselves beyond recovery into the black maw of time.

At twenty minutes to nine she said: "Jim, take me over, will you?" She got up.

West looked at the colonel. "All right."

A little silence hung across them all. Helen stepped up to her father. "Daddy."

He took her into his arms and kissed her. He looked very steady, but she could feel his arms shaking. She stumbled out with West.

They rode under a pale moon, and a sky serene with stars, in the direction of Blake's house, and neither of them spoke.

Blake sat in the big beamed room in which he had talked to West and to which on this night he had invited Helen. Before him, on the refectory table, was the sheet of paper bearing Moss' handwriting, and holding down the paper, like a curled, smugous heap of green fire, was the Langham necklace.

Blake looked hunted and old. He sat back in the great carved, clutching the ends of its arms, very still, as though he listened. Behind him the clock ticked the minutes away.

She would come, and she would have made some arrangement about the money. That was certain. He knew terror when he saw it, and terror lived in her eyes the last time he spoke to her.

He remembered the kiss he had snatched from her, the warmth and softness and richness of her lips.

In this room . . . alone . . . if she did not bring the money . . .

He heard a light footstep outside the window on the path, and he knew that the hour had come.

Blake was about to get to his feet and hurry round the table, when one wing of the window opened and Colonel Anthony Arbuthnot stepped into the room.

In his right hand he held a little black gun.

Blake, half on his feet, his hands still clutching the ends of the chair-arms, stammered: "What the devil do you want?"

The colonel stepped forward. "Sit down, Blake," he said. "You're to listen to me."

Blake leaned back in the chair and watched the colonel. Some of the spirit with which he had greeted West flared up in him.

"More honorable killing?" he sneered.

Arbuthnot looked at him sombrely. "No—just plain killing, Blake. That's why I'm here to-night. You know who I am."

Blake's tongue touched his lips. "Her father . . ."

"Mrs. Langham's father," corrected the colonel quietly.

He leaned forward and picked up the necklace and dropped it into his pocket. He picked up the paper Moss had written on, and, taking a match from a matchstand on the table, he set one corner of it alight. He was very deliberate.

Blake sat and watched him, and could not move, for Blake understood, with a terrible clarity, that Colonel Arbuthnot was prepared to shoot him where he sat.

Suddenly Blake realised exactly what had happened. The paper was burnt, the paper that linked West's name, Helen's name with Moss. The necklace was in Arbuthnot's pocket.

He panted, his face vicious and white: "Give me that necklace, you swine. Give it . . ."

The colonel's right hand dropped with a thud to the table-top. It held the gun, and the muzzle was in line with Blake's chest.

"This gun," said the colonel, "was bought by my man Allway on a day trip to Ostend this week. Nobody knows its owner, nobody will ever know. If it kills you and is found beside you, the police will have another problem to solve."

Momentarily his sternness relaxed. "It was Allway suggested it. He pointed out that if no names were given to the police, there could be no punishments; and that names were useless without evidence. It was he who put up the idea that West should pretend to drive my daughter over here and, instead, should take her miles away in the car and tell her what I was doing."

"Clever fellow, Allway. Always got me out of scrapes. Simple, too. His schemes were always simple. That's why they were so easy to operate. And this one is the only way I know, Blake. It fitted in with me, if you understand. No verbal trickery. Just a gun and doing something. You're finished, Blake."

Blake seemed to have settled a long way down into the big chair. He looked small and grey-faced.

He said: "Arbuthnot, I'm ruined. By heaven! I'm ruined. They'll have me, Gael . . . It was my only chance. Show some kind of mercy, curse you, some kind of mercy."

The colonel looked down at him. He might, save for the fact that he was standing and in muff, have been presiding over some military court.

"How did you get into the thing?" he asked.

Blake wetted his lips and thrust his head forward. He looked pitifully eager, broken. His eyes were terribly hunted.

"It was Moss. D'you see? I was stuck. Ten thousand. And I'd done something. I'd pledged a thing twice. It doesn't matter

about that. I had Moss down and I tried to raise the ten thousand. That was when Helen met him. He said he'd see me later. He was as hard as steel. Business, you know."

The colonel nodded. He could appreciate that.

Blake's panting voice went on. "And then the days went by. He still stalked me. And then I was in London and I read in the newspapers a little paragraph to the effect that his house had been burgled one night, the previous night, in fact. This was in the morning that I read it. Are you following me?"

"Yes."

"Well, all that day I bucketed around town. I was being pressed. I was desperate. In the evening I got tight. I couldn't forget though."

He paused. "Arbuthnot, you're a soldier. You're my superior officer. I'm telling you this on the square."

"And I'm listening on the square," said Arbuthnot quickly.

Blake swallowed hard. Now his hands were clenched together, the fingers interlocked, before him on the table. He looked at them instead of at the colonel.

"I've got to tell you. Then you'll understand how I need the money—all about it. Well, it was half-past ten that evening—the night after the burglary at Moss."

The colonel stood tensely watching him. He knew that was the night Helen had visited Moss' house and found him murdered.

"I went round through the mews at the back. Drunk . . . you know . . . full of a mad idea to make Arnie pay up . . . full of rage against him. I went in through his little garden door, straight across the lawn, and opened his window. He was sitting there. As I went in he moved some papers quickly and covered something on his desk-top. I didn't see it."

Blake paused.

"He started talking. I asked him about the robbery. He was sort of wary, but I could see that something had put him into a tremendously good mood. What . . . I didn't know at first. Then he told me. He said that the things that had been stolen the previous night had been articles of value connected with some of his private deals."

"I knew he did private and secret deals. And he said that with them had gone a little book which, to an intelligent person, explained those things. Now it seemed that the burglar—who was apparently a professional at the game—had looked through this book, realised that the things he had stolen would be very difficult to get rid of, and had rung Moss up that morning."

Blake took a deep breath. "That burglar was a wise man. He was ready to take free and easy money and security. Do you understand, Arbuthnot? He told Moss he could have his book and his valuables back on the payment of three thousand, and everything forgotten, Moss to pledge his honor to meet him privately."

"He knew he had a strong hand, because Moss would not, for his own sake alone, want the thing made public; and as far as the burglar was concerned, he got three thousand for busting a safe, and could meet every officer in Scotland Yard and know he did not have to worry. Moss had done the deal earlier that evening."

"Moss paid three thousand?" asked Arbuthnot.

"Yes. He said it was worth it to save his face. After all—violently—what was three thousand to him? A taxi fare. He was a millionaire, and he wouldn't lend me ten thousand. D'you see, Arbuthnot?"

Blake's eyes flared, wild and bloodshot. "He refused. And I went for him. Everything was sort of red. I remember getting hold of that statuette. I remember him jumping out of his seat, his face all fear, and I remember hitting him with my fist . . . twice . . .

"He went down as if shot, and as he went he clutched at the papers on the desk, pulled them aside from the thing he'd hidden quickly as I came into the room, and there was the Langham necklace."

BLAKE was silent, as though he felt again the awful silence that hung over the room where Arnold Moss had died.

"I tried to think. The necklace . . . Helen . . . I didn't understand. I picked it up and bolted. It was only in the morning, when I read that the police had found a woman's finger-marks on the statuette, when I knew Helen had been to London the previous night, that I began to guess that the necklace had been included among Moss' secret deals, that she was coming that night to see him about the robbery, that he—playing a child's trick—was waiting to hold it up and show it to her triumphantly as she stepped in through his window."

"Because that was what he meant to do. Arbuthnot, I'm sure of it. You know all the rest—how I confirmed my suspicion; how she stole the false necklace to prevent its being valued . . . and . . . that's the lot."

"I believe you're right," said Arbuthnot thoughtfully. "If the man who stole the stuff didn't arrive at Moss' until that evening, it was too late for Moss to let Helen know over the telephone; and, being a cautious man, he wouldn't tell her of the burglar's proposition in case anything went wrong and he raised her hopes only to dash them if the deal failed. Yes. You're right."

"And now what are you going to do?" asked Blake.

Arbuthnot stroked his little moustache.

"My man, Allway, has thought it all out. Marvellous fellow. Old soldier. To-morrow morning the real gems are going to be packed up and posted. You must remember that everybody thinks the actual necklace was stolen from Red Roofs on the night my daughter lost her head and staged that burglary."

"Therefore, we, Allway, West and myself, are going to send the real necklace—this was provided I secured it to-night from you—anonymous to New Scotland Yard with a little typewritten and unsigned note to the effect that the thief dares not try to sell it and hopes that by returning it the police hunt will cease."

Blake stared at him. "That clears everything . . ."

Arbuthnot nodded. "Except you . . . Blake . . ."

"I'll tell!" Blake half-shouted the words.

"By gad! I'll tell. I won't let it slide like that . . ."

The colonel held up the gun and knocked out its magazine. The clip of cartridges fell into his palm. He laid the gun on the table.

"Just now, Blake," he said steadily, "you asked me for mercy. I'm showing it to you. You asked me to act on the square, I'm doing so. Do you understand my meaning?"

Blake looked stupidly at the empty gun. The colonel pushed it across the table towards him.

"Good-bye, Blake," he said.

"Good-bye . . ."

Blake did not move. His eyes followed Arbuthnot as he went towards the windows.

At the windows the colonel paused and held up the clip of cartridges.

"Think," he said quietly, "will go back where it's just come from, Blake."

He laid it on top of the bookcase beside the window and stepped swiftly out into the night.

Blake sat and looked in front of him. The colonel had unloaded the gun before giving it to him so that he did not place into his hands a power that could enforce the return of the necklace. He knew that.

The gun lay like a little coiled black

snake on the table before him. Across the room, a few paces away, were the tiny boxes, cartridges, in their compact little clip, with their blunt-nosed bullets, greased and ready . . . ready . . .

Made and bought in Belgium . . . a stranger's gun . . . come through strange hands that week . . .

He thought of Margaret and the morning. But was there anything to think of there? Fenury, hunted by the law, a brief hour . . .

He knew all about those affairs. They were empty. When the hour had passed something akin to dislike took the place of urgent desire . . .

Women . . . and money . . . and the gun . . . and Moss' dead and battered face in the silent room . . .

He walked across the floor and took the cartridge clip from the top of the bookcase. He began to talk a little to himself, in a pitiful, broken fashion.

He picked up the gun. He weighed it in his hand. The feel of its milled butt brought back memories . . . the long paves of Flanders, the swinging lines of troops marching at ease, their rifle muzzles standing up like the bare sticks on a winter hedgerow, tangled and black against the lowering sky.

Life had been cheap then.

He slipped the clip of cartridges into the butt and snapped it home.

His servants heard the shot and came rushing into the room. When the first wild panic had died down, his man telephoned primarily to his friends, the Langhams, at Red Roofs.

Margaret had just got in. Her friends were still with her. It was she who took the message, and she fell in a swoon beside the telephone, with the receiver hanging floorwards at her side.

RALPH held up the necklace. Helen and Margaret watched him.

"The police handed it over," he said, "as though they had found it, whereas the burglar got wind up and sent it back. And that's that, isn't it?" He broke off and looked at Margaret. "Margaret," he added, "he's dead. Forget him. You'd better take this. Helen won't wear it any more, I reckon, and you're the only Langham woman left."

He held out the necklace. Margaret took it and looked at it. It gleamed in the sunshine that came through the windows. Margaret's hand fell to her side. The necklace trailed down beside her frock like a row of cheap beads, held loosely and carelessly.

She was unnaturally steady. Blake had been buried the previous day.

"I'll look after it," she said slowly. "Though I don't value it. I don't value anything. You can't value things that are broken . . ."

She went out of the room.

Ralph waited until she had gone. "I'm glad he took that way," he said. "It was the only way. They suppressed a lot of nasty facts at the inquest. I've heard 'em. You look happier than I've seen you look for weeks."

Helen glanced towards the door. "I'm so sorry for Margaret. She believed in him, you know. Perhaps you don't understand." "Oh, I do. But she'll get over it. Time, and all that sort of thing. Great healer, you know. At least, they say so. I think that's my successor coming up the drive. I'm off. Fine thing when a husband has to clear out, hey?"

He grinned and waved his hand to her from the door. She thought the grin and the gesture typical of him. West came into the room and held out his hands.

"Happy now, darling?" he asked.

"I'm at peace," she said softly.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 251 Pitt Street, Sydney.